Collier's

TEN CENTS

MAY 13, 1944

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RESCUE FROM TRUK

By Lt. Robert Giroux, U.S.N.R.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERWIN BLUMENFELD

LUZON
PHILIPPINE
ISLAND
SULU SEA
MINDANA
CELEBES SEA
U.S.
U.S.

May 13, 1944

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RESERVE
THREE FEATHERS
Blended Whiskey
RESERVE
First among fine whiskies
THREE FEATHERS
Reserve

PLEASE NOTE:

Our distilleries are now producing alcohol for war use by the government. No whiskey has been made since October, 1942. The base whiskies you now enjoy in Three Feathers blended whiskey were drawn from our ever-diminishing inventories.

FEATHER YOUR NEST... HOLD THE WAR BONDS YOU BUY! Three Feathers Distilling Company, New York, N. Y. Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 60% cane products neutral spirits.

How to take a tire's temperature

This tire "thermometer" told engineers synthetic rubber was a hotter proposition than they might have imagined

THE TIRE shown here is running a temperature. 210 degrees. But that doesn't mean it's in poor health. That temperature is normal for a synthetic tire on the road.

That's about 30 degrees higher than a natural rubber tire would run under similar conditions.

This difference between the running temperatures of synthetic tires and those made from natural rubber is not new. B. F. Goodrich engineers have studied it for many years. And this difference is very important. For heat destroys rubber. And the flexing of a tire as it rotates on the road always raises its temperature.

These B. F. Goodrich men learned much more about synthetic rubber from the 80,000,000-mile road test they began in 1940. To make this test under actual driving conditions they built and sold thousands of passenger-car tires in which more than half the natural rubber was replaced by synthetic. Private car owners and companies bought these tires, drove them, kept careful records.

By the time war *forced* our country to build synthetic tires, B. F. Goodrich had many of the answers. For they had already sold the first tires containing any synthetic ever offered to American car owners.

Today B. F. Goodrich tires for passenger cars are all-synthetic (98%) and are almost as good as pre-war tires. Truck tires aren't yet as good, especially in intercity service with overloads, but are being improved day by day.

If you are eligible for tires, see your B. F. Goodrich dealer or Silvertown store. They have the best synthetic tires made today. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

Picture
OF THE MONTH

"THE WHITE CLIFFS
OF DOVER"
Starring
IRENE DUNNE
A Clarence Brown Production
with
ALAN MARSHAL
and with
Roddy McDOWALL • Frank MORGAN
Van Johnson • C. Aubrey Smith
Dame May Whitty • Gladys Cooper
Directed by............*Clarence Brown*
Produced by...........*Sidney Franklin*
Screen Play by
Claudine West, Jan Lustig
and *George Froeschel*
Based on the Poem "The White Cliffs" by *Alice Duer Miller*
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

It was a natural development that the Studio which produced the great "Mrs. Miniver" should continue its tradition with a film as stirring and as important as "The White Cliffs of Dover", based on the best-selling lyrical narrative by Alice Duer Miller.

"The White Cliffs of Dover" has been a symbol of the British spirit, particularly since the heroic Battle of Britain. Behind this symbol is the story of a way of life and the film shows how that way of life dovetails with the American Way.

While the canvas is large, the story is simple and personal. Played by the ever-attractive Irene Dunne, it is a story of a typical American girl who finds love among the stately homes of England in the person of Alan Marshal.

It is a story to bring a throb of patriotic exultation. It is a contribution to the hope of the future in the partnership of nations, particularly of those nations which share a common language.

It is told in terms of adventure, of excitement, of bravery, of action and of tenderness. It will be talked about for years to come and will play in every first-class theatre in the land. Just as "Mrs. Miniver" moved us, so will "The White Cliffs of Dover".

The cast of supporting players contains names that in themselves deserve supporting casts. Among them are Roddy McDowall, Frank Morgan, Van Johnson, C. Aubrey Smith, Dame May Whitty and Gladys Cooper.

Primary credit should go to Clarence Brown who gratified an ambition in planning and directing this production—spurred on by the able cooperation of a man who has emerged as the screen's greatest producer—Sidney Franklin. They have showered loving care on this new, momentous MGM enterprise.

Collier's

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ANY WEEK

WE HAVE a letter from an Australian doctor who is serving with Allied troops in the Pacific. And he says that the American soldier is at heart a killer. That Japs prefer death to surrender suits the United States warrior "down to the ground." He says that the "toughest American soldier and the one who likes most to shoot Nips is the one from what you Americans call your Bible Belt—the dry states, to be more specific. The chance to kill Japs removes all their legally bred inhibitions."

SPEAKING of inhibitions, Mr. Martin Musket of Reading, Pennsylvania, knows a young man who turned to writing love stories. His first one was on the callow side and he got a rejection from an editor who wrote: "Sorry. . . . Not enough experience." So the young man went forth into the world for a year and got himself some really magnificent experience, bottled and skirted. Then he wrote a ruddy dripper and sent it to the same editor with a letter telling the latter what he'd done. Back came another rejection slip: "Sorry. . . . Too much experience."

SO WE went to see a very shush-shush Navy documentary movie. The projection room was packed with admirals of all sizes. Frankly we didn't think it much of a movie. But the point is that as we came out, one of the admirals took us aside and whispered, "Would you mind not admitting that you have seen what you have seen, thank you?"

WHAT with the political campaign and a two-ocean war to watch, you correspondents are swiveling your heads like a tennis audience. Letters are chiefly about the campaign, though. To boil them down into a single stew, you're sizing it up thus: Dewey hiding under the bed with both ends showing and not moving; Bricker tiptoeing around, earnestly striving to annoy nobody; Mr. Roosevelt shuffling the cards so fast that his opposition is cross-eyed watching him. A dozen gentlemen shoving one another out of the way in their personal campaigns for the Democratic Vice-Presidential nomination. And so on. Mr. Joseph D. MacSween of Toledo, Ohio, has a lovely idea, too. To "avoid confusion," travel and the

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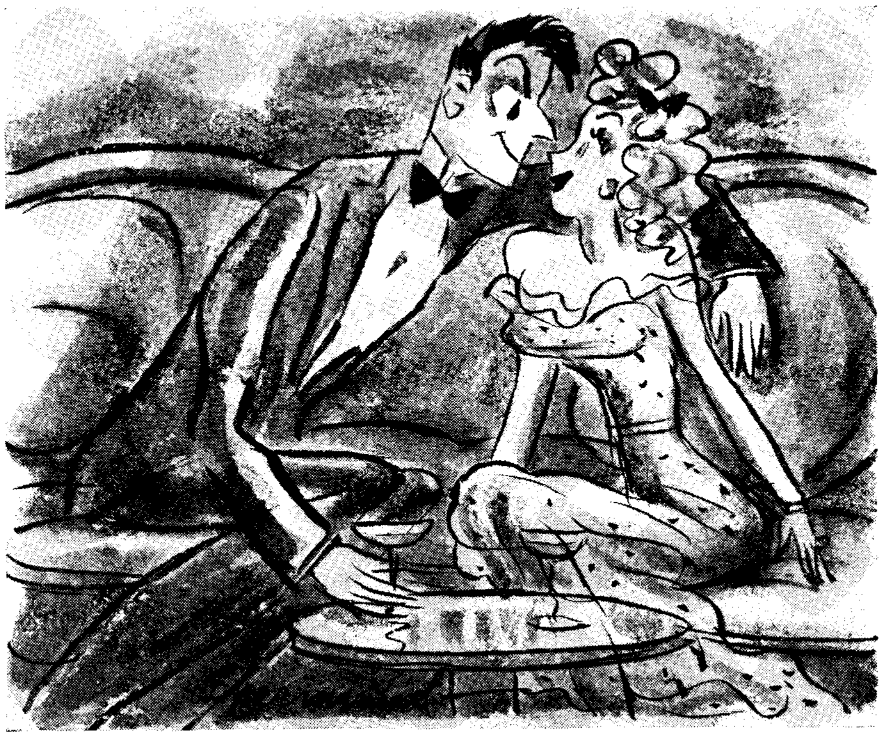

B. SHERMUND

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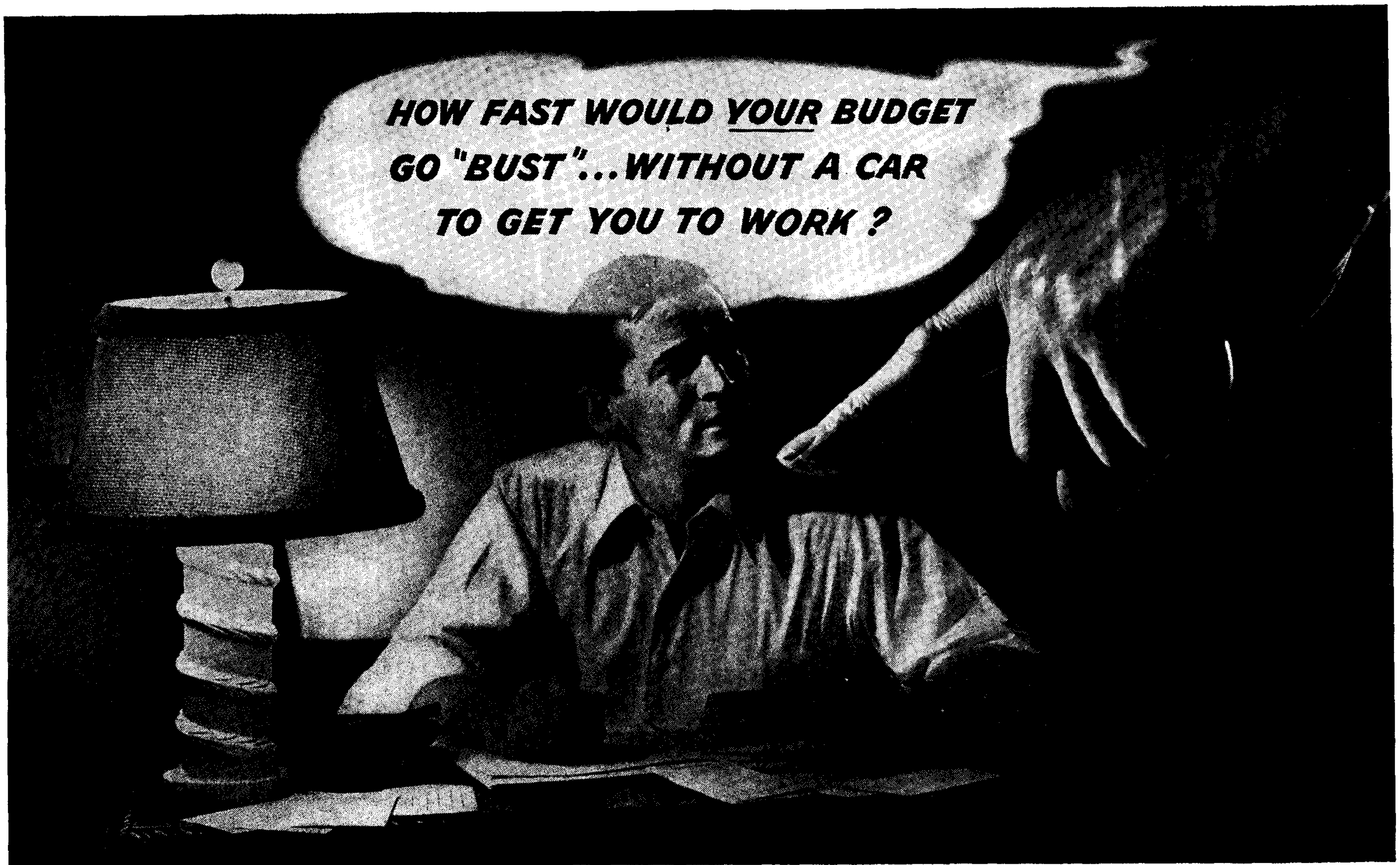

HOW FAST WOULD YOUR BUDGET GO "BUST"... WITHOUT A CAR TO GET YOU TO WORK ?

"Here's cold truth: 4 out of 5 Americans must depend on cars to get to their jobs. Yet over 200,000 cars quit—left owners stranded—in the past 30 days! Here's how to keep your car going . . ."

Al Wright *Speaking for the Motor Car Service Men of America*

"BEFORE you shrug off those figures and turn the page, stop and think for a minute. Think what an important part your car plays in helping you get to work to earn a living. And ask yourself what you'd do—if your car should join more than 200,000 others that are going to quit for good before another month is gone.

"As an automobile service man, I know what you might face. The Government has told us that 4 out of 5 Americans must drive to work . . . or else! Trolleys and buses are packed now. So if your car should quit, it might mean 'walk to work—or you won't work at all.'

"That's why the Alemite people send me every month to remind you that *regular* care of your car is more vital now than ever before. And they're not just trying to sell you something, or make business for service men who are already overworked. Of course, they hope your dealer is one of the thousands who give you Alemite's extra protection. But whether he is or not, the big thing is to see him regularly . . . to guard your car's life with these vital safeguards:

1. **Prevention of wear and breakdowns.** Without regular care, less and slower driving can result in faster wear. Today's conditions demand every-30-day chassis lubrication, crankcase flushing and oil change, and battery check. Also periodic steering gear care, packing of wheel bearings, and renewing oil filter.
2. **Long-life insurance for tires**—through every-30-day inspection of wheel alignment, with brake check-up and adjustment. Also periodic rotation of tires.
3. **Gas mileage check-up**—to stretch mileage by cleaning and respacing fouled plugs, cleaning air filter, adjusting timing and carburetor, and tuning motor.

"Remember! Every month, delay and neglect of the little things that keep cars running are leaving 200,000 more Americans like you stranded. If you haven't seen your service man since I warned you last, your car is overdue for care right now. Don't wait longer . . . and gamble with the car that helps you hold a job!"

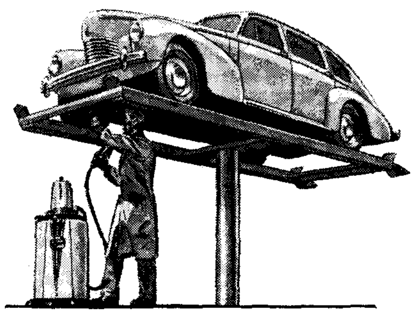
MAY 1944
APRIL 1944

Another Month Gone—

It's later than you think!

•

See your Service Man Today ...Then Every 30 Days!



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LOANS
PROLON "ROUND-END"
ORDINARY BRISTLE
Actual Photomicrographs
PROLON
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
WITH PROLON BRISTLES
A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY

He used to be in clover when Pro-phy-lac-tic bought his bristles!

For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end PROLON

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

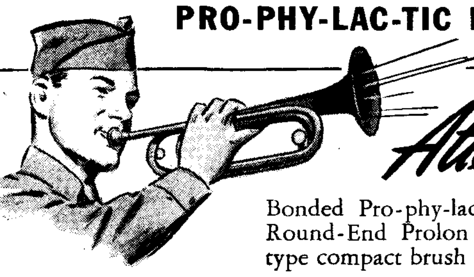
It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

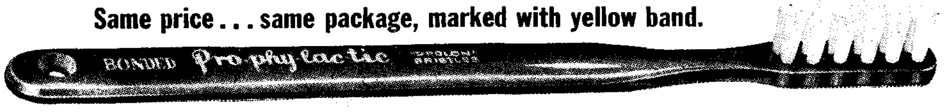
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.



Attention! Users of Smaller Brushes

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-ROW PROFESSIONAL has Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.

Same price . . . same package, marked with yellow band.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

WIDE WORLD

Major league umpires, who work in teams of three, alternate their positions from game to game so each may take his turn behind home plate, which makes him "umpire in chief" for the day, with the right to reverse the decisions of his colleagues.

Any organization, city or county, that now buys or sells an amount of War Bonds equivalent to the cost of an Army or Navy plane, which ranges from $75,000 for fighters to $300,000 for heavy bombers, becomes the "owner" of a new plane and has the privilege of giving it any name except that of an individual.

Texas is the only state that protects all workers against garnishment of their wages or salary for any kind of debt.—*By Larston D. Farrar, Washington, D. C.*

A machine that calculates the quantity of lumber in a standing tree has been developed by the government of Sweden. After the operator has recorded on it the height of the tree's trunk, its curvature, type of bark, amount of tapering and its diameter at the height of his shoulder, the machine computes the cubic content of the tree within a fraction of one per cent in less than six seconds.

The only foreign women diplomats in Washington today are attached to the embassies of Great Britain, Cuba, Panama and the Dominican Republic.

The eggs of the pipefish are hatched within the body of the male. After extrusion from the female, the eggs are gathered by the male and "sealed" in his abdominal pouch, where they remain until hatched.—*By Philip M. Green, Briarcliff, New York.*

The Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City is the only Christian church in the world whose altar is illuminated by Menorahs, two great golden candelabras, the holy Jewish candlesticks which have been used in synagogues since the days of Solomon's Temple. Weighing one ton each with their marble bases, these seven-branched lampstands symbolize the seven days of creation.

In many kinds of mammals, the weight of the heart varies disproportionately with their total weight. For example, for every 10,000 parts of body weight, the heart of the largest whale comprises 14 parts, that of the rabbit 27, the African elephant 39, man 46, lion 52, race horse 85 and the field mouse 106.

Under certain conditions, domestic servants are covered by the workmen's compensation laws of several states, including California, Connecticut and Kansas.

The first state blood bank service for civilians, recently established in Michigan, makes plasma available without cost to anyone needing it. Only three other states—Iowa, Texas and Vermont—have a similar service and they give plasma free only to indigents and emergency cases or sell it at from $3.50 to $10 a unit instead of the usual price of about $30.

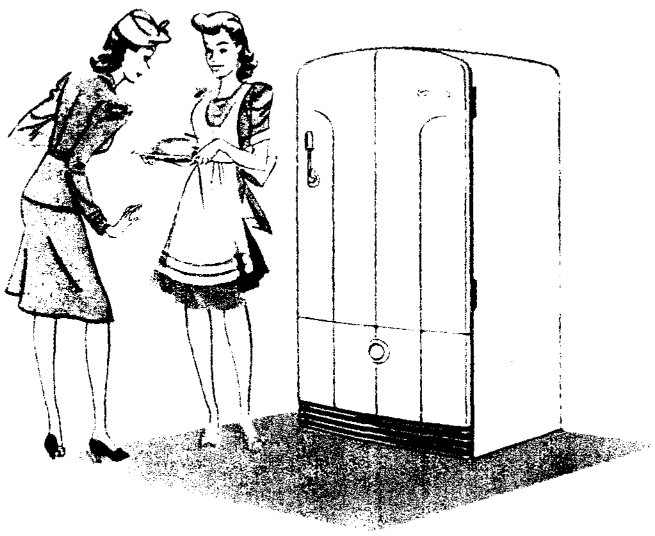
The hardness of the enamel on human teeth may be demonstrated by striking it with a piece of steel, the impact of which, while leaving no visible mark on the enamel, will produce sparks.

Television waves cannot be received beyond the horizon because they are so short that they pass through all three layers of ionized air in the atmosphere and, therefore, are not reflected back to the earth like the long waves used in other kinds of radio communication.

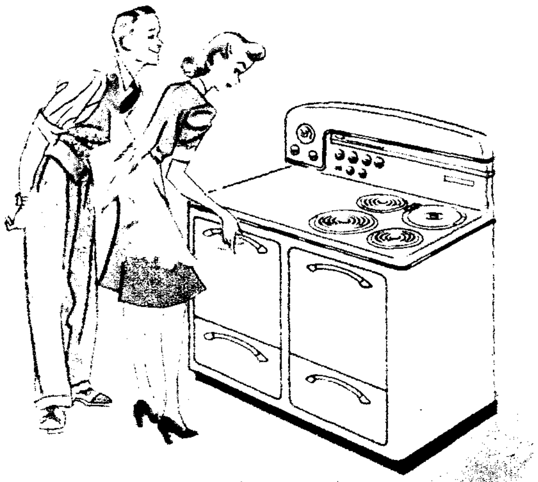
The block-buster bomb, thousands of which have been dropped on Germany by the R.A.F. since 1941, was developed 23 years ago by the Ordnance Department of the U. S. Army. The first one tested weighed 4,300 pounds and was dropped from a plane at a height of 4,000 feet over the Aberdeen Proving Ground in Maryland in the autumn of 1921.—*By Roderick M. Grant, River Forest, Ill.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

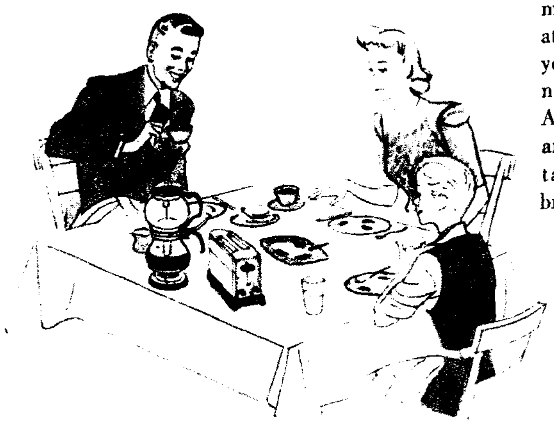
30 million pre-war Westinghouse home appliances are your postwar promise of still finer ones to come



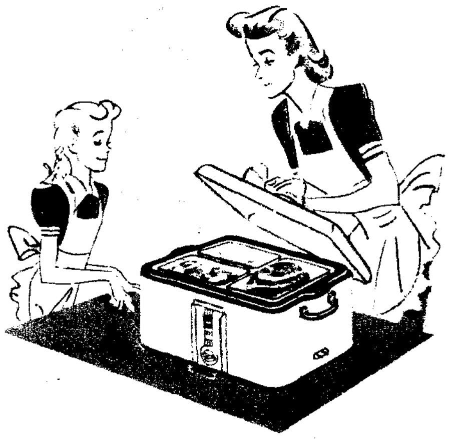
Promise! Raspberries in January! A pheasant dinner in June! . . . thanks to the new frozen foods. And your new Westinghouse electric Refrigerator will have a special place to store them.



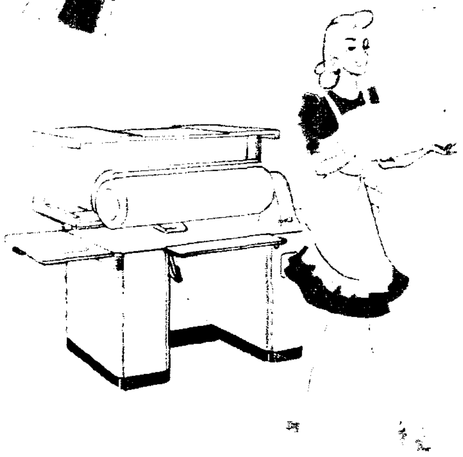
Promise! Your new Westinghouse electric Range will be so completely automatic you can put a meal in to cook . . . and forget it!



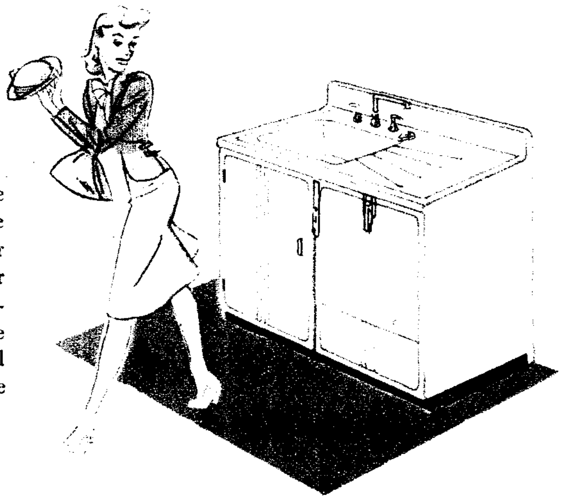
Promise! Even mother can stay put at the table when your good-looking new Westinghouse Automatic Toaster and Coffee Maker take over getting breakfast. What fun!



Promise! Dinner cooked on the porch . . . breakfast by the window! Hot food on a picnic! Your new Westinghouse Roaster will be so versatile and efficient you can cook anything in it, and carry it anywhere. The meals are delicious!



Promise! Dad's shirts, the baby's rompers, the ruffled curtains in the dining room . . . everything . . . will be unbelievably easy to iron on your brand-new Westinghouse Ironer.



Promise! Less time at the sink, and more time for yourself. Your loveliest crystal, your choicest silver, your favorite china, will all be washed safely and well in your new Westinghouse electric Dishwasher.

CALL IT EXPERIENCE, call it know-how, call it what you like . . . no one can turn out 30 million of anything without acquiring a lot of firsthand information on what makes it work, and why. That's but one plus advantage the engineers, designers and home economists of Westinghouse will have when they go back to making all the fine postwar electric appliances you want for your home. Meantime, they're putting everything they know into *today's job* of turning out essential materials to help win the war.

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Admiral

TO PLANT YOUR GARDEN

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CBS, 2:30 p.m., EWT,
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The post-war radio will not be a "jack-of-all-trades" despite many exaggerated predictions that have been made. But you can look for many new and distinctive features because of the "know-how" gained in building communications equipment for our fighting men. *All these exciting features will be incorporated in your after-the-war Admiral—America's Smart Set.*

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3800 Cortland Street Chicago 47, Illinois

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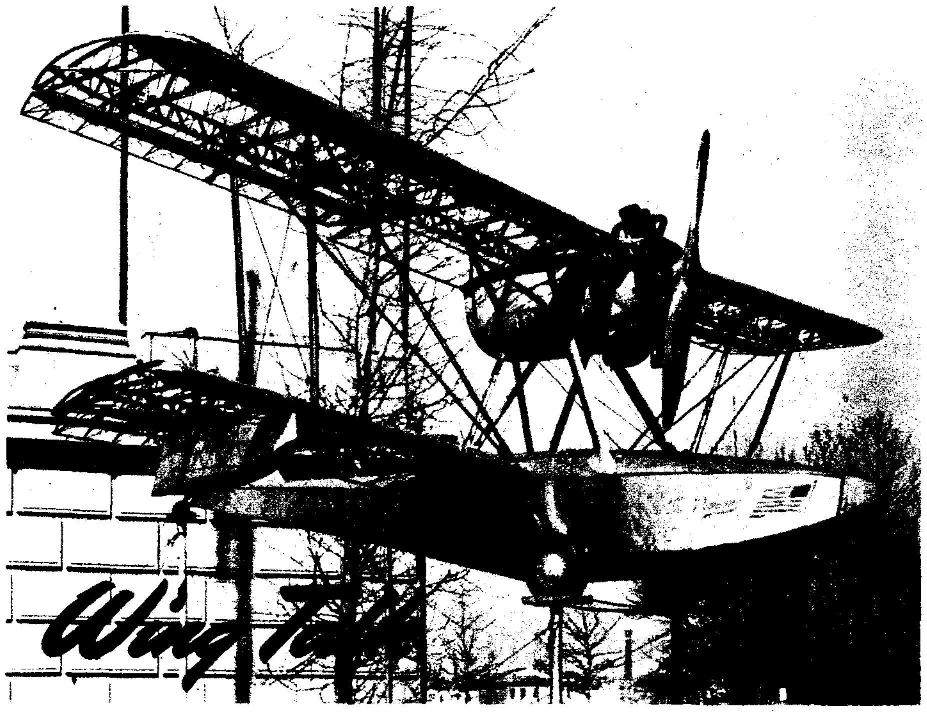

Wing Talk

For nine years this all-stainless-steel plane has withstood the ravages of weather. This metal is easier to weld than aluminum

IF STAINLESS steel turns out to be the exclusive metal used in the construction of the postwar plane, the Edward G. Budd Company of Philadelphia may be able to take full credit for it. Thirteen years ago Mr. Budd built an all-stainless-steel plane, using as a design the small Savoia-Marchetti amphibian with which the noted Italian firm attempted to invade the American market in the twenties.

Everything on The Pioneer, as Budd dubbed the ship, was stainless steel except the fabric wing covering, which was removed when the plane was set down outside Philadelphia's Franklin Museum in 1935.

Through the years, the ship has defiantly withstood the elements. Mechanics who now and again rub off the accumulated grime always find the metal free from rust and corrosion, and were it not for federal regulations to the contrary, rabid stainless-steel fans would cover the wings and take the pleasure ship up again.

This experiment has made Budd the pioneer and champion of stainless steel for planes. Right now the Budd Company is working on a $100,000,000 order from the Navy for a twin-engine stainless steel monoplane known as the RB-1 (R for transport, B for Budd, and 1 for first of its type).

The RB-1 has been designed to haul heavy, bulky cargo, which it loads and unloads from a ramp that drops from about midway the underside of the ship. While it weighs about the same, fully loaded, as the DC-3 (around 13 tons), the new ship has little resemblance to the old reliable truck horse of the airways. It has an upswept tail, a high wing and a bulbous nose; and the pilots are perched up in front with unexcelled visibility. The cargo is beneath and behind them.

The design is interesting, but the all-stainless-steel construction is the real eye catcher, and Mr. Budd can do a lot of high-powered talking if and when the battle starts between stainless steel and aluminum for world recognition as the best metal for aircraft.

In recent years, stainless steel has crept into a number of types of commercial and combat airplanes, particularly as a fire preventive in engine nacelles at points adjoining the exhaust stacks. Also, the Fleetwings Division of Kaiser Cargo, Inc., Bristol, Pennsylvania, designed and built a stainless-steel basic trainer, the BT-12, for the Army during the days of chaotic speed-up production. The Army's idea was to test the possibilities of this metal in a type of ship that received a lot of abuse at the hands of green pilots, and when twenty-five of the ships had been completed, the Army, satisfied that stainless steel was okay, cut off the order. They had enough trainers then, anyway.

But an interesting battle is in the offing. On one side are the stainless-steel people with a product that doesn't corrode and can be welded more easily than aluminum. On the other side are the aluminum people, who point out that there is now no shortage of their metal and isn't likely to be.

Furthermore, they say, the aircraft manufacturing industry is geared to and schooled in the use of aluminum. So why all this talk about stainless steel? It'll be something to watch.

BRIAN O. SPARKS, technical and research pilot of American Export Airlines, was in the air somewhere near New York City the other day for a fuel-dumping test flight of a big four-engined Coronado flying boat. This particular model had never been so tested, and before Export put it in service, it was a good thing to know how this job could be done if they ever had to do it. Satisfied that everything was in readiness to make the actual test, Sparks cut out all the electrical circuits to avoid fire in case something went wrong and gave the order to dump.

Gasoline plumed out in the wake of the sky monster, and Sparks smiled satisfaction. Suddenly he saw little puffs around the sky and, on the ground, a series of blinking lights. His first thought that someone might be shooting at him remained tentative for only a second, for on the other side of the ship, he saw an Army plane serenely towing a target across the sky. With no communication to the crew behind and below by intercom or to the ground by radio, he did even as you and I—put on his best evasive tactics and quickly got out of that section of the sky.

WELLWOOD E. BEALL, vice-president in charge of engineering of Boeing Aircraft, recently returned from an extensive study of B-17 operations in England, gives the answer to a question that often puzzles us: The Germans no longer bother about bombing the airfields from which our bombers operate against Germany because they know that the Americans and that typical American product, the bulldozer, can "fix them up in an hour." . . .

F.R.N.

"I'LL COME THROUGH..."

They hate me . . .

They're afraid of me . . .

They've got to get me . . .

Penned up in their pillbox, they know if I get to a gun slit alive, I'll shove the nozzle inside and turn on the heat and the air will suck out and their lungs will burst and their will to fight will go up in a roaring flame.

Creeping along . . . crawling along . . . inching along . . .

While the sweat trickles down from your arm-pits and ice water runs down your spine and your guts pull in as the guns begin . . . and the bullets cut ruts in the rock where you're going to be and where you've just been . . .

You think of the strangest things . . .

The way Bill smiled when he won a pot... how Jack hoped for a letter he never got . . . and row on row how white the crosses grow. And it all runs together with pictures of home . . . like that day in the ninth when you went to bat with two out and two on . . . and they asked for a hit and you came through in the pinch and you won.

I'll come through again . . .

I know I'll come through because I've got to. Because in the Marines a man is trained to stand alone . . . trained to work, to dare, to take a chance, to go ahead on his own . . . not just for himself but his buddy, his platoon, his regiment, the Corps . . . his wife . . . his kids . . . the country he's willing to fight and die for.

That's the spirit that made America strong . . .

That's the spirit that's going to win this war . . .

That's what I'll be looking for when I come home.

• • •

Here at Nash-Kelvinator we're building Pratt & Whitney engines for the Navy's Vought Corsairs and Grumman Hellcats . . . Hamilton Standard propellers for United Nations bombers . . . governors, binoculars, parts for ships, jeeps, tanks and trucks. All of us devoted 100% to winning this war . . . to speeding the peace when our men will come back to their jobs and homes and even better futures than they had before . . . to the day when we'll build for you an even finer Kelvinator, an even greater Nash!

The Army-Navy "E" awarded to Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Propeller Division.

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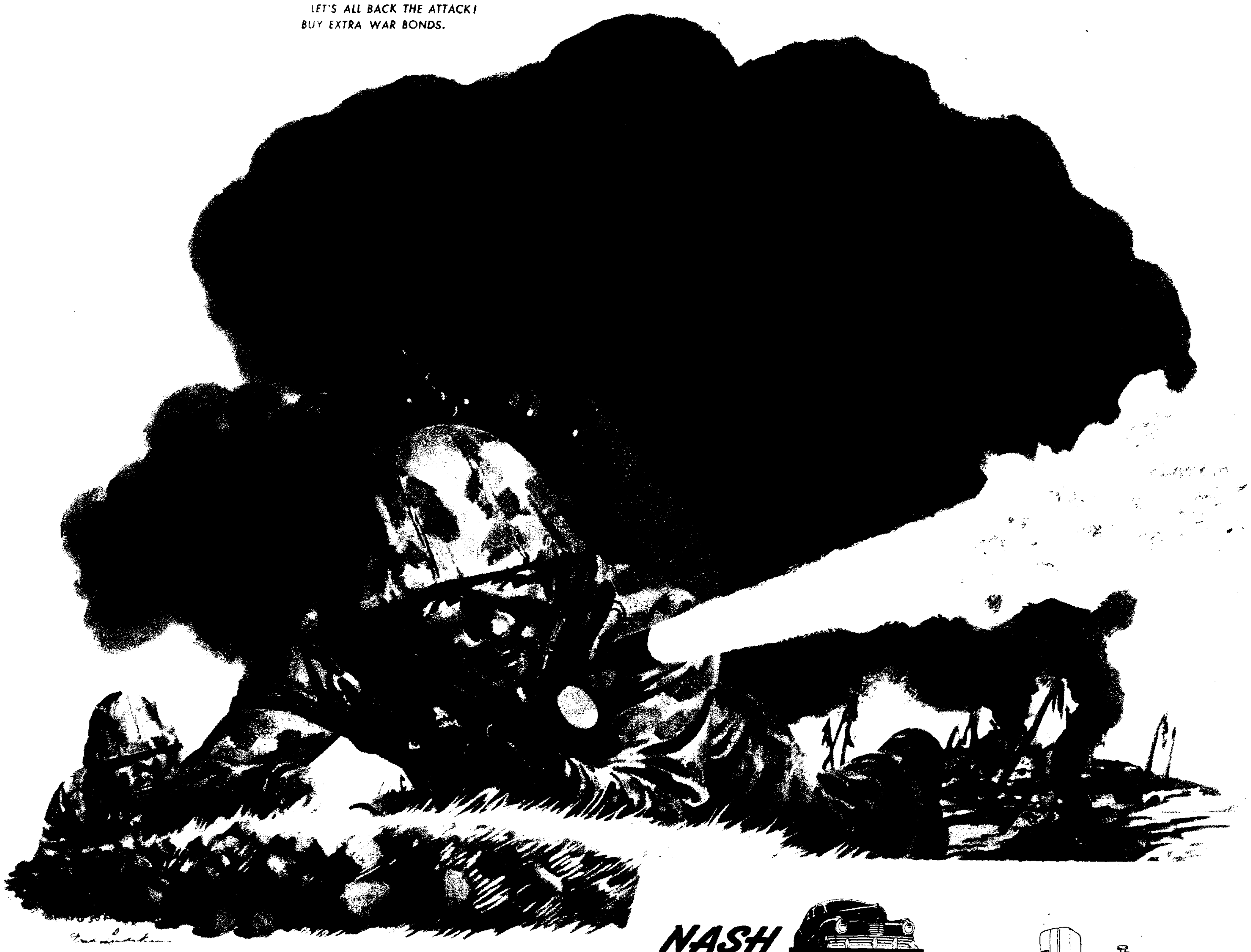
BUY EXTRA WAR BONDS.



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AUTOMOBILES

KELVINATOR
REFRIGERATORS • ELECTRIC RANGES

Show *him* the way to go home

THERE are split seconds when his judgment is the most important thing in the world. The safety of a ship and crew, the fate of a mission, the work and hopes of many men—are in his hands. They are in good hands.

✈ ✈ ✈

There is no more important task for G-E research and engineering today than in developing equipment to make this—one of the toughest jobs of our time—a little easier and a little safer.

Every day, in every flight, electricity is at work in our bombers and fighters.

Electrically driven gyroscope instruments show the way—in fog, or cloud, or night.

Lamps light instrument dials and landing strip. Radio binds the squadron together and links it to its base; power turrets protect it. The automatic pilot relieves the human pilot at the controls, and unilever power controls give him, in effect, an extra hand by combining the controls for turbosuperchargers and engines.

Electric motors start the engines, retract the landing gear, change the pitch of the propellers.

Electricity heats boots, and gloves, and flying suits of pilot and crew.

Although the American homes of our fliers are half a world away, home base—because of electric instruments in their cockpits and electric equipment on their planes—is a little nearer, a little surer and more certain. *General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y.*

★ **Some Equipment General Electric Builds for Aviation:** gyroscope and other instruments, automatic pilots, remote indicating compasses, radio equipment, motors and motor actuator units, generators, unilever power controls, ignition systems, jet propulsion engines, turbosuperchargers, flying suits, lamps, power turrets, computers and sights, hydraulic systems, electronic devices, etc.

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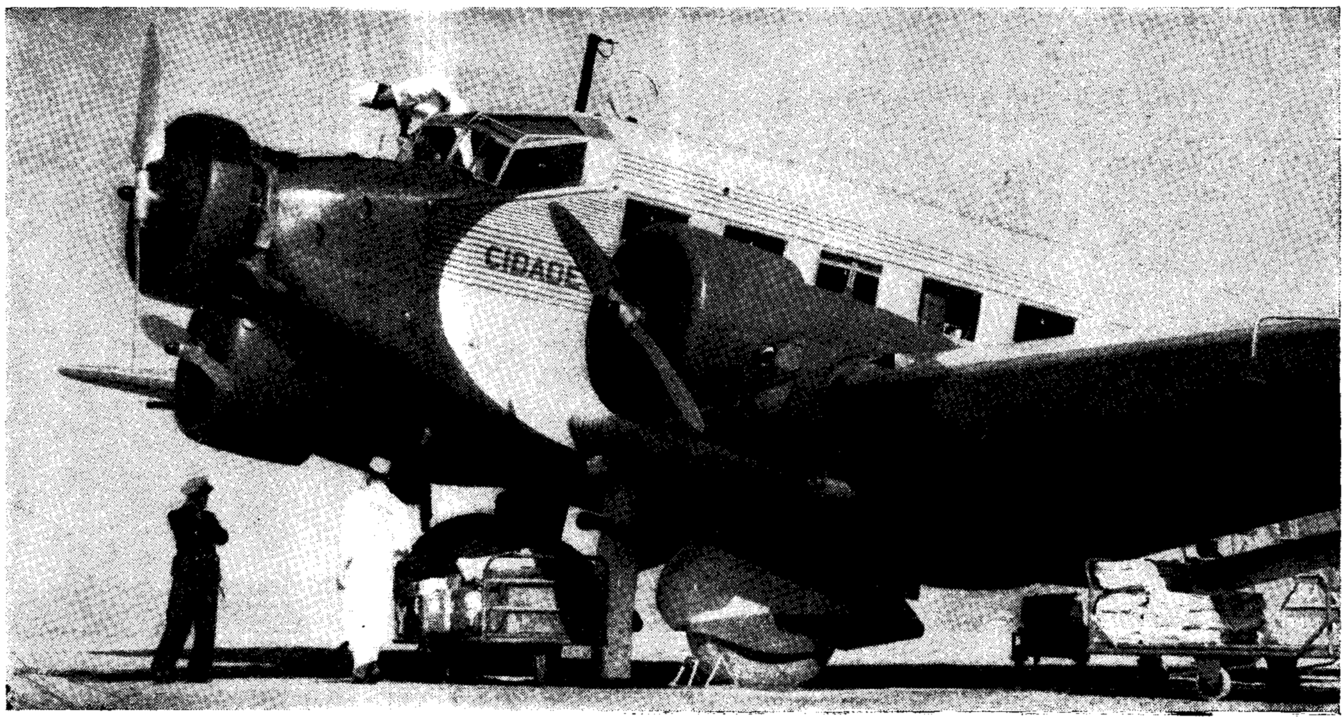


SAMUEL KRAVITT—BLACK STAR

GET OUT AND *Stay* OUT!

BY EDWARD TOMLINSON

With planes like this, Germany pioneered her widespread South American airlines. It was the first step in the plot to grab control of the air as a preliminary to the Axis-planned invasion

How the United States, with some fine Good Neighbor co-operation, broke once and for all the dangerous Nazi grip on South America's aviation and gave Hitler's diplomacy of air conquest the worst beating it's ever taken

MAJOR ELIAS BELMONTE was a vain, boastful little chocolate-hued soldier of the remote Andes. It still seems fantastic, but Hitler's diplomats and agents picked him to lead off their carefully laid campaign for the control of South America, the eventual attack on the United States, and the subjugation of the Western Hemisphere. They had influenced the appointment of this obscure army officer to Berlin, ostensibly as the air and military attaché of the Bolivian legation, so that they might ply him with an intensive course in the fine points of Nazi intrigue and ideology.

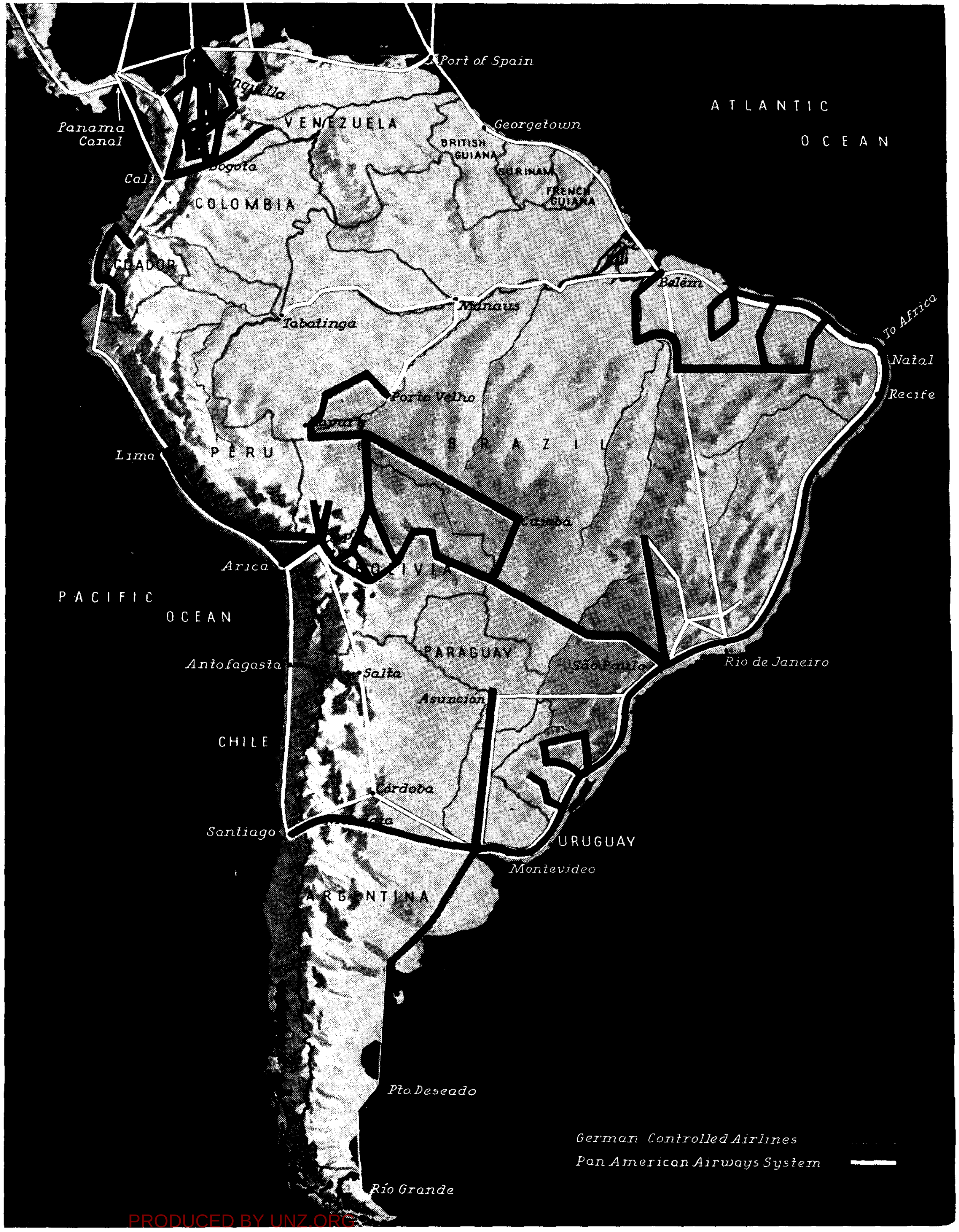
I met Belmonte in La Paz in the company of several native and German newspapermen just as he was about to begin his journey to Germany. He spoke scoffingly of hemisphere solidarity and co-operation. He said, "The Yankees and Great Britain have exploited my country and ground down its people." He rambled on about the importance of Bolivia's social, economic and political regeneration. "My country," he declared in true totalitarian terms, "must learn discipline and pride."

In the Nazi capital, the Bolivian major proved to be an apt pupil. Within a few months he began to itch for action and the fulfillment of what he vainly thought was his own mission—the overthrow of the Bolivian government, which had made contracts and agreements with the United States to supply us with its tin, tungsten and other strategic war materials. Such a government had to be got rid of.

Belmonte had kept in touch with Nazi agents and plotters in La Paz. He had carried on a lengthy correspondence with Ernst Wendler, German minister to Bolivia. Finally, on June 9, 1941, he wrote to Herr Wendler: "Friends in the Wilhelmstrasse have informed me that, according to information received from you, the moment is approaching to strike our blow to liberate my country. I await your final word in order to leave from here by plane to start the work that will first save Bolivia, and later the whole South American continent from North American influence.

"We must undo the tungsten contract with the United States and cancel or at least strongly modify the tin contracts with the English and the United States." And then: "Soon other nations will follow our example, and then, with one purpose, one ideal, and with one supreme leader, we will save the future of South America and start a new era of perfection." *(Continued on page 68)*

MAP BY KENNETH W. THOMPSON


Port of Spain
Panama Canal
Cali
Bogota
VENEZUELA
COLOMBIA
ECUADOR
BRITISH GUIANA
SURINAM
FRENCH GUIANA
Georgetown
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Belém
Manaus
Tabatinga
To Africa
Natal
Recife
Porto Velho
PERU
Lima
BRAZIL
Cuiabá
Arica
BOLIVIA
PACIFIC OCEAN
Antofagasta
Salta
PARAGUAY
Asuncion
São Paulo
Rio de Janeiro
CHILE
Córdoba
Santiago
URUGUAY
Montevideo
ARGENTINA
Pto. Deseado
Rio Grande
German Controlled Airlines
Pan American Airways System

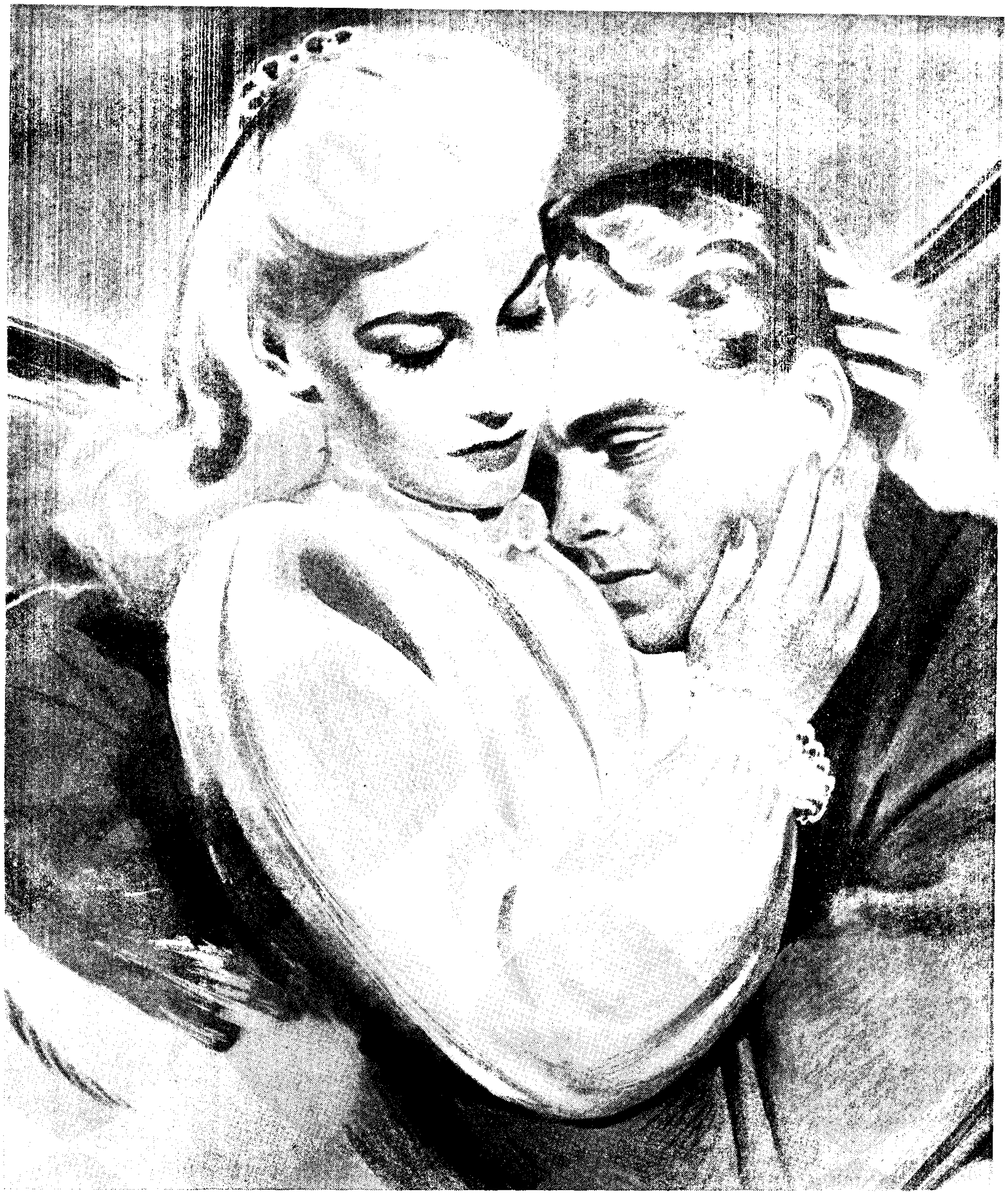
South American airways today. Pan American's trunk lines are shown in white. Airlines operated by Germany in 1939, when Axis usurpation of South America's skies reached its peak, are shown in red. These lines are all owned or operated by Pan American today, in co-operation with the governments of countries they serve

THE Comb

By Helen Hedrick

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM ROSE

No woman can take another woman's place in a man's heart, and Alda was sore afraid that Chris had no love left for anyone



"Anything in the world you ask me to do, I can, honey," Chris said. "I'll never ask anything too hard," Alda said, "and I'll never go away"

A THIN wash of gold color blocked the dark mountains on the sky in a last touch of April sunset, but down in the river canyon a rising white mist from the water drifted with the brush and tree shadows over the road to make it already night.

Chris had turned on his car lights and at once he and Alda and the moving car were pushed into the small box of their effort against the darkness. The steep mountain flank on their right turned to black glass, the river on the left faded into the fog tide; the car lights turned back upon themselves into the uncertain road narrowing up the canyon.

"About two miles more," Chris said, "and you'll be in your home. Glad, Alda?"

He leaned to her in the quick, easy way he had of moving in spite of his bigness, his arm across her knees drawing her closer.

"Chris!" she cried. "The road—watch it! You'll run off here and kill us both!" Her cry was sharp, made before she could think.

No time for thought first or she would not have cried out, nor made the half snatch to grab the steering wheel. Oh, Lord, she thought, now I'm losing my nerve.

The feeling was in her fingers, almost a hurt, as if she was holding something she wanted terribly to keep safe, to keep from losing, and yet was about to break from the hard clutching, something frail and very precious. She pulled her hands back, cut off her cry, but even before that he had drawn away from her. Not only the physical recoil, his hands both back on the steering wheel and his dark face turned ahead into the box of the lights, but more, as though he were himself farther away than reach.

The upward filter of light from the instrument panel touched him with a shadow that made him seem to be still smiling but she knew he was not. She was quite used to that expression on his face; she had seen him withdrawn, shut away in that hard shell, many times in this month she had known him.

"Chris," she said, "I'm crazy. Forgive me? It's just this terrible road—" She laughed, but the sound did not seem to belong to her, caught in her throat. She had always been able to laugh so easily, to make everyone around her laugh. It went with her blue-eyed Irish spirit, but with Chris now it was like a ball thrown against a wall and returning to her.

He reached out briefly and patted her hands, so tightly held now in her lap that their lacquered nails were their only color. His gesture was understanding enough and yet she believed a little more had been drained out of him. She wanted to put her arms around him and draw him back to her, as if that physical act could bring them together again.

But he was talking: "You'll get used to this road, my pet. Won't mean a thing to you when you've driven in and out of here as many times as—I used to."

He had blurred on the last words and she was as certain as though he had said, "Amy and I used to," that that was what he had checked between thinking and saying.

The old sickening knock she got in the heart every time she knew he was thinking of Amy possessed her. At first she had believed it to be jealousy in her of that other life of his, jealousy of his first wife; now she knew it was not as simple as that.

"One thing you don't have to worry about on this road," he was saying, "there's no danger of meeting anyone. Our place, Alda, is the only one in here."

She knew what he was doing; he was trying to put out a little line for her to take hold of and bring them together again, to end the strain between them. She knew she had only to say, "Oh, Chris, you and I," with her voice down throaty and breaking on the minors as he loved her to talk to him. Only that, and he'd drop his arm along her shoulders and she would lean against him and they would drive through the big gateway there and across the bridge toward the dark shape of the home place showing in the tree gloom beyond.

She thought: This marriage has got to be more for him. It can't be just breaking and patching it up, straining away from each other and then back in each other's arms, kissing. It can't be the way it was with him and Amy.

That knowledge that is born in a woman with her blood was prompting her. It said, "The woman's the one that has to get along, that has got to find the way to make a go of loving a man. If she waits for him to have understanding or make concessions she'd as well be waiting for a tiger to turn into a sheep." And the knowledge told her that kissing wasn't enough, or straining against him, not even the deep love and wanting she had for him would be enough. Not if she and Chris were going to last together.

HE HAD stopped the car and got out. "Hope I've got the right keys," he said, paused by the headlights to search his key ring. The bridge, she could see now in the car lights, had a gate across it and a padlocked chain.

He was bent to the keys, studying them, and he looked very young. Then he found the right one and walked away into the darkness toward the bridge.

The night air felt suddenly cool on her face, as though someone had passed by quickly; the smell of spring-damp earth and ferns and fir trees, mountain and country smells awakened in her almost forgotten things. She was all at once aware of the night, of the stars bright and thick beyond the feathering trees shaped up against them.

I could run away, she thought. And with the thought, close to it as breath to life was the scoffing in her at herself; as though the half of her that made the first thought was young as a child and the half of her that was scoffing was very old and knew how childish fancy dies.

He was swinging the gate around, calling to her; his voice sounded impersonal, as though it had nothing to do with her: "Drive on through; I'll shut the gate."

She slipped over behind the wheel, put the car in gear and moved across the bridge; Chris was not yet smiling at her but stood waiting for her to pass him.

(Continued on page 75)

From past performances, you get the idea Navy aerologists can pull any desired kind of weather out of a file at will. Their biggest job is coming up

Invasion Weather

By Commander Howard T. Orville, U.S.N.

ON THE night of July 8, 1943, a Nazi commander in Sicily turned his cheek to the 32-knot northwest wind, eyed the mountainous seas it was kicking up in the Mediterranean and went to bed secure in the certainty that no Allied commander would be fool enough to try to invade in that kind of weather. It was clearly impossible. Landing boats would be swamped the second they hit the water, and if they survived that, they would be crushed against the tossing hulls of their mother ships before they could be loaded. Any boats that did get away would be rolled over and smashed in the vicious surf.

A few miles over the horizon, 2,000 Allied ships slammed their noses into the huge waves. Aboard the smaller ships commanders knew the weather had tricked them. It was too late to turn back and too rough to land with any chance of success. Aboard his flagship, the admiral commanding the Northwest African Waters, mentally chewed his fingernails to shreds, called in his aerologist, youthful Commander Richard C. Steere. Was the commander absolutely, positively sure there had been no mistake?

Commander Steere was. "Once we get in the lee of the island," he said, "we will be all right. I would advise no change of plans."

The armada pitched on. Later, correspondents described how when they reached Sicily, the seas seemed to calm miraculously. The landing was delayed exactly one hour, and the percentage of landing boats lost in the surf was relatively small. The Nazi commander learned the extent of his mistake when a U. S. soldier unceremoniously woke him up with the muzzle of a .45 to tell him the war was over.

Rain Makers for the Big Show

That sort of performance may be a miracle to the layman, but it is strictly business as usual to the Naval Aerological Service. Actually, of course, not even they can calm the seas or make a gale rage where none blew before, but they can do an awful lot with the raw material God and the polar fronts give them. And what they now plan to do is to rain out the Big Picnic that Hitler has scheduled for Allied visitors to the shores of occupied Europe.

To do the job, the Navy has a large, well-trained force of officers and men which had its beginnings during the first World War when the Norwegians evolved the theories of air masses and polar fronts. Modifying and streamlining these methods, the Navy organized "Wartime Weather Units" years before Pearl Harbor, made them run through their paces under wartime conditions during fleet maneuvers. Instruments and information were continuously supplemented by Navy scientists and by the findings of the U. S. Weather Bureau, Army Air Forces aerologists, scientific institutions and universities and, at present, all the other meteorological facilities of the United Nations.

The Navy itself developed a neat little gadget—about the size of a lunch box—which reveals the secrets of the upper air as effortlessly as Winchell reports the date of your next divorce. Called the radiosonde, it is attached to a small balloon and sent up to 60,000 feet. It contains a single-tube, short-wave transmitter which sends out temperature and relative-humidity readings at various heights, thus giving a cross section of the atmosphere. When an aerologist has before him the reports of these instruments from scores of weather stations all over the world, he can come pretty close to telling what wind conditions, surf, visibility, ceiling and clouds he's going to find in any given locality on any given date.

Take, for instance, the hit-run raid Admiral Halsey made on the Marshall and Gilbert islands in February, 1942. He figured he could sneak up on the islands all right, but was afraid that once he'd poked his big stick into the hornet's nest, he was liable to get stung before he could run away. So he thought it would be nice if he could have a zero-zero storm front in which to hide from Jap bombers while he made his getaway.

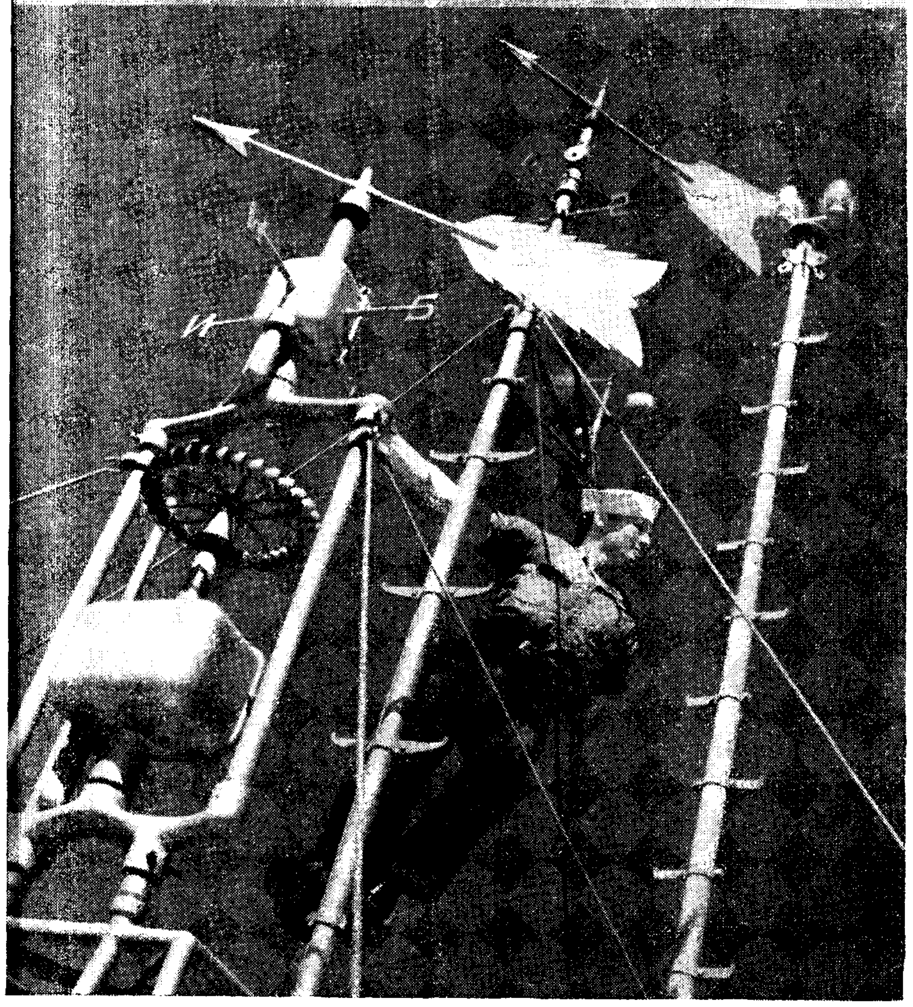
That's just what he got. When the raid was over, there was a storm waiting for him a few miles away. He piloted his task force into it and sailed under its protection for several hundred miles while the Nip wasps buzzed angrily, and futilely around its outskirts.

That was a comparatively simple task for Navy aerologists because Halsey's force included only ships that could comfortably ride out a fair-sized storm. But an invasion job is much more complex. Amphibious warfare is waged with hundreds of relatively small craft. There are invasion barges designed to carry troops, every type of motorized equipment, ammunition, gasoline, field kitchens, aircraft rescue crews and thousands of other items. There are mine sweepers, sub chasers, patrol craft, support vessels, PT boats, amphibious tanks, jeeps and trucks—all of which can be swamped in high seas, lost in fog or dashed to pieces in a heavy surf.

So, of course, there cannot be a heavy surf on invasion day. The job of ensuring that there is not belongs to the Navy, which has charge of invasion weather until all forces are successfully landed. Their aerologists break it down into three categories: planning, strategical and tactical.

The planning phase requires, first, a detailed summary by months of the weather conditions that have prevailed in previous years over the invasion beaches: this gives an idea of the kind of weather to expect on the invasion date—D Day. Next, a study of these prevailing conditions will

(Continued on page 74)



Ingenious instruments reveal the weather's secrets to Navy aerologists. Above, a sailor checks wind gauges; below, a radio-sonde is being sent aloft

Granddaddy palm tree provides roost for an aerographers' hut on Espiritu Santo in the South Pacific

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS

Smooth, energetic, articulate Matthew Smith is head of the Confederated Unions of America—470,000 workers in 58 unions with no C.I.O. or A.F. of L. affiliations

Unique Unionee

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KNOPF—PIX

Here's a labor leader who opposes the closed shop, the check-off and practically everything that makes labor leaders fat, famous and powerful. Matthew Smith, in short, believes that unions should belong to labor—an idea causing some concern in established union circles

WASHINGTON isn't sure whether Mr. Matthew Smith is a portent or a pest. Detroit, where another headache more or less makes very little immediate difference, hopes he isn't as smart as he sounds. The C.I.O. and the A.F. of L., conventional, huge and jealous, try to dismiss him with mirthless, hollow laughter.

Mr. Smith denies that he's a portent, a pest, a headache, or that he can be laughed off. He contends merely that the War Labor Board is a sterile spinster with the vapors, that the A.F. of L. is a corpse which has remained too long unburied, that the C.I.O. is a pink racket, and that essentially there is very little visible difference between conventionally organized labor and the National Association of Manufacturers.

Mr. Smith is president of the Confederated Unions of America—his own creation. He says that it has a membership of 470,000 workers in fifty-eight hitherto independent unions which either scorned the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. or have been ignored by them. He is Executive Secretary of C.U.A.'s largest member union, the Mechanics' Educational Society of America, which, he assures you, has a membership of 68,000—a large percentage of whom are "key men" like the toolmakers and diemakers, without whose co-operation an assembly line becomes very disassembled indeed.

What Mr. Smith thinks has not yet become important enough to editors to win him any of the newspaper space now given over to the utterances of William Green, Philip Murray and John L. Lewis. Mr. Smith seems very unconcerned. He says that there is not room in America for three multilateral labor organizations—the A.F. of L., the C.I.O. and the C.U.A.—that either the first or the second will have to go out of business and that he has the formula that will attend to that. He'd prefer to see the C.I.O. pass away but is very much afraid that the A.F. of L. is already dead—which, after all, brings about the necessary reduction.

Briefly, Mr. Smith and his organization are opposed to the closed shop, the dues check-off system, to big-business methods in labor organizations, to union executive committees paid from the union's treasury and armed with the right arbitrarily to commit the membership to anything, to all salaries, rules and regulations which make union leadership attractive to racketeers, to participation by labor organizations in party politics, and to all relations between the workers' representative and the employer which are not strictly industrial.

In addition, he opposes almost everything that the other two big unions are against—such things as the Smith-Connally Act: everything, that is, except closed union books and records. He says that the books of the Confederated Unions of America and of the Mechanics' Educational Society of America are always open to the government and to members.

While the War Labor Board would like to see something unpleasantly permanent happen to Mr. Smith, the White House considers him neither a menace nor a nuisance. Without knowing whether Mr. Smith is a star or a comet, here to stay or gone tomorrow, Mr. Roosevelt's observers recall the day when the President, harassed by both the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O., called down "a plague on both your houses." They think that Mr. Smith might conceivably become that plague.

It is not easy to set down conclusively just what Mr. Smith is for and what he's against. He is far, far from the simple soul he seems at first to be. He's as shrewd as an Armenian peddler, as smoothly energetic as a new electric fan, a toolmaker by trade, fifty-one years old, a British citizen who refused to become naturalized, aggressively class-conscious, short, dark, handsome, and just mysterious enough to fascinate.

He was born in the thick of Lancashire's textile mills, worked therein as a child ten hours a day for less than a pound a week, and has never got over it.

He talks quietly and fluently in a soft British Midlands accent. As an orator, he is full of such philosophic observations as: "When we manage to make peace as glamorous as war, there'll be no more war." As the editorial writer of the M.E.S.A. Educator, a well-disciplined weekly without a scream in a year's subscription, he is the most literary of all our labor leaders.

He says that he once registered his intentions of becoming a citizen but has gone no further in that direction because he will not give his enemies "the satisfaction of badgering him into it." By his enemies he means, among others, the Detroit newspapers which frequently publish editorials to the effect that while John L. Lewis is bad enough, heaven knows, Mr. Lewis is at least a citizen.

No High-Salaried Official

For being president of the C.U.A. and executive secretary of M.E.S.A. Smith gets $6,000 a year, says the job is worth that much and no more—ever. There are only eighteen other salaried persons in his organizations, and their wages are precisely what they'd be making at their shop jobs. Salaried officers, including Smith, can talk all they want at organization meetings but have no vote. This, says Mr. Smith, who believes that there is about as much democracy in the old-line labor setup as there is in Germany, prevents paid officials from building machines with which to perpetuate themselves in office.

Members of the executive council of M.E.S.A. are all wage-earning shop workers, drawing no income from the union treasury. They alone can vote on policy and motions or can make strike or peace decisions, and only as the voices of the workers they represent, after referendum.

Mr. Smith contends that the Messrs. Green, Murray and Lewis had no more right to pledge their memberships to no strikes for the duration than they have to tell them to refrain from begetting more children. Although Mr. Smith has been around for a long time and had won local renown, he didn't manage the national spotlight until last February when M.E.S.A.'s highly skilled members quit work, closing down fifty-one war-production plants in Michigan and Ohio.

The strike was the result of the refusal of the War Labor Board to include representatives of M.E.S.A. Some of the plants affected appealed to the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. for skilled men to take the vacated jobs. But as much as both the old organizations dislike Smith and his

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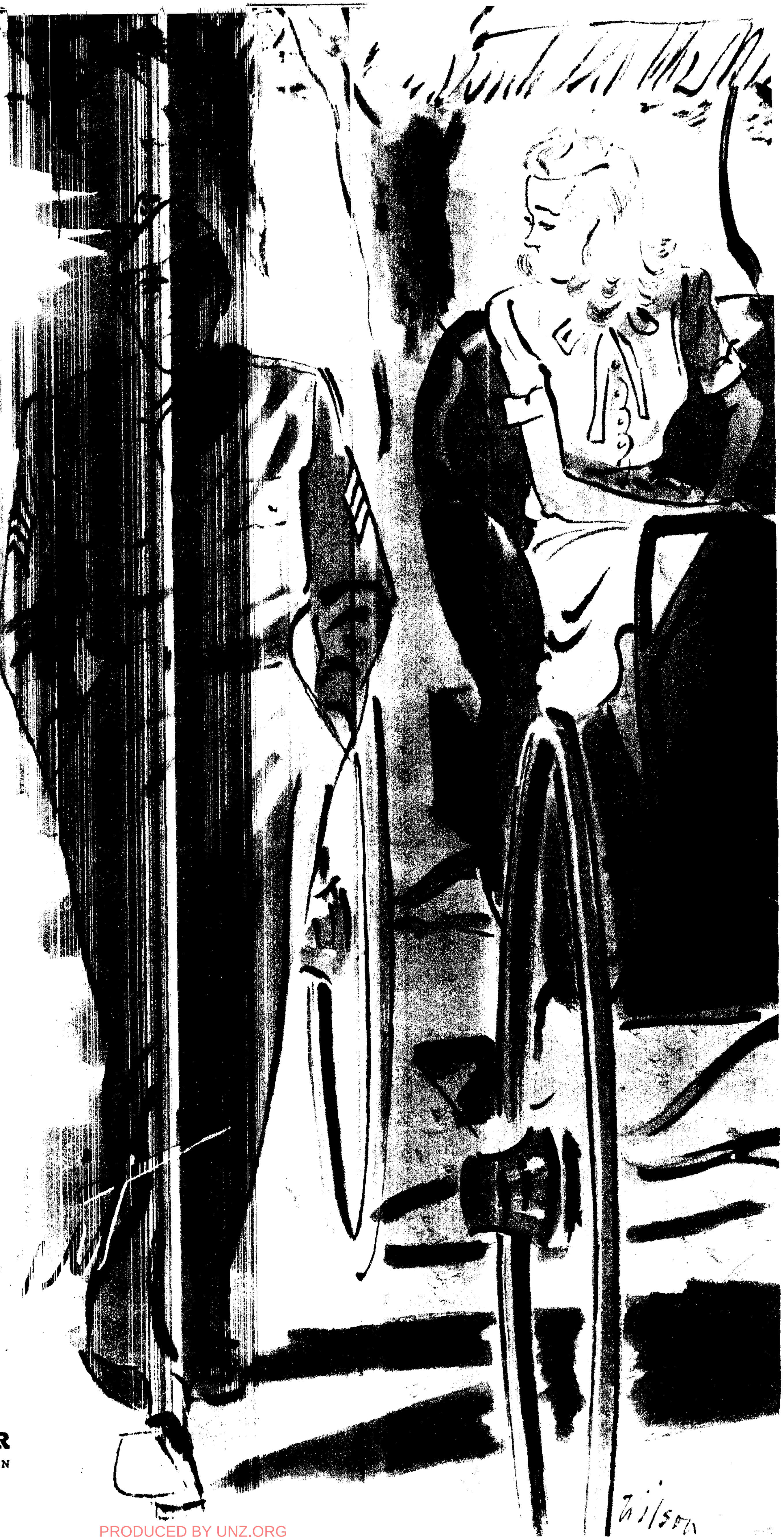


He was a khaki Casanova, a [illegible] Lothario with a red plush technique, but this time he tackled a damsel with a technique of her own

THE band played, the dancers milled. Outside there would be a moon, a Mis[illegible] moon, gleaming across the lake. There would be stars and things. It would reek of romance.

And there was this bet.

Steve looked at it carefully, and it seemed harmless. Then he looked at Doc Nixon, and Doc was not harmless. Doc had a glint.

Steve said, "Twenty bucks, that I can't make this—what did you call her?"

"Sandra Gale," Doc said. "Twenty bucks, cash."

They stood there watching him, his pals—Doc Nixon and Eddie Harkness—very neat and beautiful in khaki for the Saturday-night dance, both of them not quite grinning. Doc was short, wide, blond; Eddie was a smooth lad, dark and slender. In unison, they didn't quite grin at him.

There was a something. An aura.

"I don't like it," Steve said. "It has that air. It smells."

"Why, pal!" Doc was hurt. "Why, Sergeant! You don't trust me?"

That he could answer frankly: "No."

"You think we'd bring you here—I speak for both of us, for my friend Harkness and for myself—you think we'd bring you to our home town for a furlough and then slip a knife into you? A guest?"

"Wouldn't you?"

"Naturally," Doc said. "But look, chum. This is straight. A simple little bet."

"Yeah. Your bets. Like that cockroach race last month."

Doc spread his hands. "A touch of lye," he admitted. "A stratagem. Nothing more. Just a little lye."

"A little white lye," Eddie murmured. Doc turned to him; they shook hands with vigor.

STEVE looked away. He felt no disgust, only pity. Simple hearts, both: let them have their small moment of joy, their taste of triumph. His eye searched the crowded dance floor—searched and found and came to rest.

She was still there. The one in green, the one with the hair. Red-gold, it swung to her shoulders, it caught the lights and glowed. Lovely face, lovely legs. Sandra Gale. . . . She was a product of Cherryville, a girl who had borne for years the near neighborhood of Eddie and Doc; and now she danced with a sailor.

She was a girl, he thought, (*Continued on page* 61)

He walked stiffly, looking straight ahead. He wouldn't even look at her. "Sergeant," she said, "I'm sorry"

Wha Mad

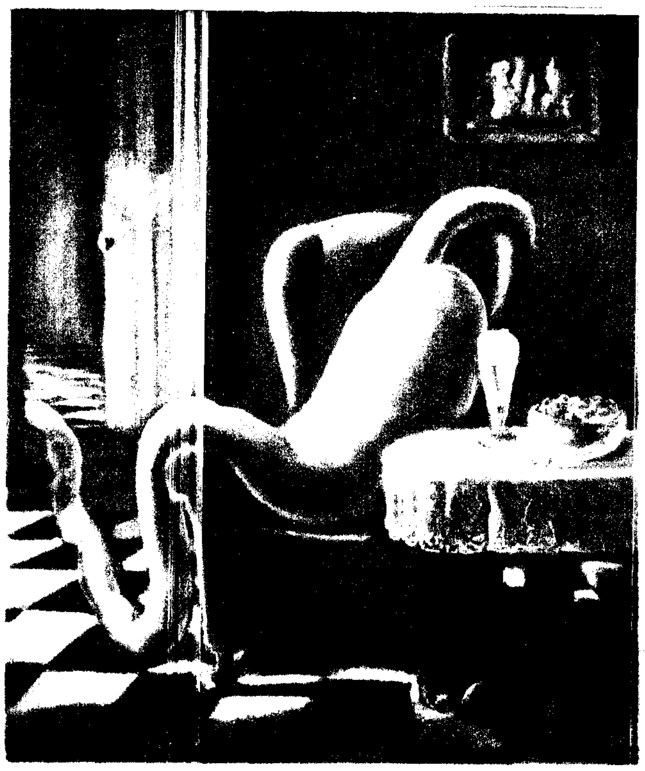
BY W. L. KNICKMEYER

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL S. WILSON

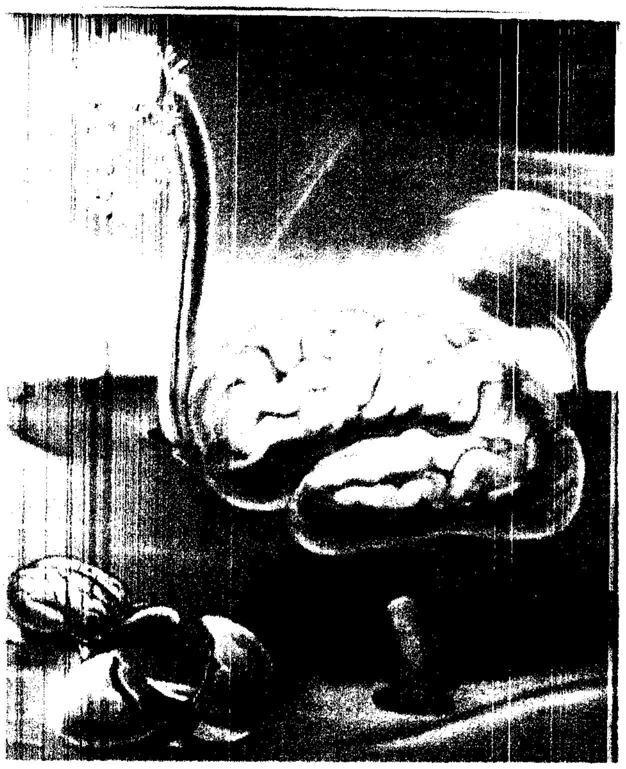
GEORGE MILES RYAN

Daisy Stilwell

Inside Stuff

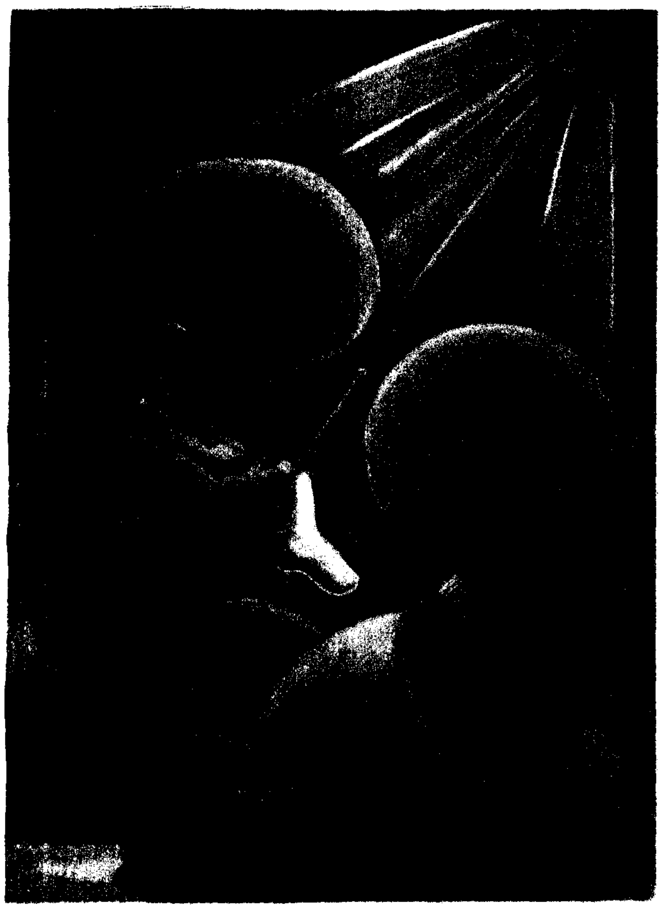


DUTCH INTERIOR. Gastronomic tranquillity is the dominant keynote of the picture above, as a stomach, managing somehow to look smug, lolls in an easy chair in a warm Vermeer setting. A tall beer and a bowl of pretzels help to carry out the illusion of cheerful, homey contentment

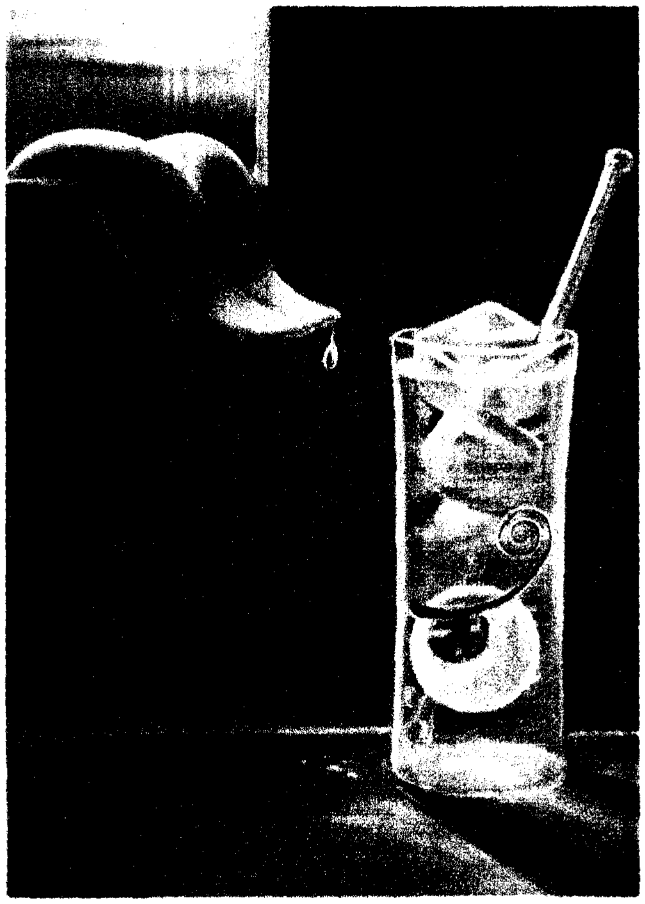


BRAIN STORM is a picture of the brain of a man with *women on his mind (please note detail of convolutions).* The whole resolves itself into an ostrich, a bird, as is commonly known, *not noted for reasoning power.* The face is a cross section of the spinal cord that forms the neck

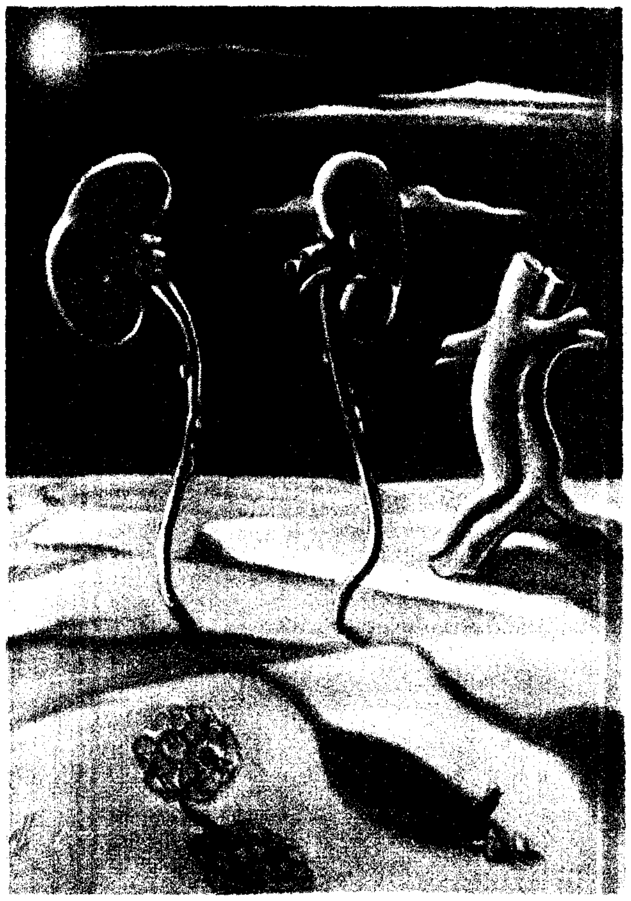
PLANNED PARENTHOOD, most startling of the series, evoked a wave of protest from delicate-minded laymen. It shows a pair of fetuses, sure of their welcome into the world, whiling away their prenatal time



WRY EYEBALL is the title that Miss Stilwell gave the simplest and most forthright of her pastels. It is a nonsensical picture and is built around a bad pun, depicting an eyeball in an ice-filled glass and an all-encompassing thirst



GOING STEADY. A pair of kidneys cavort on willowy ureters in the moonlight, while artery and vein do a minuet. A glomerulus (kidney unit) becomes a plant, and the upcurled shadow discloses a nest of kidney stones



THE fantastic portraits of human interiors on these pages are easily the most elaborate joke ever perpetrated on the medical profession—a business which for some 3,000 years has steadfastly valued its dignity above everything else. They are a perverse, good-natured and subtle dig at medicine's conservatism—and the people of medicine, liking a good gag as well as anyone, guffawed unanimously on seeing them for the first time.

These daffy drawings are the work of an impish-looking young Minneapolis medical artist, Daisy Stilwell, who happily let her sense of humor get the better of her after years of meticulous and uninspired sketching of clavicles, colostomies and cancers. Medical drawing is a scrupulously precise art—necessarily so, because doctors depend on it in studying anatomy and operative techniques. It is also a rather unusual art; there are only about 50 medical artists in the United States. Miss Stilwell is a member of the staff of Modern Medicine, and no one has ever found fault with her serious work, which is among the best in the world.

The viscerealistic Stilwell pastels are sound, medically and artistically, because she has had a lifetime of experience in her specialty. Technical accuracy and artistry are, however, the least of their charms. Like double talk, they almost, but never quite, make sense, and Miss Stilwell's screwy titles and inspired footnotes do nothing to spoil the suggestion that there isn't really anything so very grim about one's innards after all.

The original 12 pastels—done in artist's crayons on drawing paper—won an exhibition at the International Postgraduate Convention in Chicago last year, and after that the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis featured them in a month-long showing led off by an invitation exhibition for flabbergasted physicians. After that, word got around quickly, and people came, mostly out of curiosity. They stayed to chuckle.

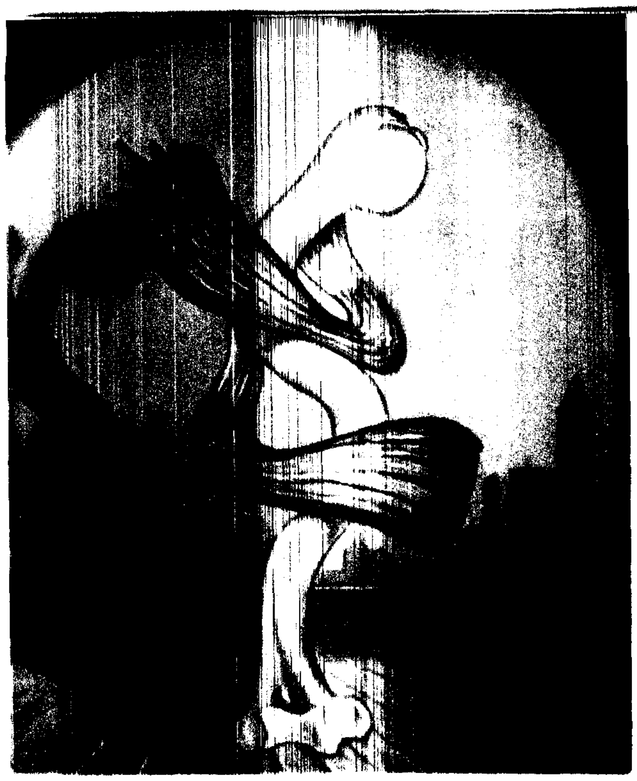
Miss Stilwell is bewildered by the acclaim her work has received and is surprised that anything she did just for fun could stir up such a sensation. The result will probably be the addition of several subjects to the series.

Born in Hills, Iowa, Miss Stilwell was copying cartoons at five, and became a hired girl on an Iowa farm when she was orphaned at twelve. She finally landed a job as diet maid at the University of Iowa hospital, where a medical artist friend let her try sketching a bone.

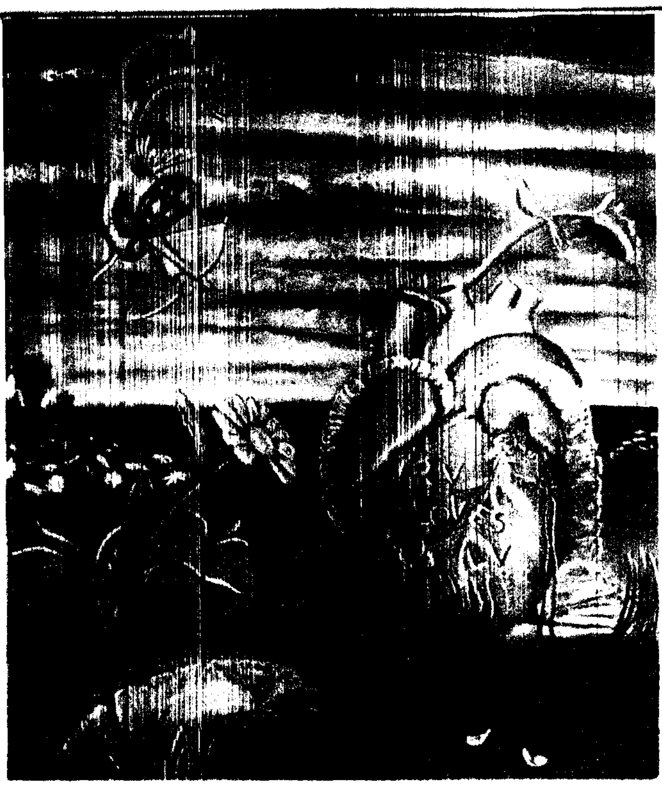
That settled it. She drew everything she could find around the university hospital and eventually illustrated a textbook for a doctor, who liked her work so well that he staked her to a year at Johns Hopkins, which has one of the two recognized medical art schools in the United States. (The other is at the University of Illinois.)

At Johns Hopkins, Miss Stilwell learned to sketch operations as they were performed, thus acquiring the real background of her profession. She followed that with a job at Sinai hospital in Baltimore, and then came a stint at the American Hospital in Oxford, England, which she first read about in Collier's.

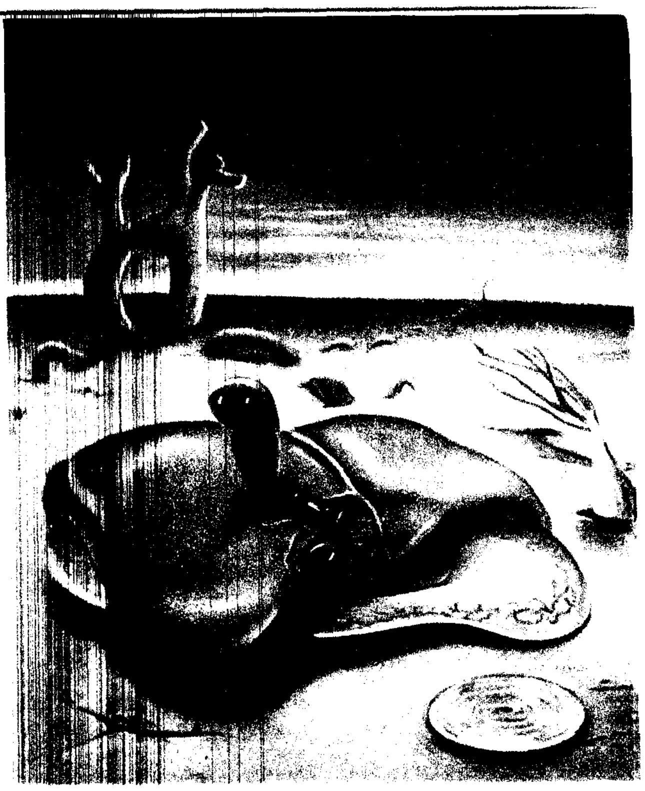
After a year of sketching trail-blazing plastic-surgery operations, she returned to the United States and her job in Minneapolis. She was understandably depressed as a result of what she had seen in England. As a therapeutic measure she decided to fill her evenings with the study of art at the Walker Art Institute. The rest is history—and here it is. C. H. ROY



HUMERUS PICTURE. Against a nocturnal big-city background, a humerus bone proceeds to take the spotlight to do a realistic fan dance. The tendons that tie the muscles to the upper arm bone form the dancer's arms, while the muscles themselves do double duty as fans

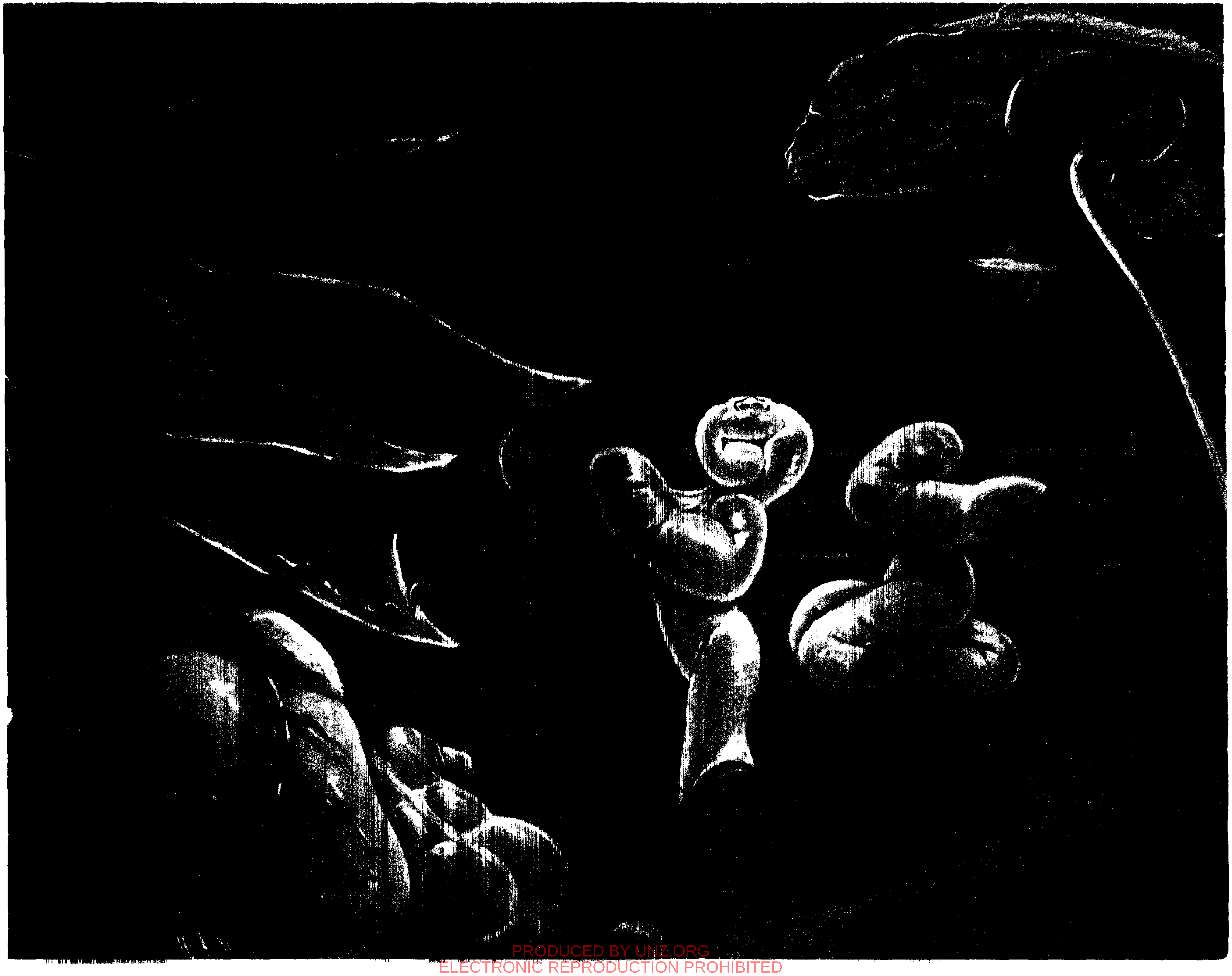


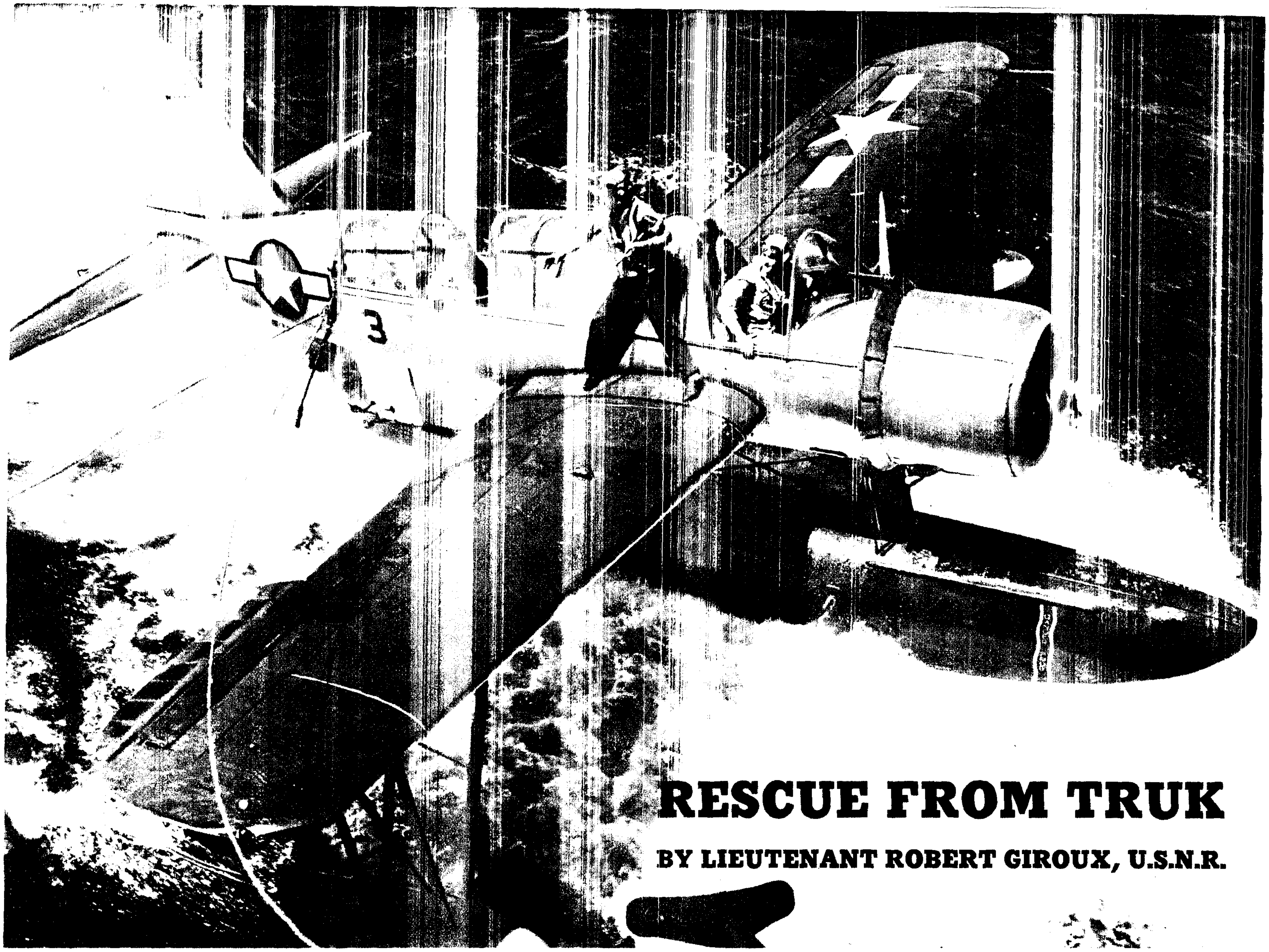
WILL YOU BE MY VENTRICLE? A broken heart has been mended and right ventricle loves left ventricle in this anatomical valentine. Cupid is a villain in the form of a coronary thrombosis with sinister designs on this happy union. Lovebird and daisy petals make it complete



LIVER AND ONIONS. A true-to-life liver drapes itself across a surrealistic platter, while a live-wire gall bladder sits up to sniff the aroma of onions in the air. In the background, blood vessels burrow to the horizon, emerging in one place as a weird-looking animal

BALLET is another moonlight fantasy, in which a couple of lengths of small intestine do a classic pas de deux for a bored colon dog and a parasite worm who has left his dinner to see what's going on. A heart complete with arteries provides shelter and a back rest for the dog, whose tail turns out to be a vermiform appendix, unbobbed





RESCUE FROM TRUK

BY LIEUTENANT ROBERT GIROUX, U.S.N.R.

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

Dramatic photograph shows rescue's end. Alongside the cruiser, Baxter and Blair are in the front and rear seats while Hickman reaches for hoist hook

On the second day of the Truk raid, an entire task force determined that one U. S. fighter pilot, shot down in the lagoon, should not be abandoned. This is the first, exclusive story of the rescue

EVERYONE aboard the carrier felt good because of what happened at the last minute at Truk. They would have felt good in any case because the carrier was the flagship of a large force which had sailed in under the guns of the mightiest Japanese naval base in the South Pacific, had blasted the daylights out of it with its big guns and planes, and had sailed away again without damage to itself. But it was the last act of the show that really put the clincher on our elation.

One of the pilots from our carrier was shot down in Truk lagoon, and we got him out. It made the pilots feel good because, when the chips were down, one American flier was not expendable. It made the ship's company feel good because everything depended on perfect timing, co-ordination and teamwork—and the team did a major-league job.

I was aboard the flagship-carrier. We did not have a war correspondent aboard, so I gathered the details while they were fresh in the minds of the men involved, and this is the story. It is the first and only complete record of the rescue.

It happened on February 17th, our second day at Truk. Our carrier had come safely through a prolonged night attack by Japanese torpedo bombers, which began shortly after dusk and continued past midnight. It was a worrisome but ineffective attack, leaving everyone tired but confident.

Ten Hellcats, led by Lieutenant K. C. (Casey) Childers, of Albuquerque, New Mexico, the fighting squadron's executive officer or second in command, were given two missions: first, to destroy whatever enemy planes they might find on or over Eten, Param or Moen airfields; and, second, to strafe whatever shipping might be left at Dublon Harbor or in the lagoon.

They flew in at 15,000 feet to intercept any fighters the Japs might have over the targets as intermediate cover. There were no enemy planes to be seen, but the Hellcats circled all the islands for about twenty minutes to make certain.

Then they went down to strafe the airfields. They shot up the few planes they could find on the ground and started some fires, then rendezvoused for further orders.

"No one saw any warships, at first," Childers said later, "so I ordered runs on what shipping there was—mostly AKs—armed cargo ships of about 10,000 tons—along Moen, Dublon, Eten and Param, a run of five to seven miles. We gave our planes full gun and flew in very low—25 to 50 feet off the water. So low, in fact, that we had to pull up to get over the ships.

"I had made up my mind that we'd shoot up all our ammunition, and most of us did. Just as I had completed a run on an AK, I sighted a small DE (destroyer escort) under way just south and west of Param. I was about to dive on it when 'Pat' Cohan—Lieutenant (jg) George M. Cohan of Mount Vernon, New York, a nephew of the late 'Yankee Doodle' Cohan—called and said he was going after it. I was fourth man to make a pass at it. You can't sink an armored ship by strafing, but you can give it some uneasy moments."

Meanwhile, the other division of Hellcats was strafing the ships in Dublon anchorage. The AA was heavy—mostly 40-mm. and 20-mm. stuff, as well as a great deal of machine-gun fire. The planes jumped and rocked about as the shells bracketed them. For the pilots, the run seemed to last at least an hour. Though he didn't realize it then, one of them was hit about ten times during that run.

Two Hits—and No Bombs!

He was Lieutenant (jg) George Blair, of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, a dark, heavy, stocky fellow of twenty-three. He had attended Hun School at Princeton and had completed two years at the University of California in Berkeley, when he entered naval aviation. One of the amazing exploits he has to his credit is the way in which he destroyed a Jap torpedo plane at Rabaul after running out of ammunition. He simply dropped his belly tank on it—and scored a hit! Later, at Kwajalein, again out of ammunition, Blair forced a Jap bomber so low that it tripped in the water and crashed. But now it was his turn.

"It was not until Les DeCew (Lieutenant Leslie DeCew of Bakersfield, California), who was flying behind me, called and told me my plane was smoking badly, that I realized that serious damage had been done," Blair said later. "Almost as soon as he told me this joyful news, the plane began to shudder and my r.p.m.'s fell off terrifically. By now we were about seven miles south of Dublon Island. I knew I was not going to be able to get outside the lagoon to make the landing. Any hope I might have had along this line disappeared several seconds later; the engine froze completely, and the prop stopped dead. I just had time enough to turn into the wind and make the landing without spinning in."

Childers, the squadron leader, did not see George go into the water. He was preparing to rendezvous the planes and return home—since all were getting low on fuel, and most had no ammunition left—when Rube Denoff (Lieutenant Reuben H. Denoff of Chicago, Illinois) called him: "George has been hit! His plane is smoking." Then Buck Toliver—Lieutenant (jg) James E. Toliver of Wellington, Kansas—called: "George is going in the water!"

Those of us aboard the carrier got the news almost at once. I was at my battle station, in the Air Group Commander's ready room, when Dave Hopkins (Lieutenant David Hopkins of Washington, D. C., son of Harry L. Hopkins) called down from Air Pilot and told us that George had been hit and was going in the

NINA LEEN-PIX

The happy ending to Blair's [illegible] photographed (above) when he joined his wife, Rita, [illegible] celebration in New York

Back aboard the cruiser, Bl[illegible]eft) lines up with Baxter and Hickman (right). Note emp[illegible]ker bag on Blair's life jacket

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

Lt. J. E. Toliver, above, watched Lt. Blair's plane go down smoking

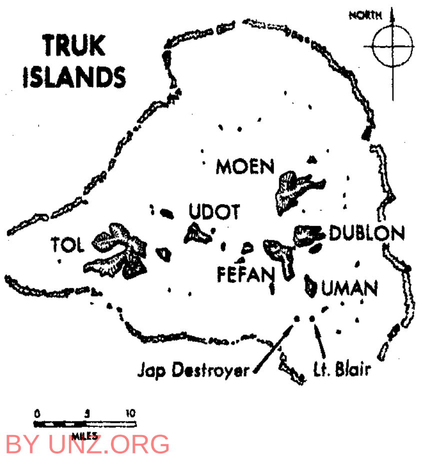
OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

Lt. G. M. Cohan, above, helped drive off DE which fired on Blair

Lt. K. C. Childers, the "exec" of Blair's squadron, is shown below

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

LIAM DUNNE



water. I looked at the flight schedule; it could be only one of two people—George M. Cohan or George Blair, but I knew that the former was called "Pat."

Out over Truk, Childers didn't know which George it was, either. At first he thought it was Cohan, but soon spotted him over Salat Island. They joined up and flew until they saw several Hellcats circling above one spot. They went down, and there was Blair in the middle of a blotch of green dye. He waved.

"I not only waved, but I shouted and yelled, for fear they might miss me," said Blair. "There wasn't the remotest chance of their hearing me, and I couldn't afford the breath, but I was too excited to worry about that. But then I had to worry because I began to sink.

"When I took off from the carrier, I had on my regular flying suit, of course, but in addition I wore an ammunition belt, a holster and pistol, two knives, my Mae West, a dye marker, heavy Marine-type shoes, two flares, my parachute, back pack with emergency rations, and a seat raft. When the plane hit the water, it stayed afloat only a few seconds—barely time enough for me to jump clear. The lagoon water was rough and, loaded down as I was, I knew I'd have to get rid of my chute, back pack and shoes. The lifeboat was in the seat pack attached to the chute, but while I was trying to get it out, the chute got away from me and sank immediately.

Too Close to Disaster

"I inflated my Mae West and broke the dye marker. A small green spot formed, and soon the movement of the water had spread the dye all around me. I was now so completely out of breath that I had a stitch in my side. The force with which the plane hit the water had knocked the breath out of me, and my exertions to get organized were pretty exhausting. If I hadn't known how to swim, I would have been done for." (George is an expert swimmer; he was on the swimming team three years at Hun School.)

"I was too busy up to this point to give any thought to where I was. The plane had only been sunk a couple of minutes when a five-inch shell burst directly over my head at four hundred feet. I knew the raid was still going on, and it never occurred to me that anyone would think of firing five-inch shells at *me!*"

But they were firing at him.

Buck Toliver was first to trace the shells back to a Jap DE a mile or so away. "Those bastards are shooting at George!" he called over his radio.

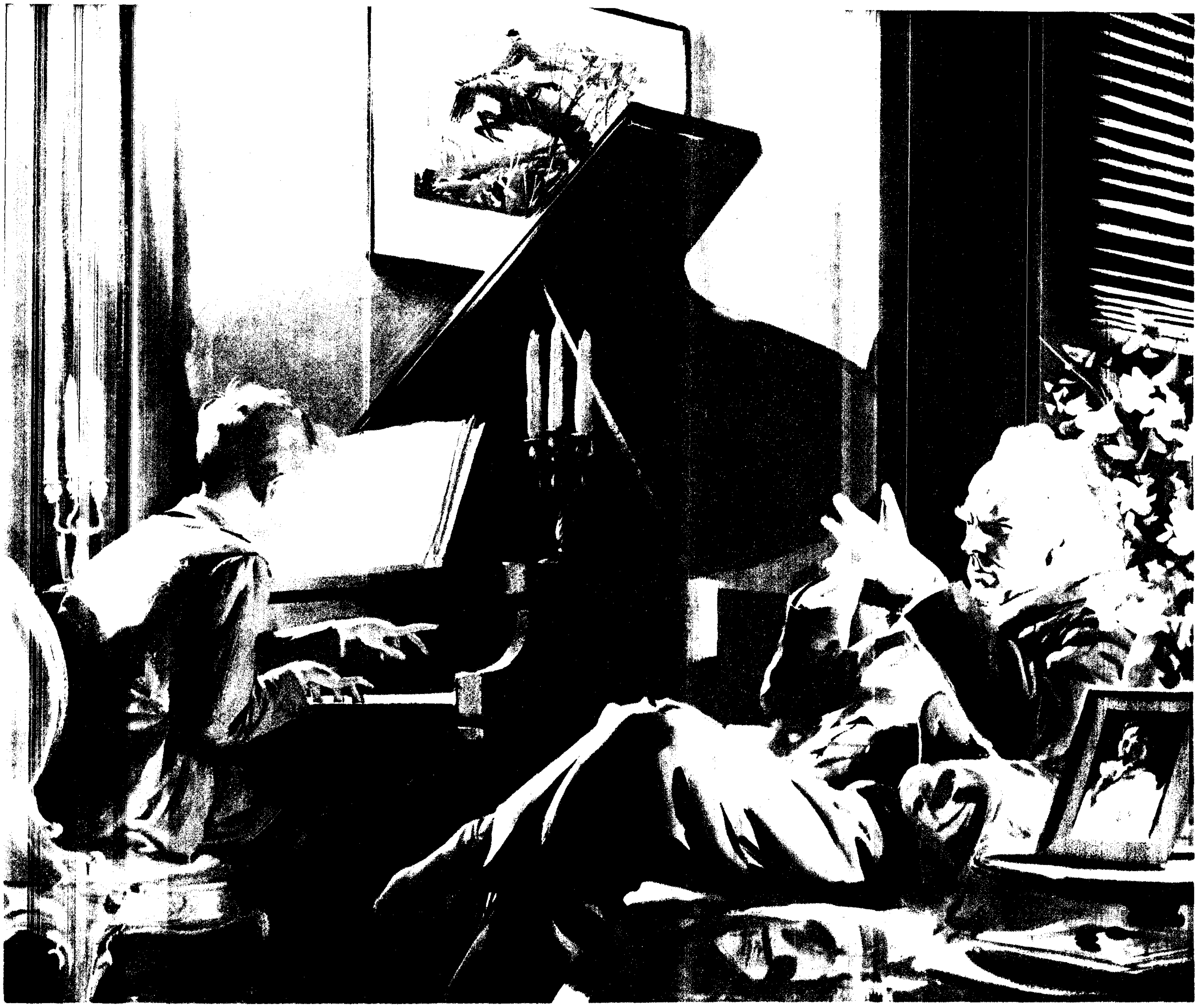
Then Childers saw the splashes of shells not far from the green dye and wished it were earlier in the day when all had full loads of ammunition. It looked like the same DE they'd strafed earlier. He radioed: "All pilots having ammunition remain on station and take turns keeping the DE away. All others return to base."

Those with ammunition acknowledged in turn—Toliver, DeCew, Ed McGowan—Lieutenant (jg) Edward C. McGowan, of Youngstown, Ohio—Will Schaner—Lieutenant (jg) Wilbur F. Schaner, of Placentia, California—and Bob Finlayson (Ensign Robert H. Finlayson, of San Francisco, California).

"Keep that damn' DE off George until we can get a rescue plane here," Childers ordered. "All pilots must return to base and be over the carrier with no less than thirty gallons of gas. Good luck!"

Pat Cohan and Childers headed home. Childers wanted to check on the rescue operations from there. He'd made an estimate of George's position from the air, but Truk is a three-sided atoll, each side of which measures about 30 miles. That's a lot of water to spot a human being in, and spotting survivors even under the best circumstances is one of the toughest jobs

(Continued on page 80)



The great Kalaef seated himself in an armchair. "So," he said, "I will hear you play. Even I was once a boy"

THE PRODIGY

BY GEORGE LOVERIDGE

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

As the twig is bent, so the child grows, but for every child who is a willow twig there's one that is hickory. This story of one twig will be relished—perhaps uneasily—by everyone whose parents had ambitious plans for him

EVERY two or three years the pianist Kalaef comes to our city and gives a concert. He will give one tonight. I shan't go to it, but after the concert, after Kalaef has finished talking to society women and autograph collectors backstage, he and I will sit in his room in the hotel and drink beer in our shirt sleeves and he will play for me. We do this whenever he comes to the city, though he is the great Kalaef and I am but I. J. Smith, M.D., an obscure physician. (I can do carpentering, too, by the way, and a bit of plumbing and electrical work and paper hanging. I can repair an automobile, if I have to.)

I was not intended for any of these things. My initials stand for Ignace Jan. I never use these names. Not that I am not proud to be named after Paderewski, but when I was a boy the other boys called me "Ignuts." Ever since, I have called myself just I. J.

It was my mother's fault, if it was a fault at all. When she was a girl she had talent as a pianist, and she always said she might have come to be a famous player if she had not married my father instead. Father was an insurance salesman. She used to say she never knew why she married him. But if anybody else said anything against him she was angry.

Before I was born she spent a great deal of time playing the piano and listening to serious music and reading about great musicians. She had been told that this would have a good influence. In spite of my father, who wanted me named after him (his name was Will), she named me Ignace Jan. She had heard Paderewski play when she was a girl and she used to tell about it. She had phonograph records by him, too.

MOTHER fed me symphonies and Chopin waltzes along with my bottle. The first word I learned to say was not "Papa" or "Mamma" but "Beethoven." Father used to grumble about it. He did not see why anybody should ever say "Beethoven." Music bored him, except harmonicas. He was fond of harmonicas and could play one, but he didn't dare when Mother was home.

As soon as I could sit on a piano bench, Mother began to give me lessons. She was enough of a pianist to be able to give me a proper start. I believe she wanted it to appear in my biographies something like this: "Ignace Jan Smith showed his genius at an early age. He had his first lessons from his mother, herself a gifted pianist."

Anyway, there I was. *One*, two, three, four, *one*, two, three, four, up and down, up and down. When I began going to kindergarten, Mother took me to a piano teacher. He was an impressive sort of man, with white hair and stern eyes. He said to Mother that if there was anything he hated it was the sort of teacher that took a parent's money when he knew the child would never amount to anything. He was sure I had the stuff. All I needed was the right teacher. He said it was lucky she had brought me to somebody like him, before I had got a teacher who did not know how to teach. In that case I would have had to unlearn a lot of bad habits and begin all over again. His name was Mr. Whiteson. Father said Mr. Whiteson had a wonderful line of gab. He said a man with that sort of gab ought to be out selling coals in Newcastle, but Mother said she had faith in Mr. Whiteson, because he had been intelligent

(Continued on page 50)

Come and Be Hanged!

BY AGATHA CHRISTIE ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

The Story Thus Far:

NEVILE STRANGE'S wife, Audrey, loves him. She knows that upon the death of old Lady Camilla Tressilian, widow of his guardian, he *and his wife* will inherit the Tressilian fortune. Nevertheless, she divorces him so that he can marry another woman, with whom he fancies himself in love.

Some three years later, Lady Tressilian invites a number of her friends to run down to her English estate, Gull's Point, for a visit. Among those who presently arrive are: Nevile and his second wife, Kay; Audrey; Thomas Royde, a planter from Malaya, who is in love with Audrey; Ted Latimer, a sleekly handsome young fellow who feels that Kay should have married him, not Nevile; and an old gentleman named Treves, who is an ardent criminologist.

Kay, a beautiful but temperamental young woman, resents Audrey's presence. In one of her frequent tantrums, she threatens to kill either Nevile or Audrey, "unless they are careful." Ted Latimer makes advances whenever he is alone with her. But, although she is genuinely fond of the young man, she does not take his love-making seriously.

Mr. Treves disapproves of Latimer, whom he suspects (so he says, in public) of being a potential criminal. The old man fascinates some of the guests by telling of a child who, while shooting a bow and arrow with another child, had killed his young companion. The young killer had been exonerated; but Mr. Treves gives it as his opinion that he had deliberately planned the tragic incident; he says that the lad had grown up, after his name had been changed. "It's a long time ago," he says, bringing the story to a close, "but I would know the little murderer anywhere." He explains that a physical peculiarity has marked the killer for life.

(Two of the guests, at least, have a physical peculiarity: Royde, the victim of a serious accident, walks crabwise; Audrey, bitten by a dog when she was a child, has a disfigured ear.)

Mr. Treves is staying at a near-by hotel, the Balmoral Court. Late in the evening he leaves Lady Tressilian's and, accompanied by Latimer and Royde, walks to the hotel. When the three men reach the lobby, they find an out-of-order sign on the elevator. Mr. Treves, who has heart trouble, is annoyed: now he must climb to his top-floor bedroom. He tells his companions good night, and they go away.

The following morning, the old man is found—dead! Apparently, his heart—strained by the ascent—had given out on him. As soon as they hear the news, Royde and Mary Aldin (Lady Tressilian's companion) hurry to the hotel. There, they are informed by the proprietress that the elevator was working perfectly when Mr. Treves had come in!

Royde is astounded. Mary Aldin says, "You're quite sure you saw that sign, Thomas?"

Royde does not hesitate. "Both Latimer and I saw it," he replies.

Mary stares at him. "What an extraordinary thing," she says slowly.

II

IT WAS the 12th of September. Mary Aldin thought to herself: Only two days more. The last four or five days had been particularly trying. The unexpected death of Mr. Treves had given Lady Tressilian a shock which had reacted adversely on her health. The domestic side of the household had been nerve-racking and difficult—with quarrels and hysterics. As for the situation among the guests, it had been very difficult indeed. Like sitting on a ton of dynamite, thought Mary to herself. Oh, well—only two days more!

The weather, too, had been unusually trying. Thundery and airless with the thermometer standing at 70—most unlike ordinary September weather.

Nevile Strange strolled out of the house and glanced up at the sky. Whistling to himself, he went on down the garden until he found Audrey sitting on the low wall, looking down at the water below. It was high tide and the river was full.

She got up quickly when she saw him. "I was just coming back to the house. It must be nearly teatime."

They walked back side by side without speaking. As they reached the terrace, she said nervously, "I believe there's a storm coming."

"Perhaps." Then he said, "Can I talk to you, Audrey?"

She said quickly, her fingers gripping the edge of the balustrade, "I think you'd better not."

"That means you know what I want to say."

She did not answer.

"What about it, Audrey? Can't we go back to where we were? Forget everything that has happened?"

"Including Kay?"

"Kay," said Nevile, "will be sensible."

"What do you mean by sensible?"

"Simply this: I shall go to her and tell her the truth—fling myself on her generosity. Tell her—which is true—that you are the only woman I ever loved."

"You loved Kay when you married her."

"My marriage to Kay was the biggest mistake I ever made. I—" He stopped. Kay had come out of the drawing-room window. She walked toward them, and before the fury in her eyes even Nevile shrank a little.

"Sorry to interrupt this touching scene," said Kay. "But I think it's about time I did."

AUDREY moved away. "I'll leave you alone," she said. Her face and voice were colorless.

"That's right," said Kay. "You've done all the mischief you wanted to do, haven't you? I'll deal with you later. Just now I'd rather have it out with Nevile."

"Look here, Kay, Audrey has absolutely nothing to do with this. It's not her fault. Blame me if you like—"

"And I do like," said Kay. Her eyes blazed at Nevile. "What sort of a man do you think you are?"

"A pretty poor sort of man," said Nevile.

"You leave your wife, come bullheaded after me, get your wife to give you a divorce. Crazy about me one minute, tired of me the next! Now I suppose you want to go back to that whey-faced, mewling, double-crossing little cat—"

"Stop that, Kay!"

"Well, what do you want?"

Nevile was very white. He said, "I'm every kind of a worm you like to call me. But it's no good, Kay. *I can't go on.* I think—really—I must have loved Audrey all the time. My love for you was—was a kind of madness. But it's no good, my dear, you and I don't belong. I shouldn't be able to make you happy in the long run. Believe me, Kay, it's better to cut our losses. Let's try and part friends. Be generous."

Kay said in a deceptively quiet voice, "What, exactly, are you suggesting?"

Nevile did not look at her. His chin took on a dogged angle. "We can get a divorce."

"And then you'll ask dear, sweet Audrey to marry you all over again?"

"If she'll have me."

"She'll have you, all right!" said Kay viciously. "And where do I come in?"

"You'll be free to find a better man than I am. Naturally, I shall see you're well provided for—"

"Cut out the bribes!" Her voice rose, as she lost control of herself. "Listen to me, Nevile. You can't do this thing to me! I'll not divorce you. I married you because I loved you. I know when you started turning against me. It was after I let you know I followed you to Estorel. You wanted to think it was all fate. It upset your vanity to think it was *me!* Well, I'm not ashamed of what I did. You fell in love with me and married me, and I'm not going to let you go back to that sly little cat who's got her hooks into you again. She meant this to happen, but she's not going to bring it off! I'll kill you first. Do you hear? I'll kill you. I'll kill her, too. I'll see you both dead. I'll—"

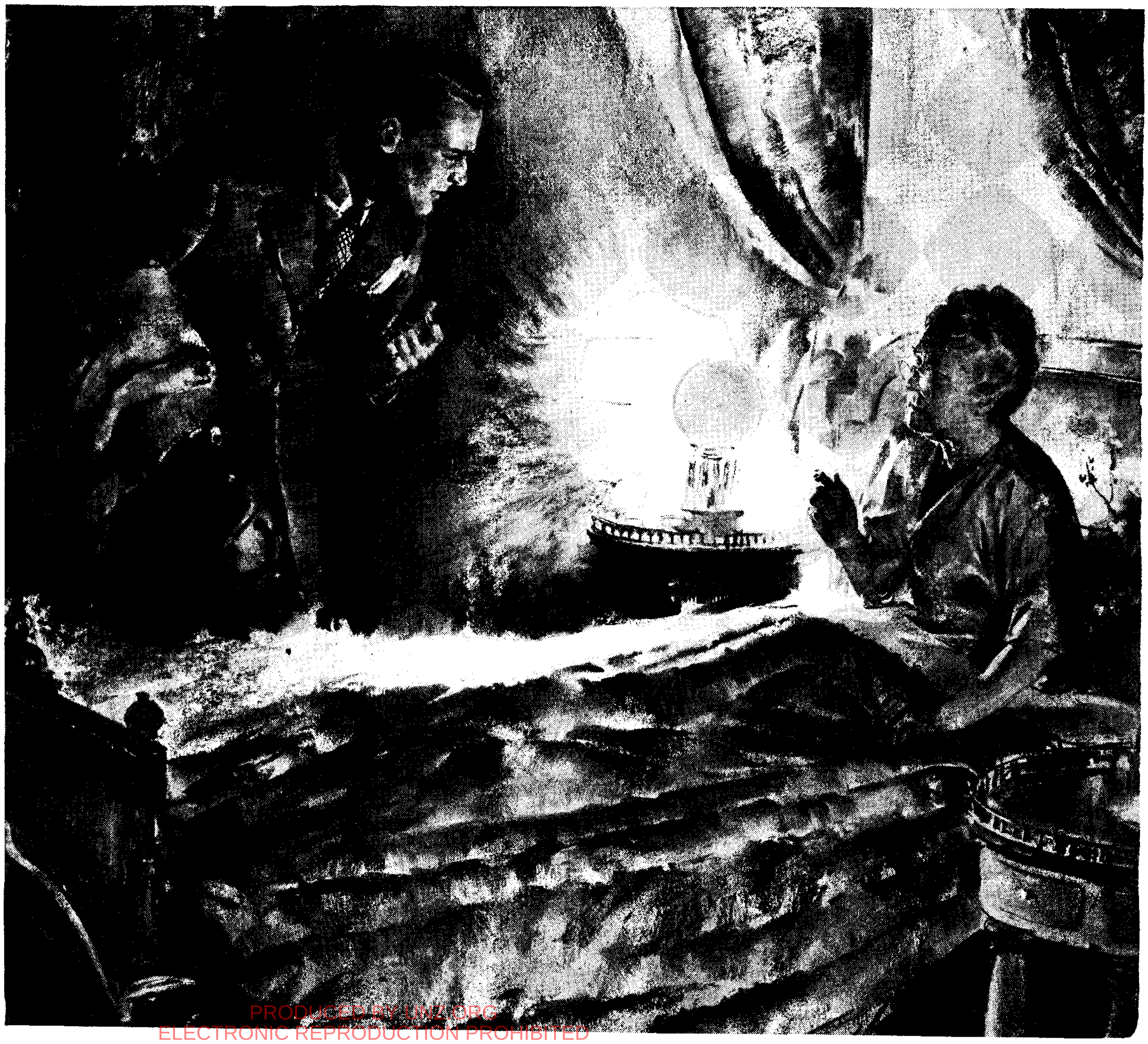
Nevile took a step forward and caught her by the arm.

"Shut up, Kay. For goodness' sake! You can't make this kind of scene here."

"Can't I? You'll see. I'll—"

Hurstall stepped out on the terrace. His face was quite impassive. "Tea is served in the drawing room," he announced.

(*Continued on page 26*)



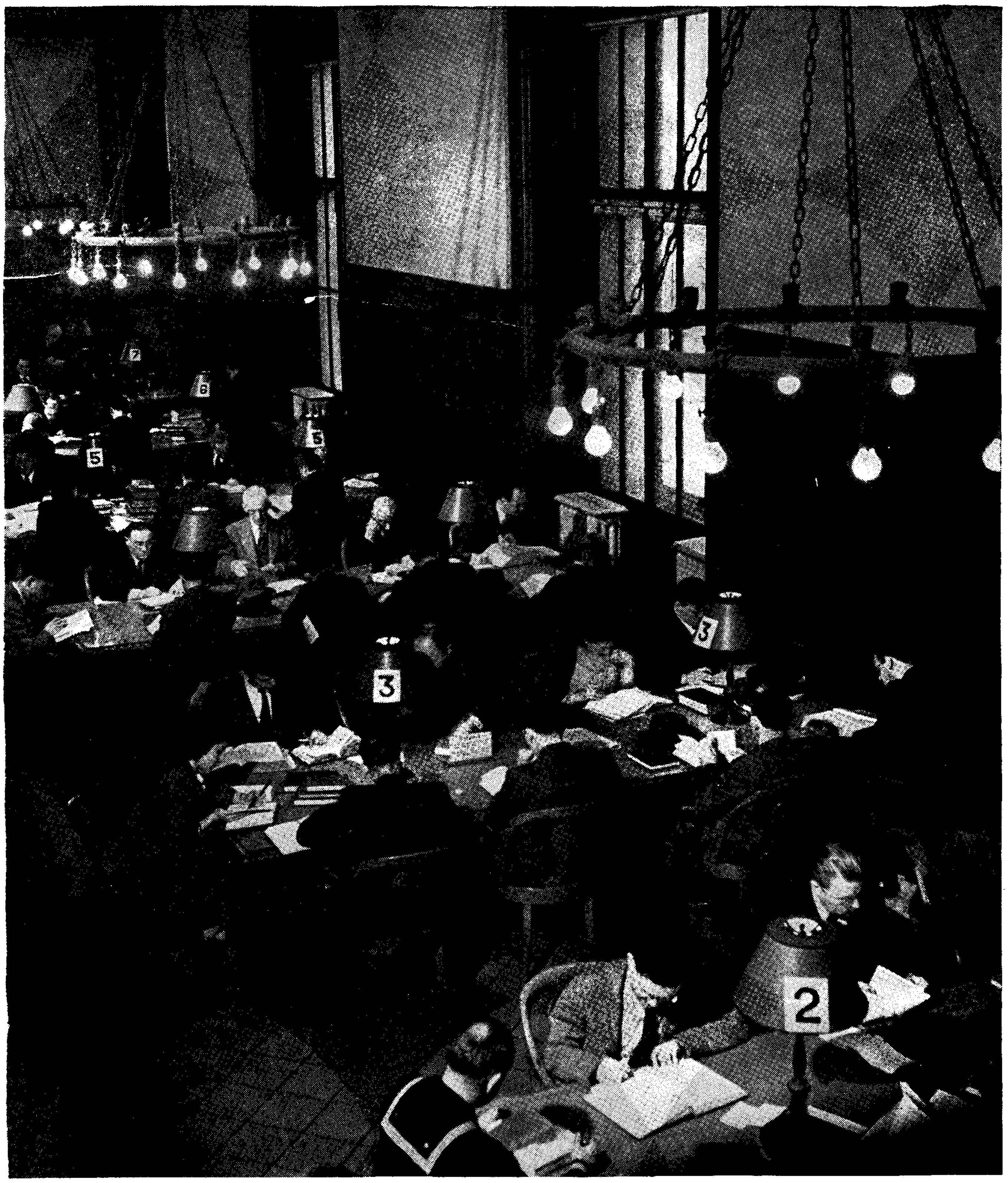
Lady Tressilian silenced him with upraised hand. "You can't do this thing, Nevile," she said. "Your duty now is to Kay, and I am telling you so plainly"

FREE FOR ALL

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY WITH R. R. HAWKINS

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KNOPF-PIX

Scientists, technical experts and hopeful inventors head straight for the New York Public Library's Room 118 whenever they are in need of information—or inspiration



A crowded corner of Room 118. The man below at left is an inventor and engineer. For many a young scientist Room 118 is the next step after high school. The man third from left comes in once or twice weekly to read chemical publications, and the woman is studying up on patents

ABOUT two years before Pearl Harbor certain Japanese emissaries in the United States discovered a gold mine at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street in New York. They were soon busily digging up and exporting pay dirt in the form of the latest technical information amassed by the greatest industrial democracy on earth. It included the know-how on which a successful world war might easily be based.

This rich mine was the Department of Science and Technology of the New York Public Library, affectionately known to its patrons as Room 118. It houses the largest and finest over-all collection of scientific lore in the world.

The Japs were not alone in Room 118, gathering information on our patents, synthetics and new manufacturing processes. Nazis and Fascists were there, too. The library was plenty worried but it could not prevent it as long as we were at peace. Public institutions are open to everyone, aliens included.

But what our enemies received in Room 118 is only a drop in the bucket beside the great service the library performs, handing out knowledge and inspiration to the technical experts of our large corporations and to hundreds of thousands of ordinary Americans struggling to invent the gadget that will make them rich and famous. One steady reader's inventions have brought him more than half a million dollars so far; another invented a simple garment hanger on which he has already collected $50,000 in royalties.

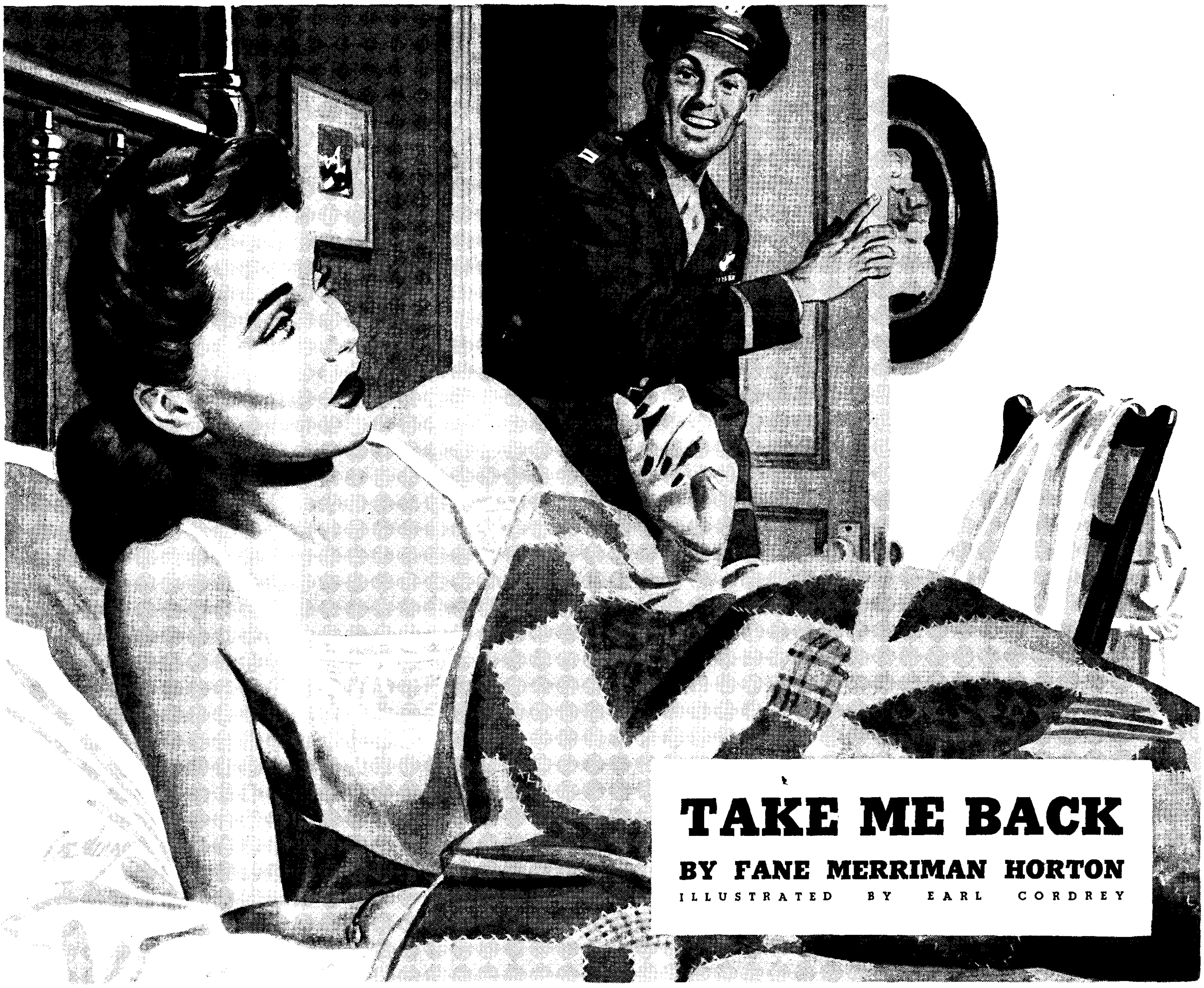
Some years ago a kid just out of high school asked Room 118 for material on rockets, confiding to a librarian that he planned to build a space ship and fly to the moon. Instead of laughing at him, the librarian dug up all the best rocket literature for him and persuaded him to join a rocket society. Soon after America entered the war, this boy turned up again, hired by the government to work on a highly secret project. Because of his well-directed studies he had become an authority in one of the most exciting branches of military aviation. His name, the library points out, is one that someday will go down in history, associated with a vital war industry. But it can't be given now.

Room 118's annual reader population tops 150,000. But there are books enough for all—300,000 volumes, including every trade and technical journal that can be gathered from the remotest corners of the world. On top of all this is a gigantic collection of patents, second only to the government's. It is complete for the United States from No. 1 (issued to Samuel Hopkins on July 31, 1790, for a new means of manufacturing potash and pearlash) on, practically complete for every other major nation and most minor ones, too.

The sympathetic staff of thirty trained men and women thrives on scientific posers—they will settle any technical question, no matter how tough, or ferret out authorities that will.

Sometimes queries may seem trivial or plain silly, but the library answers them just the same. A vigorous middle-aged woman one day demanded books on the chemical composition of rings. The librarian enumerated some texts on precious metals. The woman said no, she meant the rings on plumbing fixtures, "like in a bathtub. I want to know what will take them off."

The librarians recommended *(Continued on page 47)*



TAKE ME BACK

BY FANE MERRIMAN HORTON

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

Tack Howell dropped his flight bag on the floor with a thud. "Hello," he said to Donna. "Having a nap?"

They married quickly and bravely—then Donna learned that the heart will search the past to find assurance

DONNA HOWELL sat on the bed and watched her husband close and fasten the worn canvas flight bag. Then he held out his hand, and she walked with him to the door of their rented room. "I won't go out with you, Tack," she said. "I'd rather tell you goodby here."

For the first time, she didn't go blind and deaf when his arms held her and his mouth met hers. I must remember everything she thought. Every single thing. It will be little enough—for the time ahead.

She leaned back in his arms and smiled at him carefully, and winked her left eye. "It's been nice, knowing you, Captain. Send me a post card, sometime," she said.

Because she was a tall girl, and he an average-height man, her eyes were almost on a level with his. His face was brown and thin, with a kind of watchful composure. Tack's face never gave away his thoughts. He was young to be a captain—only twenty-four—but he didn't look *too* young.

His arms loosened. "I've got to step on it, honey."

"Tack." She clung, for just a minute. "Which way—"

"You never know, in the Army. I'll send you a cable, first chance. Goodby, Donna."

He went down the stairs without looking back—quick and competent and wiry, with the flight bag bumping against his knee.

Donna turned slowly from closing the door. When she did she was looking straight into the one mirror in the small room.

A passable face and figure, rust-colored hair that curled. A dint at the corner of her mouth, making something rather special of her smile.

How surprised all her uncles and cousins and Sunday-school teachers would be when they heard that she had up and married a man she'd known less than a month. . . .

She looked around the furnished room of Mrs. Bigelow's, where she had lived for a year. She and Tack had spent less than a week of their married life here, but the room was irrevocably theirs now. Already it had an air of loneliness, and a denuded look. There was nothing here now except her own belongings.

She moved, on dragging feet, to the bed, which was spread with her grandmother's patchwork quilt. It was a beautiful piece of work, but the bright mosaic of the colored blocks would not have been nearly so attractive had it not been for the background of gently faded blue in which they were set. Even for something bright and beautiful, you needed a background, she thought on a sudden and hard-caught breath.

SHE had been too busy, being brave. That had been easy, with Tack's steady hands and eyes to reinforce her courage. Too busy being happy—and that had been simple, with Tack's arms, hard and strong, holding her. She sat on the bed with her hands clasped together hard and began like a miser to make an inventory of her memories—marshaling every word, every glance, every scrap of fact, to built a wall of certainty against her rising panic.

The first—the very first thing she remembered, was Tack's voice saying casually, "When I was in India last week—" That and the serious, unsmiling way his dark eyes watched her. It made her self-conscious, so that she smiled too often and became a little more frivolous than was natural.

They were in Jan Taylor's apartment, cooking a spaghetti supper. Jan's husband was an Army transport pilot, too, and he wanted to bring this friend of his home for supper and he asked Jan to invite a girl for Tack.

They were very gay and silly, at least the three of them. Cy Taylor kept slapping Tack on the shoulder and urging him to get into the spirit of things.

And Tack would answer, poker-faced, "Skip it, brother. Having wonderful time," and keep on watching Donna. She thought he didn't like her much, and so she was surprised when he suggested that the four of them should go dancing. And the next night he asked her again, but he didn't say anything about Cy and Jan.

After that, when he brought her home, he would say, "How about tomorrow night?" Until a week had gone by, and it was Friday night again.

They were dancing, in the Army-Navy Club at the biggest, swankiest hotel.

Donna was thinking that at least seventy-five per cent of their time together had been spent dancing.

"I've got a proposition to make to you." She looked up startled, and Tack grinned suddenly, his rare grin. "Strictly legal," he said. "How would you feel about getting married?"

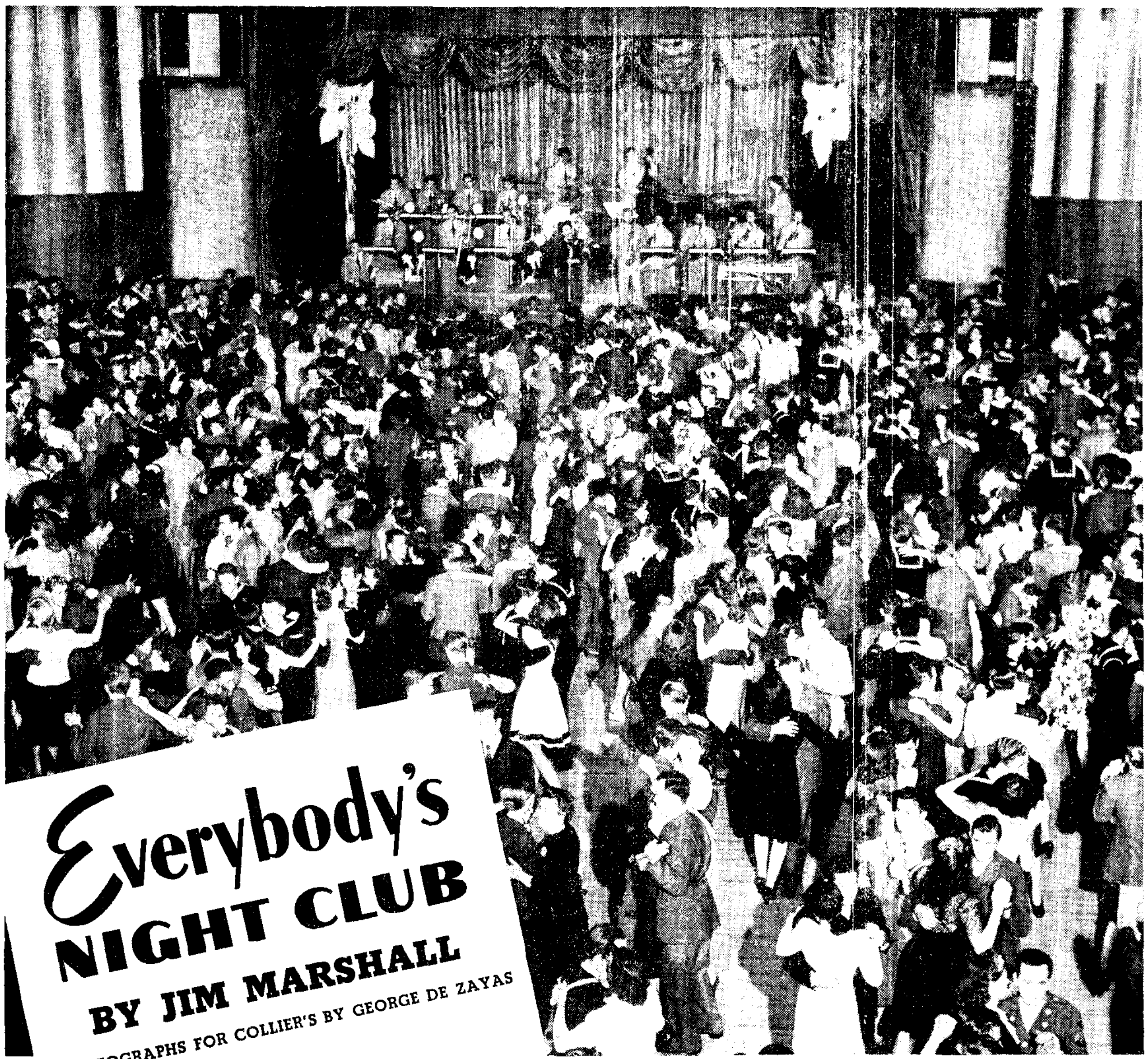
"To you?"

Everybody's NIGHT CLUB

BY JIM MARSHALL

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

The world's biggest dine and dance spot cleans up by throwing out the top hats and letting in fresh air



More than four thousand couples throng Hollywood's Palladium. Lower left: Band Leaders Hal McIntyre and Kay Kyser discussing, no doubt, who'll ante up for Georgia Carroll's check

A FEW years ago, Bill Jeffers of the Union Pacific started some fast, luxurious, low-cost trains called Challengers rolling over his railroad. These soon became known as Everybody's Limiteds, and made lots of money.

No one imagined at the time that Mr. Jeffers' basic idea might be adapted to the night-club industry, but that's what happened. Everybody's Night Club has been operating for three and a half years in Hollywood and is cleaning up in more ways than one. It has let a little wholesome fresh air into a rather dingy business.

This happened because, about four years ago, a movie producer named Maurice M. Cohen got arthritis and needed something to be good and sore at. Anything would do. It was just by chance that Mr. Cohen happened to hear people crabbing about "postage-stamp dance floors" in night clubs. As his arthritis jabbed him, Mr. Cohen got madder and madder, thinking about those night clubs where people "danced" in a hot mass of practically jellified humanity and were rewarded with a check for $28.76 plus tax, covering three drinks and a sandwich.

"That," said Mr. Cohen, wincing with pain, "is an outrage." Then he recollected what Mr. Jeffers had done about hot, expensive, dirty, slow, crowded trains.

"That," said Mr. Cohen, "is an idea."

So he spent a while going about asking people, especially youngsters, what sort of a night club they'd like, what was wrong with the then standard setup.

A few months later, the main result of Mr. Cohen's inquiries turned out to be the biggest night club on earth, called the Palladium. The place is right in the middle of Hollywood, between Hollywood and Sunset boulevards. It cost a million dollars and, as it went up, Mr. Cohen's arthritis went down—especially as the dance floor grew and grew until it was big enough for nearly four thousand couples at the same time.

For these dancing thousands, there is always a top name band. There are six bars—two of them milk—where youngsters are kept strictly on a soft-drink diet. The place is probably the only night club ever to be approved by the Parent-Teachers' Association and several religious groups.

Besides the band and the bars, there are cigarette girls, corsage cuties, photograph takers, luxurious lounges, rainbow lighting and all the other trimmings. Hat checking is one dime.

The Palladium's average individual tab is less than $1.60. On this, the layout turns in a neat profit on a weekly pay roll of around $25,000, plus more than that, usually, for a name band. The whole show covers six acres, of which about four are used for parking space. The club itself covers almost two acres, and on Saturday nights more than twelve thousand people dine, dance and drink together.

To get a feeling of intimacy, the Palladium is built entirely in curves and thus looks smaller than it really is. A couple circuiting the dance floor covers two hundred and twenty yards—eight revolutions to the mile. More than a million couples make the circuit every year.

Normally, the spot sells practically all its entrances in duos, lone boys and girls averaging less than half of one per cent. Since the war, though, groups of girls come in together, find friends among waiting, girlless soldiers and sailors.

It's all very innocuous, because there are thirty-five "walkers" continuously strolling to see that everything is on the up and up. There are dress standards, too: no slacks, sweaters or shorts; men have to wear coats.

The night we were there, running up a heavy $2.15 check for the expense account, half a dozen movie stars were on the floor dancing with buck privates and Wacs, and an apprentice seaman was having himself a time buying milk shakes for a $100,000-a-year star who had sense enough not to grab the tab.

The Palladium keeps earlier hours than most night spots. It starts to roll around seven in the evening and tapers off at midnight when liquor-selling stops. The floor is empty again around one o'clock.

The spot even publishes its own magazine, running off 35,000 copies a month, with a subscription list all over the world, free.

Cohen gets scads of letters from his subscribers and is deeply saddened when a serviceman writes that a buddy with whom he spent an evening or two at the spot has been killed. He tries to make it up to the boys and girls by losing himself a little money on every dinner he serves them.

Several score weddings seem to come about every year out of Palladium dates between soldiers, sailors, defense workers, girls in uniform and the *paisanas.* The one that tops them all probably is that of Johnnie Cristelli and Miss Madelyn Baker. These two determined people started dancing at the club the night it opened and since then have averaged more than three hundred nights a year around the floor. Cohen got so tired of selling them tickets he gave them a permanent pass. He asked why they didn't get married. They thought that was quite an idea, and this spring they did.

Maybe it was something that could come about only in Everybody's Night Club. ★★★

"That's correct."

"How do you feel about it?" she asked pertly. Something blazed up in his eyes then, that shook her, made her know she had taken his question the wrong way.

He looked around. "Let's get out of here."

As matter of factly as if he had invited her to have a lemonade, she walked ahead of him through the door he held open, out into the blackness of the terrace beside the swimming pool. And all the time thinking, "What am I going to say? What am I going to do?"

His arms closed round her in a way that was not like the formal embrace of the dance. In the darkness his lips brushed her cheek, found her lovely mouth . . .

"Donna," he said. "How about it?"

"I—" She closed her eyes, the way she always did the first time she launched herself from the high diving platform into the blue water far below.

"Yes, Tack," she said.

THEY were in their room, at the hotel. The sun was shining in bands across the tan rug. Donna sat on the edge of the bed and watched her husband at the mirror, knotting his tie.

"Tack." She wanted to make him notice her.

"H'm?"

"Have you ever been in love, before?"

He finished the tie, tucked the ends carefully inside his shirt, between the second and third buttons. Then he came across the room and pulled her up into his arms. "I don't remember."

"Tack, where did you live when you were a child?"

"In Kansas," he said, matter of factly. He looked at her mouth. "I wonder if that lipstick smears?"

"Yes, it does. Tack—"

He kissed her, long and hard. And the world revolved around her, as it always did. Tack walked to the mirror and examined his face.

"It sure does," he said, wiping crimson from his mouth.

Donna giggled. "Darling, please listen to me."

"I'm listening."

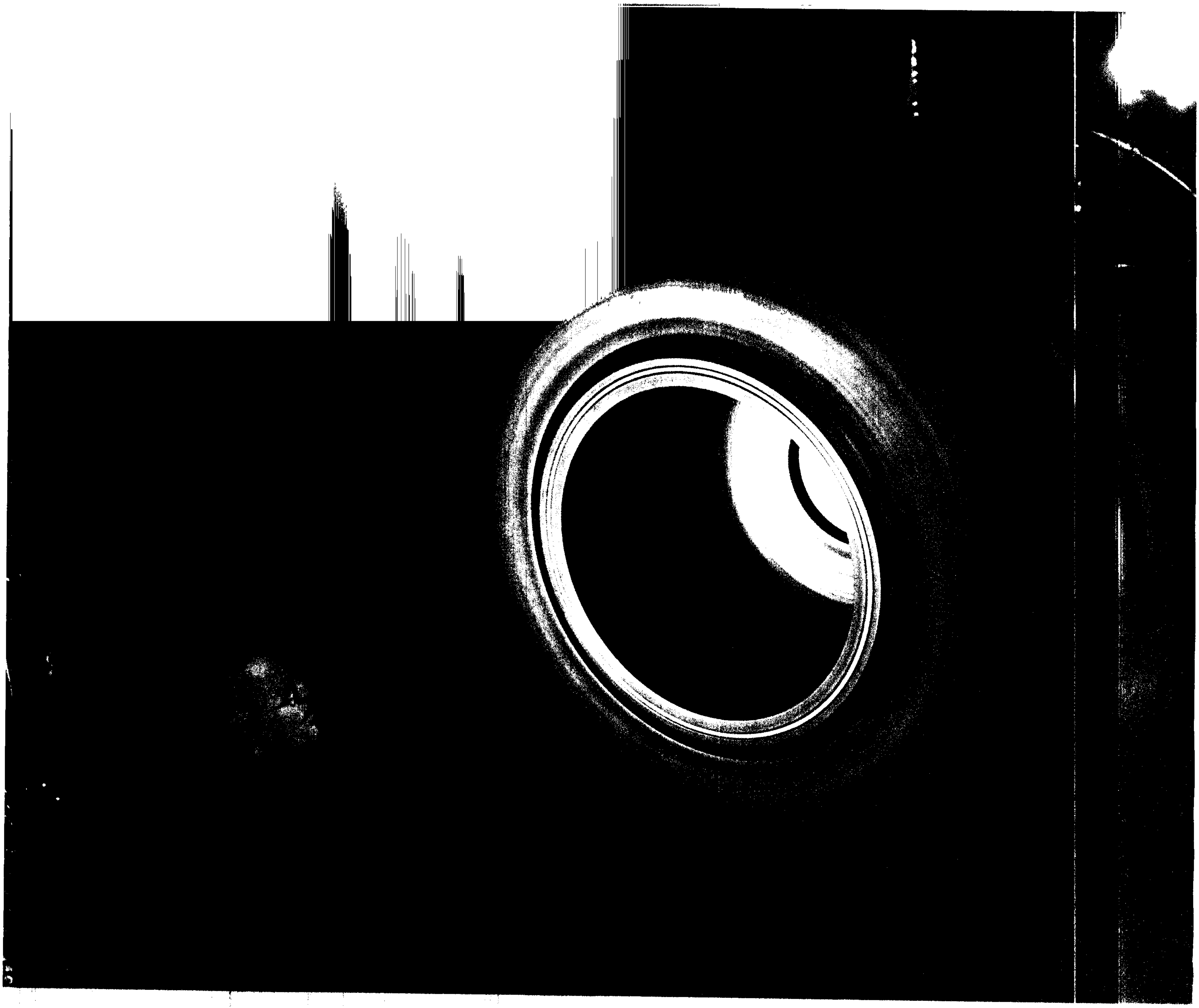
"How would you like to move to my room at Mrs. Bigelow's—for the rest of the time?"

"Sure, Donna." He didn't hesitate. "Anything you say."

SHE didn't know whether he really wanted it or was only trying to please her. "I thought you might like to have a place you could remember as home—when you go back to globe-trotting," she finished lightly.

She could afford to be light about it

(*Continued on page 48*)



He's watching a big bomber stop

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When you slam the brakes on a 65,000-pound Flying Fortress — as it roars over the landing field at 100 miles an hour and faster — your tires have got to take it!

That's exactly what's going on in this photograph. Only here the "bomber" is being brought to a stop in a Tire Testing Laboratory at Goodyear.

The "runway" is a huge steel wheel that can attain a maximum speed of 200 miles an hour. With the use of this Inertia Test Machine (as the whirling wheel is called), Goodyear Research experts can simulate the actual stopping of one of the *heaviest* bombers at *highest* speeds. And many exacting tests are made in a fraction of the time required to make similar tests on the flying field.

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A pioneer in rubber, Goodyear also has long experience working with many other vital materials — metals, fabrics, chemicals, plastics . . . and from the Goodyear Research Laboratory "the best is yet to come."

Let's all back the attack with more War Bonds

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Come and Be Hanged!

Continued from page 21

Kay and Nevile walked slowly toward the drawing-room window. Hurstall stood aside to let them pass in.

Up in the sky the clouds were gathering. . . .

The rain started falling at a quarter to seven. Nevile watched it from the window of his bedroom. He had had no further conversation with Kay. They had avoided each other after tea.

Dinner that evening was a stilted, difficult meal. Nevile was sunk in abstraction; Kay's face had an unusual amount of make-up for her; Audrey sat like a frozen ghost. Mary Aldin did her best to keep some kind of a conversation going and was slightly annoyed with Thomas Royde for not playing up to her better.

Hurstall was nervous, and his hands trembled as he served the vegetables.

As the meal drew to a close, Nevile said with elaborate casualness, "Think I'll go over to Easterhead after dinner and look up Latimer. We might have a game of billiards."

"Take the latchkey," said Mary. "In case you're back late."

"Thanks, I will."

They went into the drawing room, where coffee was served.

The turning on of the radio and the news was a welcome diversion.

Kay, who had been yawning ostentatiously ever since dinner, said she would go up to bed. She had a headache.

"Have you got any aspirin?" asked Mary.

"Yes, thank you."

Kay left the room.

Nevile tuned the radio to a program with music. He sat silent on the sofa for some time. He did not look once at Audrey but sat huddled up and looking like an unhappy little boy. Against her will, Mary felt quite sorry for him.

"Well," he said at last, rousing himself. "Better be off if I'm going."

"Are you taking your car or going by ferry?"

"Oh, ferry. No sense in going a round of fifteen miles. I shall enjoy a bit of a walk."

"It's raining, you know."

"I know. I've got a burberry."

He went toward the door.

"Good night."

In the hall, Hurstall came to him. "If you please, sir, will you go up to Lady Tressilian? She wants to see you specially."

NEVILE glanced at the clock. It was already ten o'clock.

He shrugged his shoulders and went upstairs and along the corridor to Lady Tressilian's room, and tapped on the door. While he waited for her to say "Come in," he heard the voices of the others in the hall down below. Everybody was going to bed early tonight, it seemed.

"Come in," said Lady Tressilian's clear voice.

Nevile went in, shutting the door behind him.

Lady Tressilian was all ready for the night. The lights were extinguished except one reading lamp by her bed. She had been reading but she now laid down the book. She looked at Nevile over the top of her spectacles. It was, somehow, a formidable glance.

"I want to speak to you, Nevile," she said.

In spite of himself, Nevile smiled faintly. "Yes, headmaster," he said.

Lady Tressilian did not smile. "There are certain things, Nevile, that I will not permit in my house. I have no wish to listen to anybody's private conversations, but if you and your wife insist on shouting at each other exactly under my bedroom windows, I can hardly fail to hear what you say. I gather that you were outlining a plan whereby Kay was to divorce you and in due course you would remarry Audrey. That, Nevile, is a thing you simply cannot do, and I will not hear of it for a moment."

Nevile seemed to be making an effort to control his temper. "I apologize for the scene," he said shortly. "As for the rest of what you say, surely that is my business!"

"No, it is not. You have used my house in order to get into touch with Audrey—or else Audrey has used it."

"She has done nothing of the sort. She—"

Lady Tressilian stopped him with upraised hand. "Anyway, you can't do this thing, Nevile. Kay is your wife. She has certain rights of which you cannot deprive her. In this matter, I am entirely on Kay's side. You have made your bed and must lie upon it. Your duty now is to Kay, and I am telling you so plainly."

Nevile took a step forward. His voice rose. "This is nothing whatever to do with you—"

"What is more," Lady Tressilian swept on, regardless of his protest, "Audrey leaves this house tomorrow."

"You can't do that! I won't stand for it!"

"Don't shout at me, Nevile."

"I tell you I won't have it—"

Somewhere along the passage a door shut. .

ALICE BENTHAM, the gooseberry-eyed housemaid, came to Mrs. Spicer, the cook, in some perturbation.

"Oh, Mrs. Spicer, I don't rightly know what I ought to do."

"What's the matter, Alice?"

"It's Lady Tressilian's maid, Miss Barrett. I took her in her cup of tea over an hour ago. Fast asleep she was and never woke up, but I didn't like to do much. And then, five minutes ago, I went in again because she hadn't come down, and her ladyship's tea all ready and waiting for her to take in. So I went in again, and she's sleeping ever so—I can't stir her."

"Have you shaken her?"

"Yes, Mrs. Spicer. I shook her hard, but she just goes on lying there and she's ever such a horrid color."

"Goodness! She's not dead, is she?"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Spicer, because I can hear her breathing, but it's funny breathing. I think she's ill or something."

"Well, I'll go up and see, myself. You take in her ladyship's tea. Better make a fresh pot. She'll be wondering what's happened."

Alice obediently did as she was told, while Mrs. Spicer went upstairs.

Taking the tray along the corridor, Alice knocked at Lady Tressilian's door. After knocking twice and getting no answer, she went in.

A moment later, there was a crash of broken crockery and a series of wild screams, and Alice came rushing out of the room and down the stairs to where Hurstall was crossing the hall to the dining room.

"Oh, Mr. Hurstall, there've been burglars and her ladyship's dead—killed—with a great hole in her head and blood everywhere. . . ."

Superintendent Battle had enjoyed the holiday he had spent with his nephew, Inspector James Leach. There were still three days of it to run, and he was a little disappointed when the weather changed and the rain fell. Still, what else could you expect in England? And he'd been extremely lucky up to now.

He was breakfasting with his nephew, when the telephone rang. Jim answered it—listened.

"I'll come right along, sir." Jim put the receiver back.

"Serious?" asked Superintendent Battle. He noted the expression on his nephew's face.

"We've got a murder. Lady Tressilian. An old lady, very well known down here, an invalid. Has that house at Saltcreek that hangs right over the cliff."

Battle nodded.

"I'm going along to see the old man." Thus disrespectfully did Leach speak of his chief constable. "He's a friend of hers. We're going along together." As he went to the door, he said pleadingly, "You'll give me a hand, won't you, Uncle, over this? First case of this kind I've had."

"As long as I'm here, I will. Case of robbery and housebreaking, is it?"

"I don't know yet."

HALF an hour later, Major Robert Mitchell, the chief constable, was speaking gravely to uncle and nephew.

"It's early to say as yet," he said, "but one thing seems clear: This wasn't an outside job. Nothing taken, no signs of breaking in. All the windows and doors found shut this morning." He looked directly at Battle. "If I were to ask Scotland Yard, do you think they'd put you on the job? You're on the spot, you see. And then there's your relationship with Leach here. That is, if you're willing. It means cutting the end of your holiday."

"That's all right," said Battle. "As for the other, sir, you'll have to put it up to Sir Edgar"—Sir Edgar Cotton was assistant commissioner—"but I believe he's a friend of yours?"

Mitchell nodded. "Yes, I think I can manage Edgar all right. That's settled, then! I'll get through right away." He spoke into the telephone: "Get me the Yard."

"You think it's going to be an important case, sir?" asked Battle.

Mitchell said gravely, "It's going to be a case where we don't want the possibility of making a mistake. We want to be absolutely sure of our man—or woman, of course."

Battle nodded. He understood quite well that there was something behind the words.

"Thinks he knows who did it," he said to himself. "And doesn't relish the prospect. Somebody well known and popular or I'll eat my boots!". . .

Battle and Leach stood in the doorway of the well-furnished, handsome bedroom. On the floor in front of them a police officer was carefully testing for fingerprints the handle of a golf club—a heavy niblick. The head of the club was bloodstained and had one or two white hairs sticking to it.

By the bed, Doctor Lazenby, who was the police surgeon for the district, was bending over the body of Lady Tressilian. He straightened up with a sigh.

"Perfectly straightforward. She was hit from in front with terrific force. First blow smashed in the bone and killed her, but the murderer struck again, to make sure. I won't give you the fancy terms—just the plain horse sense of it."

"How long has she been dead?" asked Leach.

"I'd put it between ten o'clock and midnight."

"You can't go nearer than that?"

"I'd rather not. All sorts of factors to take into account. We don't hang people on *rigor mortis* nowadays. *Not earlier than ten, not later than midnight.*"

"And she was hit with this niblick?"

The doctor glanced over at it. "Presumably. Luck, though, that the murderer left it behind. I couldn't have deduced a niblick from the wound. As it happens, the sharp edge of the club didn't touch the head. It was the angled back of the club that must have hit her."

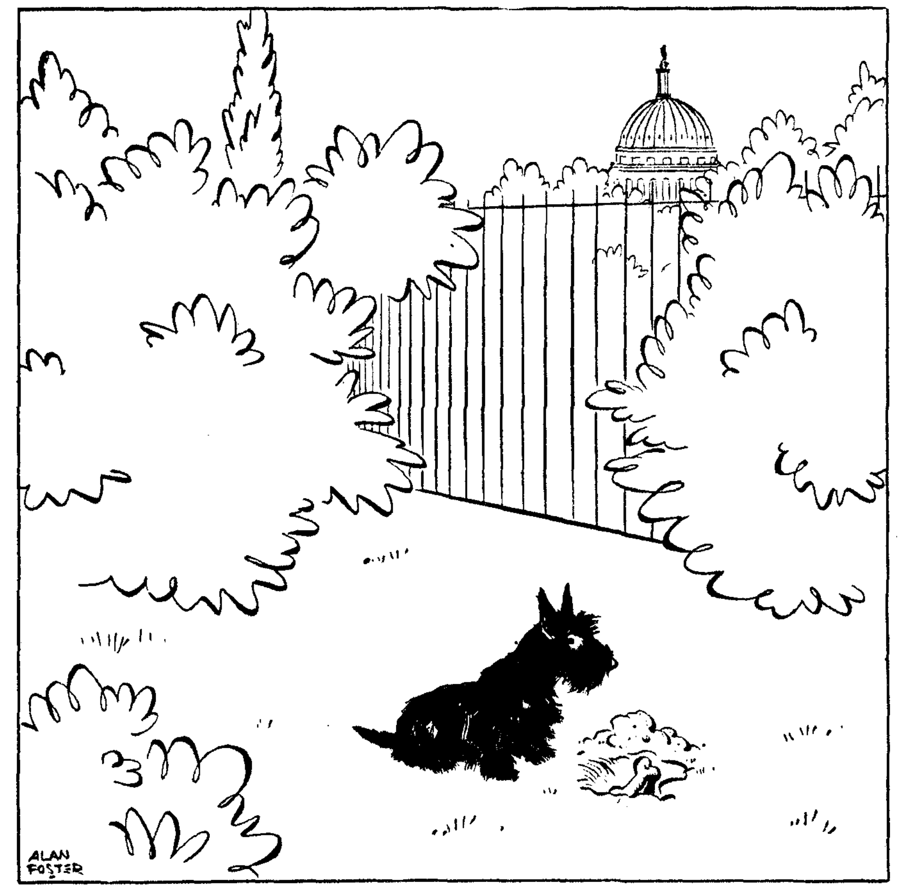
"Wouldn't that have been rather difficult to do?" asked Leach.

"If it had been done on purpose, yes," agreed the doctor. "I can only suppose that, by a rather odd chance, it just happened that way."

Leach was raising his hands, instinc-

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



"On the other hand, I might not be able to dig this up next year"

COLLIER'S

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The hall was sold out—how the money rolled in!
The Fund Chairman's face wore a gratified grin . . .
The crowd was entranced by the artist's technique
They cheered each cadenza (and one little squeak).

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"Can you name the most beautiful music of all?"
"Mais oui!," he replied. "To ze highly trained ear
'Tis ze sound of ze pouring of Blue Ribbon Beer!"

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tively trying to reconstruct the blow. "Awkward," he commented.

"Yes," said the doctor thoughtfully. "The whole thing was awkward. She was struck, you see, on the right temple. But whoever did it must have stood on the right-hand side of the bed—facing the head of the bed. There's no room on the left, the angle from the wall is too small."

Leach pricked up his ears. "Left-handed?" he queried.

"You won't get me to commit myself on that point," said Lazenby. "Far too many snags. I'll say, if you like, that the easiest explanation is that the murderer was left-handed, but there are other ways of accounting for it. Suppose, for instance, the old lady had turned her head slightly to the left just as the man hit. Or he may have previously moved the bed out, stood on the left of it and afterward moved the bed back."

"Not very likely—that last."

"Perhaps not, but it *might* have happened. I've had some experience in these things, and I can tell you, my boy, deducing that a murderous blow was struck left-handed is full of pitfalls!"

Detective Sergeant Jones, from the floor, remarked, "This golf club is the ordinary right-handed kind."

Leach nodded. "Still, it mayn't have belonged to the man who used it. It *was* a man, I suppose, Doctor?"

"Not necessarily. If the weapon was that heavy niblick, a woman could have landed a terrible swipe with it."

Superintendent Battle said in his quiet voice, "But you couldn't swear that that was the weapon, could you, Doctor?"

Lazenby gave him a quick interested glance. "No. I can only swear that it *might* have been the weapon, and that presumably it *was* the weapon. I'll analyze the blood on it, make sure that it's the same blood group—also the hairs."

"Yes," said Superintendent Battle approvingly. "It's always as well to be thorough."

Lazenby asked curiously, "Got any doubts about that golf club yourself, Superintendent?"

Battle shook his head. "Oh, no, no. I'm a simple man. Like to believe the thing I see with my eyes. She was hit with something heavy. That's heavy. It has blood and hair on it. Therefore, presumably, her blood and hair. Ergo—that was the weapon used."

LEACH asked, "Was she awake or asleep, when she was hit?"

"In my opinion, awake. There's astonishment on her face. I'd say—this is just a private personal opinion—that she didn't expect what was going to happen. There's no sign of any attempt to fight—and no horror or fear. I'd say offhand that either she had just waked up from sleep and was hazy and didn't take things in—or else she recognized her assailant as someone who could not possibly wish to harm her."

"The bedside lamp was on and nothing else," said Leach thoughtfully.

"Yes, that cuts either way. She may have turned it on when she was suddenly awakened by someone entering her room. Or it may have been on already."

Detective Sergeant Jones rose to his feet. He was smiling appreciatively. "Lovely set of prints on that club," he said. "Clear as anything!"

Leach gave a deep sigh. "That ought to simplify things."

"Obliging chap," said Doctor Lazenby. "Left the weapon, left his fingerprints on it. Wonder he didn't leave his visiting card!"

"It might be," said Superintendent Battle, "that he just lost his head. Some do."

The doctor nodded. "True enough. Well, I must go and look after my other patient."

"What patient?" Battle sounded suddenly interested.

"I was sent for by the butler before this was discovered. Lady Tressilian's maid was found in a coma this morning."

"What was wrong with her?"

"Heavily doped with one of the barbiturates. She's pretty bad but she'll pull round."

"The maid?" said Battle. His rather oxlike eyes went heavily to the big bell-pull, the tassel of which rested on the pillow near the dead woman's hand.

Lazenby nodded. "Exactly. That's the first thing Lady Tressilian would have done if she'd cause to feel alarm—pull that bell and summon the maid. Well, she could have pulled it till all was blue. The maid wouldn't have heard."

"That was taken care of, was it?" said Battle. "You're sure of that? She wasn't in the habit of taking sleeping draughts?"

"I'm positive she wasn't. There's not a sign of such a thing in her room. And I've found out how it was given to her. Senna pods. She drank off a brew of senna pods every night. The stuff was in that."

Superintendent Battle scratched his chin.

"H'm," he said. "Someone knew all about this house. You know, Doctor, this is a very odd sort of murder."

"Well," said Lazenby. "That's *your* business."

"He's a good man, our doctor," said Leach, when Lazenby had left the room.

The two men were alone now. The photographs had been taken, and measurements recorded. The two police officers knew every fact that was to be known about the room where the crime had been committed.

Battle nodded in answer to his nephew's remark. He seemed to be puzzling over something.

"Do you think anyone could have handled that club—with gloves on, say—after those fingerprints were made?"

Leach shook his head. "I don't, and no more do you. You couldn't grasp that club—not *use* it, I mean—without smearing those prints. They weren't smeared. They were clear as clear. You saw for yourself."

Battle agreed.

"And now we ask very nicely and politely if everyone will allow us to take their fingerprints—no compulsion, of course. And everybody will say yes—and then one of two things will happen. Either none of these fingerprints will agree, or else—"

"Or else we'll have got our man?"

"I suppose so. Or our woman, perhaps."

Leach shook his head. "No, not a woman. Those prints on the club were a man's. Too big for a woman's. Besides, this isn't a woman's crime."

"No," agreed Battle. "Quite a man's crime. Brutal, masculine, rather athletic and slightly stupid. Know anybody in the house like that?"

"I don't know anyone in the house yet. They're all together in the dining room."

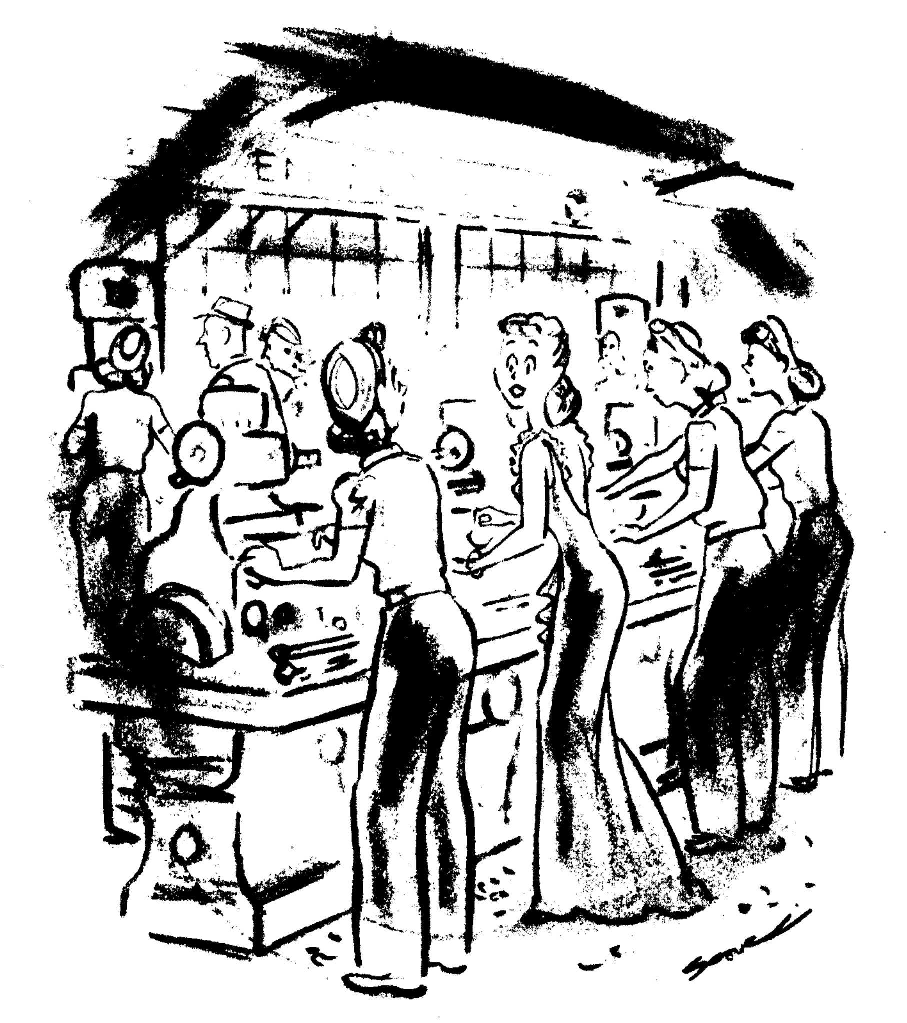
BATTLE moved toward the door. "We'll go and have a look at them." He glanced over his shoulder at the bed, shook his head and remarked, "I don't like that bellpull."

"What about it?" Leach asked.

"It doesn't fit," Battle said, and he added as he opened the door, "Who wanted to kill her, I wonder. There are a lot of cantankerous old ladies about, just asking for a tap on the skull. She doesn't look that sort. I should think she was *liked*." He paused a minute and then asked, "Well off, wasn't she? Who gets her money?"

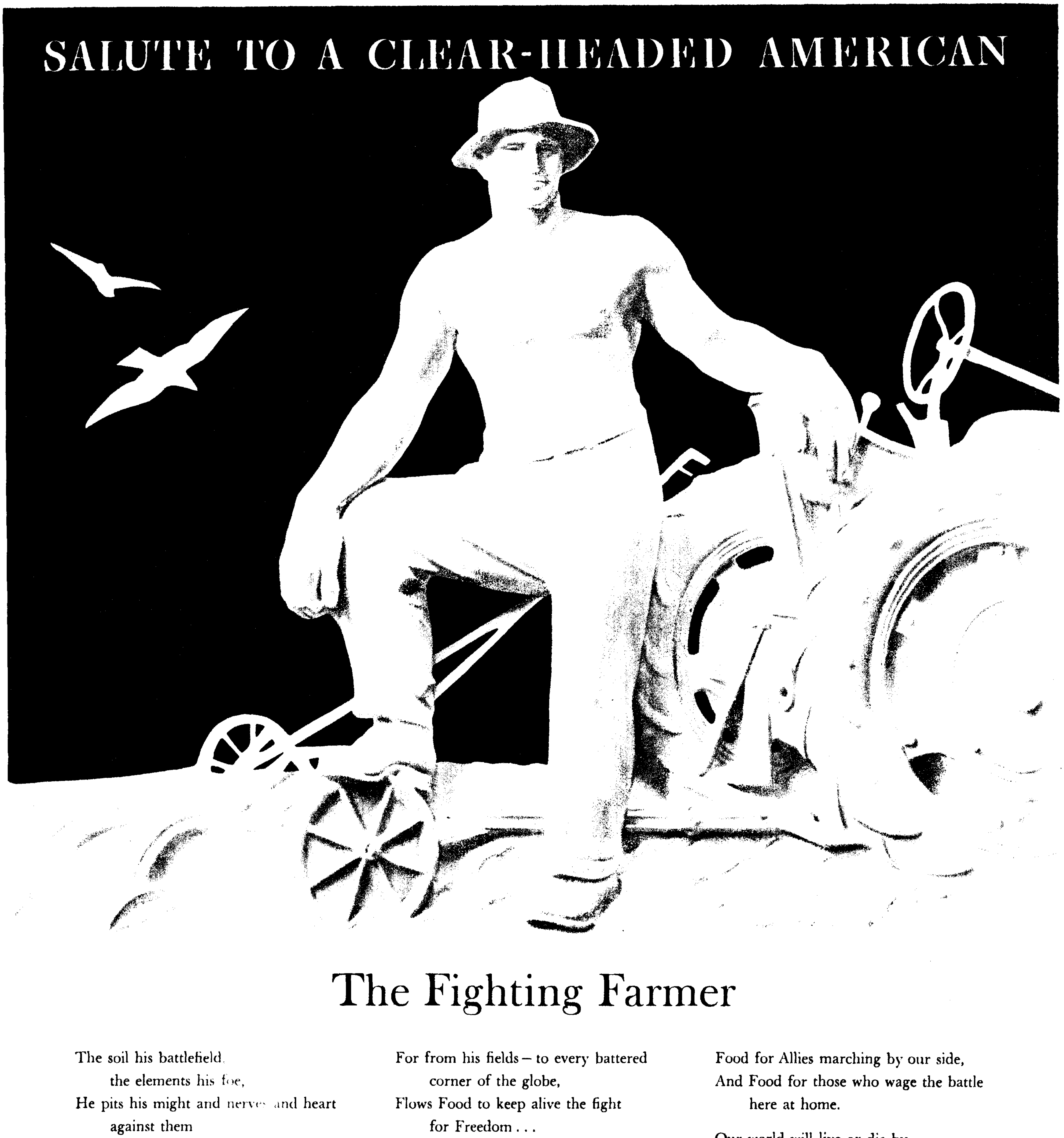
Leach answered the implication of the words, "You've hit it! That will be the answer. It's one of the first things to find out."

As they went downstairs together, Battle glanced at the list in his hand. He read out: "Miss Aldin, Mr. Royde, Mr. Strange,



"I've got a date to go to a night club during my lunch hour"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE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The Fighting Farmer

The soil his battlefield,
the elements his foe,
He pits his might and nerves and heart
against them
In the endless fight for Food.

And never has he met his task with
greater triumph!

For from his fields — to every battered
corner of the globe,
Flows Food to keep alive the fight
for Freedom . . .
Food for scarred and struggling
men of arms,
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And Food for those who wage the battle
here at home.

Our world will live or die by
his performance.
He knows that well. He will not fail.
He is a Clear-Headed American!

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Published in the interest of the home front war effort... by the makers of Calvert

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Mrs. Strange, Mrs. Audrey Strange. H'm, seem a lot of the Strange family."

"Those are his two wives, I understand."

Battle's eyebrows rose and he murmured, "Bluebeard, is he?"

The family were assembled round the dining-room table, where they had made a pretense of eating.

Superintendent Battle glanced keenly at the faces turned to him. He was sizing them up after his own peculiar methods. His view of them might have surprised them had they known it. It was a sternly biased view. No matter what the law pretends as to regarding people innocent until they are proved guilty, Superintendent Battle always regarded everyone connected with a murder case as a potential murderer.

While Battle was thus sizing them up, Inspector Leach was making a stiff little speech. Mary Aldin mentioned everyone present by name.

She ended up: "It has been a terrible shock to us, of course, but we are anxious to help you in any way we can."

"To begin with, does anybody know anything about this golf club?" Leach asked, holding it up.

With a little cry, Kay said, "How horrible! Is that what—" and stopped.

Nevile Strange got up and came round the table. "Looks like one of mine. Can I just see?"

"It's quite all right *now,*" said Inspector Leach. "You can handle it."

That little significant *"now"* did not seem to produce any reaction in the onlookers.

Nevile examined the club. "I think it's one of the niblicks out of my bag," he said. "I can tell you for sure in a minute or two. If you will just come with me."

THEY followed him to a big cupboard under the stairs. He flung open the door of it and, to Battle's confused eyes, it seemed literally crowded with tennis rackets. At the same time, he remembered where he had seen Nevile Strange. He said quickly, "I've seen you play at Wimbledon, sir."

Nevile half turned his head. "Oh, yes, have you?"

He was throwing aside some of the rackets. There were two golf bags in the cupboard leaning up against fishing tackle.

"Only my wife and I play golf," explained Nevile. "And that's a *man's* club. Yes, that's right—it's mine."

He had taken out his bag, which contained at least fourteen clubs.

Inspector Leach thought to himself: These athletic chaps certainly take themselves seriously. Wouldn't like to be his caddy.

Nevile was saying, "It's one of Walter Hudson's niblicks from St. Esbert's."

"Thank you, Mr. Strange. That settles one question."

Nevile said, "What beats me is that nothing was taken. And the house doesn't seem to have been broken into?" His voice was bewildered, but it was also frightened.

Battle said to himself: They've been thinking it out, all of them.

"The servants," said Nevile, "are so absolutely harmless."

"I shall talk to Miss Aldin about the servants," said Inspector Leach smoothly. "In the meantime, I wonder if you could give me any idea who Lady Tressilian's solicitors are?"

"Askwith and Trelawney," replied Nevile promptly. "St. Loo."

"Thank you, Mr. Strange. We shall have to find out from them all about Lady Tressilian's property."

"Do you mean," asked Nevile, "who inherits her money?"

"That's right, sir. Her will, and all that."

"I don't know about her will," said Nevile. "She had not very much of her own to leave, so far as I know. I can tell you about the bulk of her property."

"Yes, Mr. Strange?"

"It comes to me and my wife under the will of the late Sir Matthew Tressilian. Lady Tressilian only had a life interest in it."

"Indeed, is that so?" Inspector Leach looked at Nevile with the interested attention of someone who spots a possibly valuable addition to his pet collection. The look made Nevile wince nervously. Inspector Leach went on and his voice was impossibly genial. "You've no idea of the amount, Mr. Strange?"

"I couldn't tell you offhand. In the neighborhood of a hundred thousand pounds, I believe."

"In-deed! To each of you?"

"No, divided between us."

"I see. A very considerable sum."

Nevile smiled. He said quietly, "I've got plenty to live on of my own, you know, without hankering to step into dead people's shoes."

Herb Williams

"It started out as just another marriage for her. Now she's become infatuated with him"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS

Inspector Leach looked shocked at having such ideas attributed to him.

They went back into the dining room, and Leach said his next little piece. This was on the subject of fingerprints—a matter of routine, elimination of those of the household in the dead woman's bedroom.

Everyone expressed willingness—almost eagerness—to have their fingerprints taken. They were shepherded into the library for that purpose, where Detective Sergeant Jones was waiting for them with his little roller.

BATTLE and Leach began on the servants. Nothing very much was to be got from them. Hurstall explained his system of locking up the house and swore that he had found it untouched in the morning. There were no signs of any entry by an intruder. The front door, he explained, had been left on the latch. That is to say it was not bolted, but could be opened from outside with a key. It was left like that because Mr. Nevile had gone over to Easterhead Bay and would be back late.

"Do you know what time he came in?"

"Yes, sir, I think it was about half past two. Someone came back with him, I think. I heard voices and then a car drive away and then I heard the door close and Mr. Nevile come upstairs."

"What time did he leave here last night for Easterhead Bay?"

"About twenty past ten. I heard the door close."

Leach nodded. There did not seem much more to be got from Hurstall at the moment. He interviewed the others. They were all disposed to be nervous and frightened, but no more so than was natural in the circumstances.

LEACH looked questioningly at his uncle as the door closed behind the slightly hysterical kitchenmaid who had tailed the procession.

Battle said, "Have the housemaid back—not the popeyed one, the tall, thin bit of vinegar. She knows something."

Emma Wales was clearly uneasy. It alarmed her that this time it was the big elderly square man who took upon himself the task of questioning her.

"I'm just going to give you a bit of advice, Miss Wales," he said pleasantly. "It doesn't do, you know, to hold anything back from the police. Makes them look at you unfavorably, if you understand what I mean."

Emma Wales protested indignantly but uneasily, "I'm sure I never—"

"Now, now." Battle held up a large, square hand. "You saw something or else you heard something. What was it?"

"I didn't exactly hear it—I mean I couldn't help hearing it. Mr. Hurstall, he heard it, too. And I don't think, not for a moment I don't, that it had anything to do with the murder."

"Probably not, probably not. Just tell us what it was."

"Well, I was going up to bed and I'd slipped along first to put in Miss Aldin's hot-water bottle in her bed. Summer or winter she always has one, and so, of course, I had to pass right by her ladyship's door."

"Go on," said Battle.

"And I heard her and Mr. Nevile going at it hammer and tongs. Voices right up. Shouting, he was. Oh, it was a proper quarrel!"

"Remember exactly what was said?"

"Well, I wasn't really listening, as you might say."

"No. But still you must have heard some of the words."

"Her ladyship was saying as she wouldn't have something or other going on in her house, and Mr. Nevile was saying, 'Don't you dare to say anything against her.' All worked up he was."

Battle, with an expressionless face, tried once more, but he could get no more out of her. In the end he dismissed the woman.

He and Jim looked at each other. Leach said, after a minute or two, "Jones ought to be able to tell us something about those prints by now."

Battle asked, "Who's doing the rooms?"

"Williams. He's a good man. He won't miss anything."

"You're keeping the occupants out of them?"

"Yes, until Williams has finished."

The door opened at that minute, and young Williams put his head in. "There's something I'd like you to see. In Mr. Nevile Strange's room."

They got up and followed him to the suite on the west side of the house.

Williams pointed to a heap on the floor. A dark blue coat, trousers and waistcoat.

Leach said, "Where did you find this?"

"Bundled down into the bottom of the wardrobe. Just look at *this,* sir."

He picked up the coat and showed the edges of the dark blue cuffs.

"See those dark stains? That's blood, sir, or I'm a Dutchman. And see here, it's spattered all up the sleeve."

"H'm." Battle avoided the other's eager eyes. "Looks bad for young Nevile, I must say. Any other suit in the room?"

"Dark gray pin stripe hanging over a chair. Lot of water on the floor here by the washbasin."

"Looking as though he washed the blood off himself in a hurry? Yes. It's near the open window, though, and the rain has come in a good deal."

"Not enough to make those pools on the floor, sir. They're not dried up yet."

BATTLE was silent. A picture was forming itself before his eyes. A man with blood on his hands and sleeves, flinging off his clothes, bundling the bloodstained garments into the cupboard, sluicing water furiously over his hands and bare arms.

He looked across at a door in the other wall. Williams answered the look. "Mrs. Strange's room, sir. The door is locked."

"Locked? On this side?"

"No. On the other."

"On her side, eh?"

Battle was reflective for a minute or two. He said at last, "Let's see that old butler again."

Hurstall was nervous.

Leach said crisply, "Why didn't you tell us, Hurstall, that you overheard a quarrel between Mr. Strange and Lady Tressilian last night?"

The old man blinked. "I really didn't think twice about it, sir. I don't imagine it was what you'd call a quarrel—just an amicable difference of opinion."

Resisting the temptation to say "Amicable difference of opinion, my foot!" Leach went on: "What suit was Mr. Strange wearing last night at dinner?"

Hurstall hesitated.

Battle said quietly, "Dark blue suit or gray pin stripe? I daresay someone else can tell us if you don't remember."

Hurstall broke his silence. "I remember now, sir. It was his dark blue. The family," he added, anxious not to lose prestige, "have not been in the habit of changing into evening dress during the summer months. They frequently go out after dinner—sometimes in the garden, sometimes down to the quay."

Battle nodded. Hurstall left the room. He passed Jones in the doorway.

Jones looked excited. He said, "It's a cinch, sir. I've got all their prints. There's only one fits the bill. Of course, I've only

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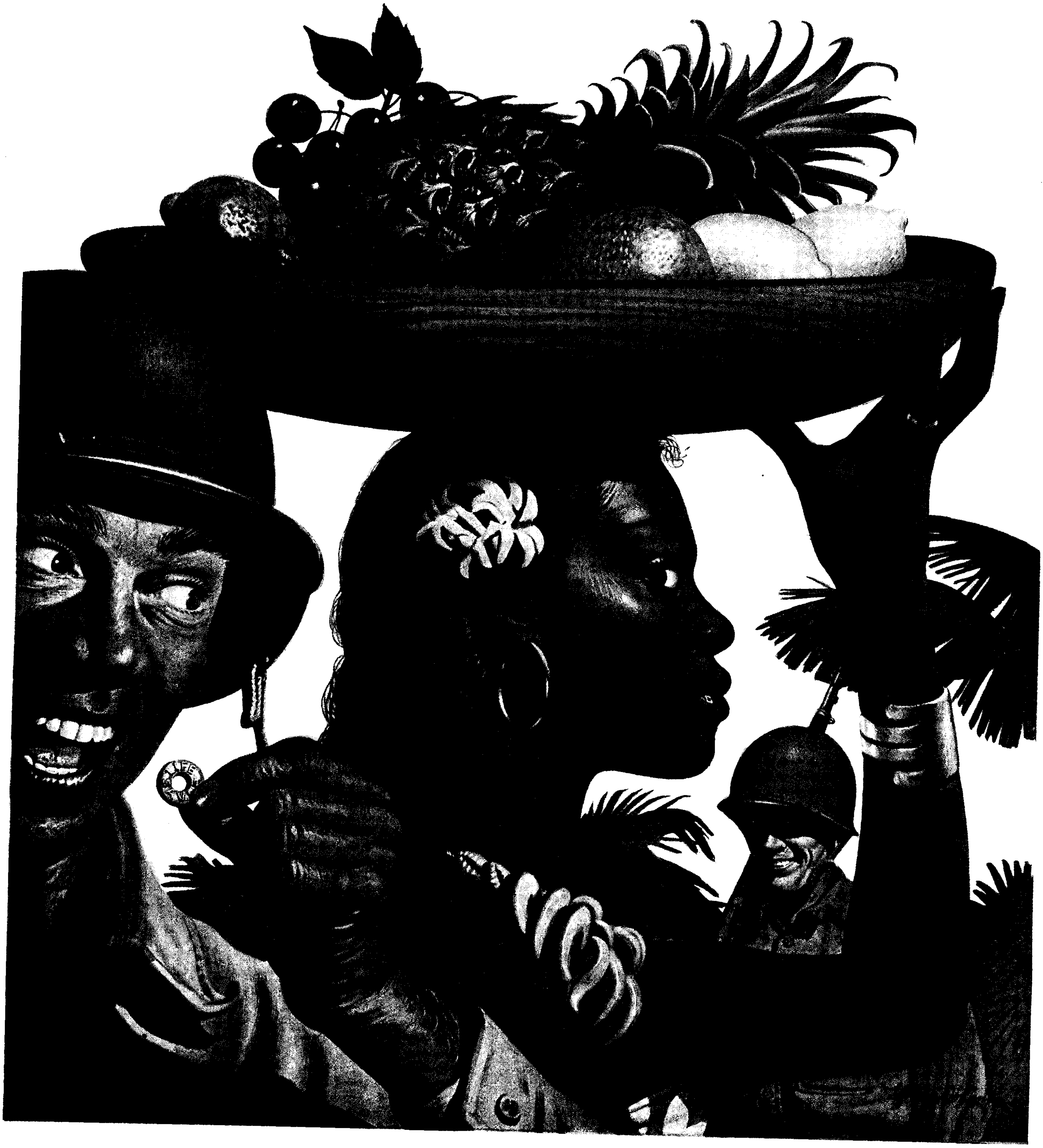

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Maybe we should have called this one, "Picture of a Lady in a Business with no Future." Because what soldier, no matter how much he likes fresh pineapples, oranges, limes, and lemons, is going to knock himself silly carrying them over mountains and things . . . when he is getting the same flavors in a far handier form . . . delicious, Five-Flavor Life Savers.

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been able to make a rough comparison as yet, but I'll bet they're the right ones."

"Well?" said Battle.

"The prints on that niblick handle, sir, *were made by Mr. Nevile Strange.*"

Battle leaned back in his chair. "Well," he said, "that seems to settle it, doesn't it?"

THEY were in the chief constable's office—three men with grave, worried faces.

Major Mitchell said with a sigh, "Well I suppose there's nothing to be done but arrest him?"

Leach said quietly, "Looks like it, sir."

Mitchell looked across at Superintendent Battle. "Cheer up, Battle," he said kindly. "Your best friend isn't dead."

Superintendent Battle sighed. "I don't like it," he said.

"I don't think any of us like it," said Mitchell. "But we've ample evidence, I think, to apply for a warrant."

"More than ample," said Battle.

"In fact, if we don't apply for one, anybody might ask why the dickens not."

Battle nodded an unhappy head.

"Let's go over it," said the chief constable. "You've got motive: Strange and his wife come into a considerable sum of money at the old lady's death. He's the last person known to have seen her alive; he was heard quarreling with her. The suit he wore last night had bloodstains on it and that blood is the same group as that of the deceased woman. That's only negative evidence, of course. Most damning of all: His fingerprints were found upon the actual weapon—*and no one else's.*"

"And yet, sir," said Battle, "*you* don't like it, either."

"I'm damned if I do."

"What is it exactly you don't like about it, sir?"

Major Mitchell rubbed his nose. "Makes the fellow out a bit too much of a fool, perhaps," he suggested.

"And yet, sir, they do behave like fools sometimes."

"Oh, I know—I know. Where would we be if they didn't?"

Battle said to Leach, "What don't *you* like about it, Jim?"

Leach stirred unhappily. "I've always liked Mr. Strange. Seen him on and off down here for years. He's a nice gentleman—and he's a sportsman."

"I don't see," said Battle slowly, "why a good tennis player shouldn't be a murderer as well. There's nothing against it." He paused. "What *I* don't like is the niblick."

"The niblick?" asked Mitchell, puzzled.

"Yes, sir, or alternatively, the bell. The bell or the niblick—not both." He went on in his slow, careful voice: "What do we think actually happened? Did Mr. Strange go to her room, have a quarrel, lose his temper and hit her over the head with a niblick? If so, and it was unpremeditated, how did he happen to have a niblick with him? It's not the sort of thing you carry about with you in the evenings."

"He might have been practicing swings something like that."

"He might—but nobody says so. Nobody saw him doing it. The last time anybody saw him with a niblick in his hand was about a week previously when he was practicing sand shots down on the sands. As I look at it, you see, you can't have it both ways. Either there was a quarrel and he lost his temper—and, mind you, I've seen him on the courts, and in one of those tournament matches these tennis stars are all het up and a mass of nerves, and if their tempers fray easily, it's going to show. I've never seen Mr. Strange ruffled. I should say he'd got excellent control over his temper—better than most—and yet we're suggesting that he goes berserk and hits a frail old lady over the head."

"There's another alternative, Battle," said the chief constable.

"I know, sir. The theory that it was premeditated. He wanted the old lady's money. That fits in with the bell—which entailed the doping of the maid—but it *doesn't* fit in with the niblick and the quarrel! If he'd made up his mind to do her in, he'd be very careful *not* to quarrel with her. He could dope the maid, creep into her room in the night, crack her over the head and stage a nice little robbery, wiping the niblick and putting it carefully back where it belonged! It's all wrong, sir. It's a mixture of cold premeditation and unpremeditated violence, and the two don't mix."

"There's something in what you say, Battle. But what's the alternative?"

"It's the niblick I don't like, sir."

"Nobody could have hit her over the head with that niblick without disturbing Nevile's prints—that's quite certain."

"In that case," said Superintendent Battle, "she was hit over the head with something else."

Major Mitchell drew a deep breath. "That's rather a wild assumption, isn't it?"

"I think it's common sense, sir. Either Strange hit her with that niblick, or nobody did. I plump for nobody. In that case, that niblick was put there deliberately, and blood and hair smeared on it. Doctor Lazenby doesn't like the niblick much. He had to accept it because it was the obvious thing and because he couldn't say definitely that it *hadn't* been used."

Major Mitchell leaned back in his chair.

COLLIER'S

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"Go on, Battle," he said. "I'm giving you a free hand. What's the next step?"

"Take away the niblick," said Battle, "and what is left? First, motive. Had Nevile Strange really got a motive for doing away with Lady Tressilian? He inherited money—a lot depends to my mind on whether he needed that money. He says not. I'd suggest we verify that. Find out the state of his finances. If he's in a hole financially and needs money, then the case against him is very much strengthened. If, on the other hand, he was speaking the truth, and his finances are in a good state, why then—"

"Well, what then?"

"Why, then we might have a look at the motives of the other people in the house."

"You think, then, that Nevile Strange was framed?"

Superintendent Battle screwed up his eyes. "There's a phrase I read somewhere that tickled my fancy. Something about a fine Italian hand. That's what I seem to see in this business. Ostensibly, it's a blunt, brutal, straightforward crime, but it seems to me I catch glimpses of something else—of a fine Italian hand at work behind the scenes."

THERE was a long pause while the chief constable looked at Battle.

"You may be right," Major Mitchell said at last. "Dash it all, there's something funny about the business. What's your idea, now, of our plan of campaign?"

Battle stroked his square jaw.

"Well, sir," he said, "I'm always in favor of going about things the obvious way. Everything's been set to make us suspicious of Mr. Nevile Strange. Let's go on being suspicious of him. Needn't go so far as actually to arrest him, but hint at it, question him, put the wind up him—and observe everybody's reactions generally. Verify his statements, go over his movements that night with a toothcomb. In fact, show our hand as plainly as may be."

"Quite Machiavellian," said Major Mitchell. "Imitation of a heavy-handed policeman by Star Actor Battle."

The superintendent smiled.

"I always like doing what's expected of me, sir. This time I mean to be a bit slow about it—take my time. I want to do some nosing about. Being suspicious of Mr. Nevile Strange is a very good excuse for nosing about. I've an idea, you know, that something rather odd has been going on in that house."

"Looking for the sex angle?"

"If you like to put it that way, sir."

"Handle it your own way, Battle. You and Leach carry on between you."

"Thank you, sir." Battle stood up. "Nothing suggestive from the solicitors?"

"No, I rang them up. I know Trelawney fairly well. He's sending me a copy of Sir Matthew's will and also of Lady Tressilian's. She had about five hundred a year of her own—invested in gilt-edged securities. She left a legacy to Barrett and a small one to Hurstall, the rest to Mary Aldin."

"That's three we might keep an eye on," said Battle.

Mitchell looked amused. "Suspicious fellow, aren't you?"

"No use letting oneself be hypnotized by fifty thousand pounds," said Battle stolidly. "Many a murder has been done for less than fifty pounds. It depends on how much you want the money. Barrett got a legacy—and maybe she took the precaution to dope herself so as to avert suspicion."

"She very nearly passed out. Lazenby hasn't let us question her yet."

"Overdid it out of ignorance, perhaps. Then Hurstall may have been in bad need of cash for all we know. And Miss Aldin, if she's no money of her own, might have fancied a bit of life on a nice little in-

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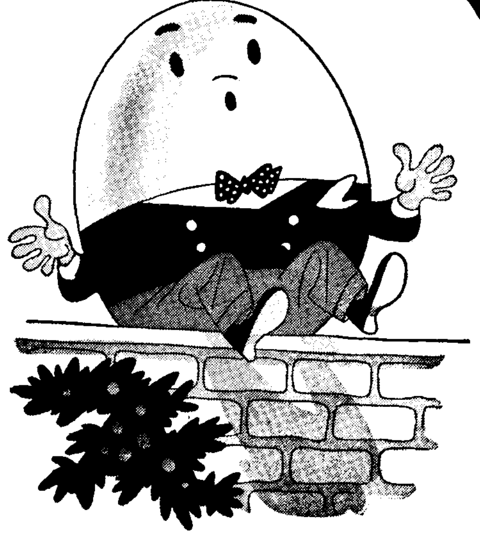

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Answers: *1. Romeo. 2. Humpty Dumpty. 3. Arrows. 4. War Bonds.*

come before she's too old to enjoy it."

The chief constable looked doubtful. "Well," he said, "it's up to you two. Get on with the job."

BACK at Gull's Point, the two police officers received Williams' report. Nothing of a suspicious or suggestive nature had been found in any of the bedrooms. The servants were clamoring to be allowed to get on with the housework. Should he give them the word?

"Might as well, I suppose," said Battle. "I'll just have a stroll myself first through the two upper floors. Rooms that haven't been done often tell you something about their occupants that's useful to know."

Sergeant Jones came in and put down a small cardboard box on the table. "From Mr. Nevile Strange's dark blue coat," he announced. "The red hairs were on the cuff, blond hairs on the inside of the collar and the right shoulder."

Battle took out the two long red hairs and the half-dozen blond ones and looked at them. "Convenient," he said, with a faint twinkle in his eyes. "One blonde, one redhead and one brunette in this house. So we know where we are at once. Red hair on the cuff, blond on the collar? Mr. Nevile Strange does seem to be a bit of a Bluebeard. His arm round one wife, and the other one's head on his shoulder."

"The blood on the sleeve has gone for analysis, sir. They'll ring us up as soon as they get the result."

Leach nodded. "What about the servants?" he asked Jones.

"I followed your instructions, sir. None of them is under notice to leave, or seems likely to have borne a grudge against the old lady. She was strict, but well liked. In any case, the management of the servants lay with Miss Aldin. She seems to have been popular with them."

"Thought she was an efficient woman the moment I laid eyes on her," said Battle. "If she's our murderess, she won't be easy to hang."

Jones looked startled. "But those prints on that niblick, sir, were—"

"I know—I know," said Battle. "The singularly obliging Mr. Strange's. There's a general belief that athletes aren't overburdened by brains—not at all true, by the way—but I can't believe Nevile Strange is a complete moron. What about those senna pods of the maid's?"

"They were always on the shelf in the servants' bathroom," Jones said. "She used to put 'em in to soak midday, and they stood there until the evening when she went to bed."

"So that absolutely anybody could get at them! Anybody inside the house, that is to say."

Leach said with conviction, "It's an inside job, all right!"

"Yes, I think so. Not that this is one of those closed-circle crimes. It isn't. Anyone who had a key could have opened the front door and walked in. Nevile Strange had that key last night, but it would probably be a simple matter to have got one cut, or an old hand could do it with a bit of wire. But I don't see any outsider knowing about the bell and that Barrett took senna at night! That's local inside knowledge! Come along, Jim, my boy. Let's go up and see this bathroom and all the rest of it."

THEY started on the top floor. Here was a box room full of old broken furniture and junk of all kinds.

"I haven't looked through this, sir," said Jones. "I didn't know—"

"What you were looking for? Quite right. Only waste of time. From the dust on the floor, nobody has been in here for at least six months."

The servants' rooms were all on this floor, also two unoccupied bedrooms with a bathroom.

The cook's room was severely neat, and the kitchenmaid's chaotically untidy. Battle passed on into the bathroom which was the room nearest to the head of the stairs. Williams pointed out the long shelf over the washbasin, on which stood tooth glasses and brushes, various unguents and bottles of salts and hair lotion. A packet of senna pods stood open at one end.

"No prints on the glass or packet?" Leach asked.

"Only the maid's own. I got hers from her room," Williams explained.

"He didn't need to handle the glass," said Leach. "He'd only have to drop the stuff in."

Battle went down the stairs followed by Leach. Halfway down this top flight was an awkwardly placed window. A pole with a hook on the end stood in a corner.

"You draw down the top sash with that," explained Leach. "But there's a burglar screw. The window can be drawn down only so far. Too narrow for anyone to get in that way."

"I wasn't thinking of anyone getting in," said Battle. His eyes were thoughtful.

He went in the first bedroom on the next floor, which was Audrey Strange's. It was neat and fresh, ivory brushes on the dressing table, no clothes lying about. Battle looked into the wardrobe. Two plain coats and skirts, a couple of evening dresses, one or two summer frocks. The dresses were cheap, the tailor-mades well cut and expensive but not new.

Battle nodded. He stood at the writing table a minute or two, fiddling with the pen tray on the left of the blotter.

Williams said, "Nothing of any interest on the blotting paper or in the wastepaper basket."

"Your word's good enough," said Battle. "Nothing to be seen here."

THEY went on to the other rooms. Thomas Royde's was untidy, with clothes lying about. Pipes and pipe ash on the tables and beside the bed, where a copy of Kipling's Kim lay half open.

"Used to native servants clearing up after him," said Battle. "Likes reading old favorites. Conservative type."

Mary Aldin's room was small but comfortable. Battle looked at the travel books on the shelves and the old-fashioned dented silver brushes. The furnishing and coloring in the room were more modern than the rest of the house.

"She's not so conservative," said Battle. "No photographs, either. Not one who lives in the past."

There were three or four empty rooms, all well kept and dusted ready for occupation, and a couple of bathrooms. Then came Lady Tressilian's big double room. After that, reached by going down three little steps, came the two rooms and bathroom occupied by the Stranges.

Battle did not waste much time in Nevile's room. He glanced out of the open casement window below which the rocks fell sheer to the sea. The view was to the west, toward Stark Head which rose wild and forbidding out of the sea.

"Gets the afternoon sun," he murmured. "But rather a grim morning outlook. Nasty smell of seaweed at low tide, too. And that headland has got a grim look. Don't wonder it attracts suicides!"

He passed into the larger room, the door of which had been unlocked.

Here everything was in wild confusion. Clothes lay about in heaps—filmy underwear, stockings, jumpers tried on and discarded, a patterned summer frock thrown sprawling over the back of a chair. Battle looked inside the wardrobe. It was full of furs, evening dresses, shorts, tennis frocks, playsuits.

Battle shut the doors again almost reverently. "Expensive tastes," he remarked. "She must cost her husband a lot of money."

Leach said darkly, "Perhaps that's why—" He left the sentence unfinished.

"Why he needed a hundred—or rather fifty thousand pounds? Maybe. We'd better see, I think, what he has to say about it."

They went down to the library. Williams was dispatched to tell the servants they could get on with the housework. The family were free to return to their rooms if they wished. They were to be informed of that fact and also that Inspector Leach would like an interview with each of them separately, starting with Mr. Nevile Strange.

When Williams had gone out of the room, Battle and Leach established themselves behind a massive Victorian table. A young policeman with notebook sat in the corner of the room, his pencil poised.

Battle said, "You can carry on for a start, Jim. Make it impressive."

As the other nodded his head, Battle rubbed his chin and frowned. "I wish I knew what keeps putting Hercule Poirot into my head."

"You mean that old chap—the Belgian—comic little guy?" Leach asked.

"Comic—my foot!" said Superintendent Battle. "About as dangerous as a black mamba and a she-leopard—that's what he is when he starts making a mountebank of himself! I wish he were here. This sort of thing would be right up his street."

"In what way?"

"Psychology," said Battle. "Real psychology—not the half-baked stuff people hand out who know nothing about it. No—the real genuine article—knowing just what makes the wheels go round. Keep a murderer talking—that's one of his lines. Says everyone is bound to speak what's true sooner or later, because, in the end, it's easier than telling lies. And so they make some little slip they don't think matters and that's when you get them."

"So you're going to give Nevile Strange plenty of rope?"

Battle gave an absent-minded assent. Then he added, in some annoyance and perplexity, "But what's really worrying me is: What put Hercule Poirot into my head? Upstairs—that's where it was. Now, what did I see that reminded me of that little guy?"

The conversation was put to an end by the arrival of Nevile Strange.

He looked pale and worried, but much less nervous than he had at the breakfast table. Battle eyed him keenly. Incredible that a man who knew—and he must know, if he were capable of any thought processes at all—that he had left his fingerprints on the instrument of the crime—and who had since had his fingerprints taken by the police—should show neither intense nervousness or else an elaborate brazening of it out.

Nevile Strange looked quite natural—shocked, worried, grieved, and just slightly and healthily nervous.

Jim Leach was speaking in his pleasant West Country voice: "We would like you to answer certain questions, Mr. Strange, both as to your movements last night, and in reference to particular facts. At the same time I must caution you that you are not bound to answer these questions unless you like, and that, if you prefer to do so, you may have your solicitor present." He leaned back to observe the effect of this.

Nevile Strange looked bewildered.

He hasn't the least idea what we're getting at, or else he's a damned good actor, Leach thought. Aloud he said, as Nevile did not answer, "Well, Mr. Strange?"

Nevile said, "Of course, ask me anything you like."

"You realize," said Battle pleasantly, "that anything you say will be taken down in writing and may subsequently be used in a court of law in evidence."

A FLASH of temper showed on Strange's face. He said sharply, "Are you threatening me?"

"No, no, Mr. Strange. Warning you."

Nevile shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose all this is part of your routine. Go ahead."

"You are ready to make a statement?"

"If that's what you call it."

"Then will you tell us exactly what you did last night? From dinner onward, shall we say?"

"Certainly. After dinner we went into the drawing room. We had coffee. We listened to the radio—the news and so on. Then I decided to go across to Easterhead Bay Hotel and look up a chap who is staying there—a friend of mine."

"That friend's name is—?"

"Latimer. Edward Latimer."

"An intimate friend?"

"Oh, so-so. We've seen a good deal of him since he's been down here. He's been over to lunch and dinner and we've been over there."

Battle said, "Rather late, wasn't it, to go off to Easterhead Bay?"

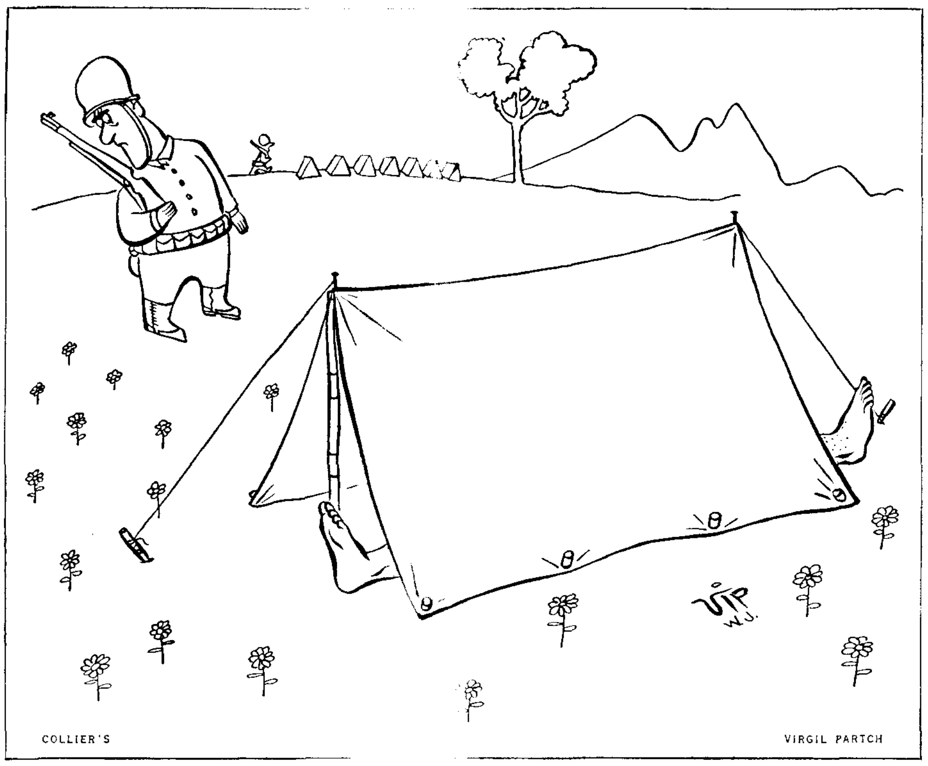
"Oh, it's a gay spot. They keep it up till all hours."

"But this is rather an early-to-bed household, isn't it?"

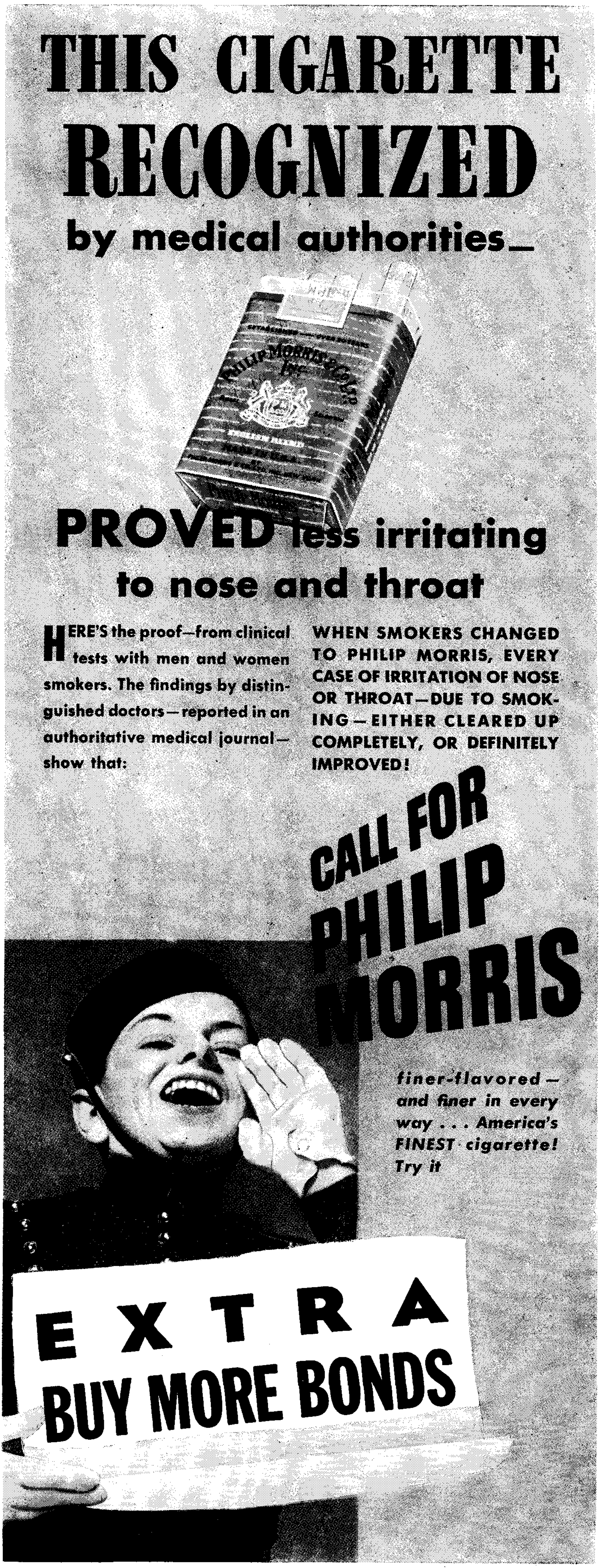
"Yes, on the whole. However, I took the latchkey with me. Nobody had to sit up."

"Your wife didn't think of going with you?"

There was a slight change, a stiffening in



COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH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UP FROM THE RANKS

These are the presidents of the operating telephone companies of the Bell System. They all started at the bottom of the ladder.

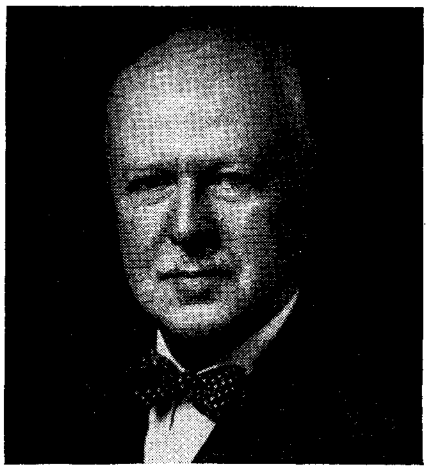
In December, 1937, the Bell System published an advertisement like this, except that now there are seven new faces in the pictures. The seven new presidents since 1937 also started at the bottom.

The Bell System aims to keep the opportunity for advancement open to all.

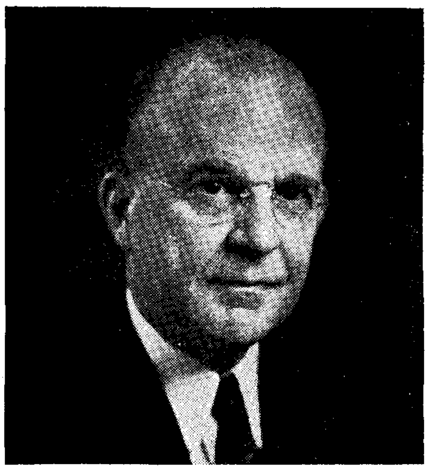
One of its traditions is that its executives come up from the ranks. This has been true of the business for many years and nowhere is it better illustrated than in the careers of the eighteen men who now serve as presidents of Bell telephone companies.

As a group, they have put in 672 years of telephone service, an average of 37 years each.

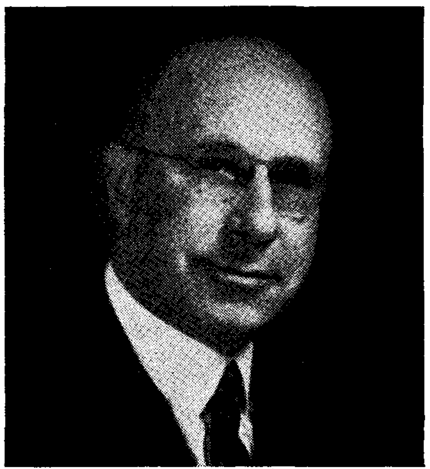
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



WALTER S. GIFFORD
President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Started as a *clerk* with the Western Electric Company in 1904.



ARCHIBALD J. ALLEN
President of The Cincinnati and Suburban Bell Telephone Company. Started as a *service inspector* in Pittsburgh in 1907.



CHESTER I. BARNARD
President of the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company. Started with the Bell System as a *clerk* in Boston in 1909.

*ALLERTON F. BROOKS
President of The Southern New England Telephone Company. Started Bell System career as *engineer's assistant* in New Haven in 1911.

JAMES F. CARROLL
President of the Indiana Bell Telephone Company. Started his telephone career as a *traffic student* in Syracuse in 1906.

*HAL S. DUMAS
President of the Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company. Started with Bell System as a *student* in Atlanta in 1911.

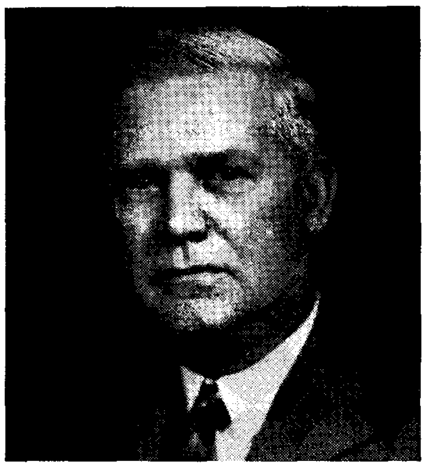
RANDOLPH EIDE
President of The Ohio Bell Telephone Company. First telephone job was as a *special inspector* in New York in 1911.

***JOE E. HARRELL**
President of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company. Started with Bell System as a *clerk* in Atlanta in 1913.

***RUSSELL JAMES HOPLEY**
President of the Northwestern Bell Telephone Company. Started with Bell System as *collector* in Fort Madison, Iowa, in 1915.

***JAMES W. HUBBELL**
President of the New York Telephone Company. First telephone job was in Brooklyn as a *clerk* in 1902.

WILLIAM R. McGOVERN
President of the Wisconsin Telephone Company. First telephone job was in Milwaukee as a *draftsman* in 1900.

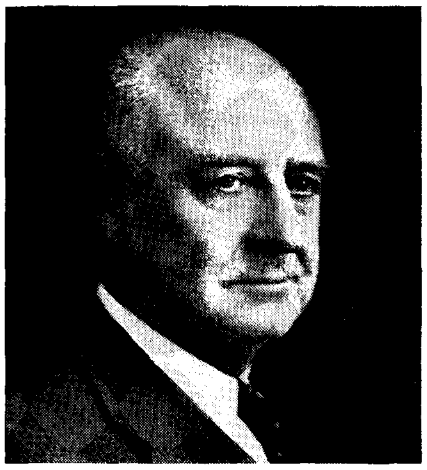


***AUBREY H. MELLINGER**
President of the Illinois Bell Telephone Company. Started with Bell System as an *engineer* in New York City in 1905.

***FLOYD P. OGDEN**
President of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company. Started as *student* and *clerk* in Kansas City, Mo., in 1911.

NED R. POWLEY
President of The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. Started as a *statistical clerk* in Boston in 1908.

ALBERT C. STANNARD
President of the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company. Started with Bell System as *night operator* in Springfield, Mass., in 1899.



PHILIP C. STAPLES
President of The Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania. Started with Bell System as *salesman* in Baltimore in 1904.

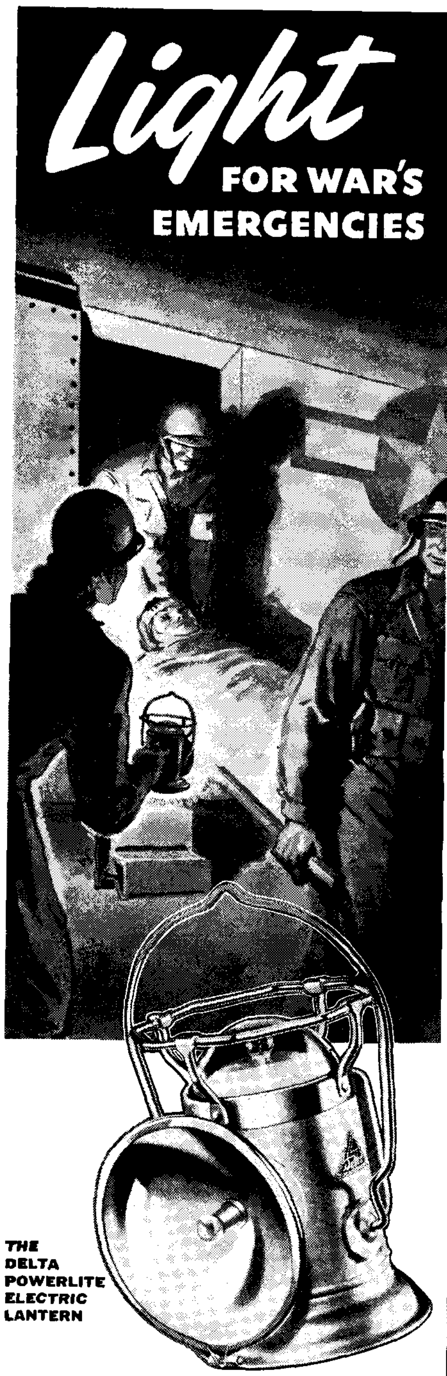
PRESIDENTS OF BELL TELEPHONE COMPANIES AND THEIR FIRST JOBS

Company	*Name*	*Date*	*Place of Start*	*First Pay*	*First Job*
Amer. Tel. & Tel. Co.	Walter S. Gifford	1904	Chicago	$10 week	Clerk, Payroll Dept.
New England Tel. & Tel. Co.	*Joe E. Harrell	1913	Atlanta	$14 week	Clerk
Southern New England Tel. Co.	*Allerton F. Brooks	1911	New Haven	$12 week	Engineer's Assistant
New York Tel. Co.	*James W. Hubbell	1902	Brooklyn	$8 week	Clerk
New Jersey Bell Tel. Co.	Chester I. Barnard	1909	Boston	$50 month	Clerk
Bell Tel. Co. of Penna.	Philip C. Staples	1904	Baltimore	$12 week	Salesman
Chesapeake & Potomac Tel. Co.	Lloyd B. Wilson	1899	Plattsmouth, Neb.	$12 month	Night Operator
Southern Bell Tel. & Tel. Co.	*Hal S. Dumas	1911	Atlanta	$50 month	Student
Ohio Bell Tel. Co.	Randolph Eide	1911	New York City	$15 week	Special Inspector
Cincinnati & Suburban Bell Tel. Co.	Archibald J. Allen	1907	Pittsburgh	$50 month	Service Inspector
Michigan Bell Tel. Co.	George M. Welch	1904	Minneapolis	$15 week	Stenographer
Indiana Bell Tel. Co.	James F. Carroll	1906	Syracuse, N. Y.	$12 week	Traffic Student
Wisconsin Tel. Co.	William R. McGovern	1900	Milwaukee	$25 month	Draftsman
Illinois Bell Tel. Co.	*Aubrey H. Mellinger	1905	New York City	$65 month	Engineer
Northwestern Bell Tel. Co.	*Russell J. Hopley	1915	Fort Madison, Ia.	$40 month	Collector
Southwestern Bell Tel. Co.	Albert C. Stannard	1899	Springfield, Mass.	$25 month	Night Operator
Mountain States Tel. & Tel. Co.	*Floyd P. Ogden	1911	Kansas City, Mo.	$60 month	Student-clerk
Pacific Tel. & Tel. Co.	Ned R. Powley	1908	Boston	$50 month	Statistical Clerk

*Asterisks indicate new presidents

GEORGE M. WELCH
President of the Michigan Bell Telephone Company. With Bell System since [illegible]. Started in Minneapolis as *stenographer*.

LLOYD B. WILSON
President of The Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company. Started as *night operator* in Plattsmouth, Neb., in 1899.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THE DELTA POWERLITE ELECTRIC LANTERN

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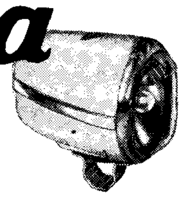

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Nevile's tone as he said, "No, she had a headache. She'd already gone up to bed."

"Please go on, Mr. Strange."

"I was just going up to change—"

Leach interrupted: "Excuse me, Mr. Strange. Change into what? Into evening dress, or out of evening dress?"

"Neither. I was wearing a blue suit—my best, as it happened—and as it was raining a bit and I proposed to take the ferry and walk the other side—it's about half a mile, as you know—I changed into an older suit, a gray pin stripe if you want me to go into every detail."

"We do like to get things clear," said Leach humbly. "Please go on."

"I was going upstairs, as I say, when Hurstall came and told me Lady Tressilian wanted to see me. So I went along and had a—a jaw with her for a bit."

Battle said, "You were the last person to see her alive, I think, Mr. Strange?"

Nevile flushed. "Yes, yes—I suppose I was. She was quite all right then."

"How long were you with her?"

"About twenty minutes to half an hour, I should think. Then I went to my room, changed my suit and hurried off. I took the latchkey with me."

"What time was that?"

"About half past ten, I should think. I hurried down the hill, just caught the ferry starting and went on as planned. I found Latimer at the hotel. We had a drink or two and a game of billiards. The time passed so quickly that I found I'd lost the last ferry back. It goes at one-thirty. So Latimer very decently got out his car and drove me back. That, as you know, means going all the way around by Saltington—about sixteen miles. We left the hotel at two o'clock and got back here somewhere around half past, I should say. I thanked Ted Latimer, asked him in for a drink, but he said he'd rather get right back, so I let myself in and went straight up to bed. I didn't hear or see anything amiss. The house seemed all asleep and peaceful. Then this morning I heard that girl screaming and—"

Leach stopped him: "Quite, quite. Now to go back a little—to your conversation with Lady Tressilian—she was quite normal in her manner?"

"Oh, absolutely."

"What did you talk about?"

"Oh, one thing and another."

"Amicably?"

Nevile flushed. "Certainly."

"You didn't, for instance," went on Leach smoothly, "have a violent quarrel?"

Nevile did not answer at once.

Leach said, "You had better tell the truth, you know. I'll tell you frankly some of your conversation was overheard."

Nevile said shortly, "We had a bit of a disagreement. It was nothing."

"What was the subject of the disagreement?"

WITH an effort Nevile recovered his temper. He smiled. "Frankly," he said, "she ticked me off. That often happened. If she disapproved of anyone, she let them have it straight from the shoulder. She was old-fashioned, you see, and she was inclined to be down on modern ways and modern lines of thought—divorce—all that. We had an argument, and I may have got a bit heated, but we parted on perfectly friendly terms—agreeing to differ." Then he added, with some heat, "I certainly didn't bash her over the head because I lost my temper over an argument—if that's what you think!"

Leach glanced at Battle, who leaned forward ponderously across the table and said, "You recognized that niblick as your property this morning. Have you any explanation for the fact that your fingerprints were found upon it?"

Nevile stared. He said sharply, "I—but, of course, they would be. It's my club. I've often handled it."

"Any explanation, I mean, for the fact that your fingerprints show that *you were the last person to have handled it?*"

Nevile sat quite still. The color had gone out of his face. "That's not true," he said at last. "It can't be. Somebody could have handled it after me—someone wearing gloves."

"No, Mr. Strange. Nobody could have handled it *in the sense you mean*—by raising it to strike—without blurring your own marks!"

There was a pause—a very long pause.

"Oh, Lord!" said Nevile convulsively, and gave a long shudder. He put his hands over his eyes. The two policemen watched him. Then he took away his hands. He sat up straight. "It isn't true," he said quietly. "It simply isn't true. You think I killed her, but I didn't. I swear I didn't. There's some horrible mistake."

"You've no explanation to offer about those fingerprints?"

"How can I have? I'm dumfounded."

"Have you any explanation for the fact that the sleeves and cuffs of your dark blue suit are stained with blood?"

"Blood?" It was a horror-struck whisper. "It couldn't be!"

"You didn't, for instance, cut yourself—"

"No. No, of course, I didn't!"

They waited a little while.

Nevile Strange, his forehead creased, seemed to be thinking. He looked up at them at last with frightened eyes. "It's fantastic!" he said. "Simply fantastic. It's none of it *true.*"

"Facts are true enough," said Superintendent Battle.

"But why should I do such a thing? It's unthinkable—unbelievable! I've known Camilla all my life."

Leach coughed. "I believe you told us yourself, Mr. Strange, that you come into a good deal of money upon Lady Tressilian's death?"

"You think that's why. But I don't want money! I don't *need* it!"

"That," said Leach, with his little cough, "is what you *say,* Mr. Strange."

Nevile sprang up. "Look here, that's something I *can* prove—that I didn't need money. Let me ring up my bank manager. You can talk to him yourself."

The call was put through. The line was clear, and in a very few minutes they were through to London.

Nevile spoke: "That you, Ronaldson? . . . Nevile Strange speaking. You know my voice. Look here, will you give the police—they're here now—all the information they want about my affairs. . . . Yes . . . Yes, please."

Leach took the phone. He spoke quietly. It went on, question and answer. He replaced the phone at last.

"Well?" said Nevile eagerly.

Leach said impassively, "You have a substantial credit balance, and the bank has charge of all your investments and reports them to be in a favorable condition."

"So you see it's true what I said!"

"It seems so. But again, Mr. Strange, you may have commitments, debts—payment of blackmail—reasons for requiring money of which we do not know."

"But I haven't! I assure you I haven't. You won't find anything of that kind."

Superintendent Battle shifted his heavy shoulders. He spoke in a kind, fatherly voice: "We've sufficient evidence, as I'm sure you'll agree, Mr. Strange, to ask for a warrant for your arrest. We haven't done so—*as yet!* We're giving you the benefit of the doubt, you see."

Nevile said bitterly, "You mean, don't you, that you've made up your minds I did it, but you want to get at the motive, so as to clinch the case against me?"

Battle was silent. Leach looked at the ceiling.

Nevile said desperately, "It's like some awful dream. There's nothing I can say or do. It's like—like being in a trap and you can't get out."

Superintendent Battle stirred. An intelligent gleam showed between his half-closed lids.

"That's very nicely put," he said. "Very nicely put indeed. It gives me an idea."

SERGEANT JONES adroitly got rid of Nevile through the hall and dining room, and then brought Kay in by the French window so that husband and wife did not meet.

The day was overcast, with a sharp wind. Kay was dressed in a tweed skirt and a purple sweater, above which her hair looked like a burnished copper bowl. She looked half frightened, half excited. Her beauty and vitality bloomed against the dark Victorian background of books and saddleback chairs.

Leach led her easily enough over her account of the previous evening. She had had a headache and gone to bed early—about quarter past nine, she thought. She had slept heavily and had heard nothing until the next morning when she was wakened by hearing someone screaming.

Battle took up the questioning: "Your husband didn't come in to see how you were before he went off for the evening?"

"No."

"You didn't see him from the time you

HOW WOULD YOU PRONOUNCE IT?—No. 7

Each sentence below contains four words commonly mispronounced. Read aloud, then check with list on page 47.

1. **The ingénue said that the attack of tonsillitis was a chastisement for ignoring her epicurean diet.**
2. **Apropos of the situation, their clientele offered to amortize the debentures.**
3. **The Mercantile Maintenance Company gave its ultimatum as to the deficit.**
4. **His heinous and asinine conduct was most hostile to the morale of the entire company.**
5. **The occupants of the gondola were entertained by a robust tenor from Marseilles who sang the Marseillaise.**
6. **From the routine of a news-gathering reporter he rose to a place among the literati and received the Pulitzer prize.**
7. **Although an ignoramus, he assumed a sapient attitude as he gave his incongruous version of the aurora borealis.**
8. **The mirage proved to be a camouflage to aid the barrage from the military garage.**
9. **The disputants continued to argue the comparable merits of mineralogy and metallurgy.**
10. **The gendarme soon put a quietus on the ribald gigolo.**

(Words having more than one pronunciation are checked with seven leading dictionaries for the consensus of authority.)

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"It's a nice feeling to know that you're doing your part in the war, for even student nurses help release nurses for other war service. I love children, and can't wait to help with the new babies."

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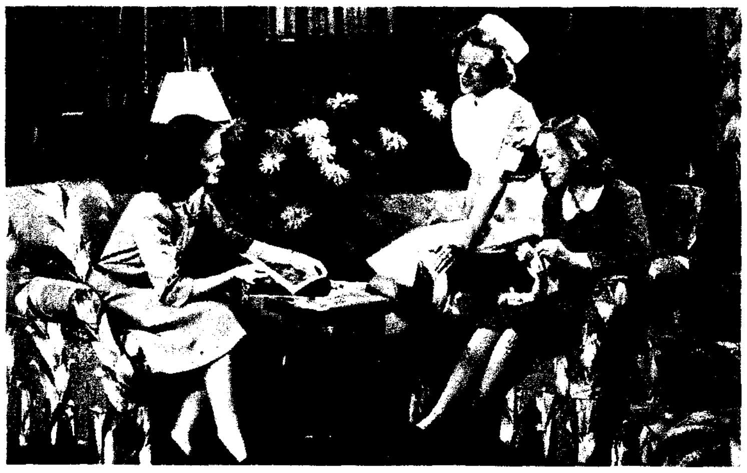

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10-C

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Lines to a Faithful Friend

Oh, faithful chariot, to my eye
When first I looked at you
Upon a day now long gone by
When peaceful was the azure sky
You were a sight to view!

By now that loveliness has passed;
Your paint begins to fade,
Your chromium does not seem to last,
The number of your dents is vast
Since when you first were made.

Yet faithfully my weight you cart
On tires worn and thin.
And never once that sturdy heart,
Your motor, does it fail to start
Despite the shape you're in.

I take some credit for your purr
Because, my trusty mate,
I've never fed a cylinder
Or let a single piston stir
With less than Quaker State.

Refined from Pennsylvania crude,
This sturdy lubricant
Keeps engine parts from going nude
And leaves them just as life-imbued
As when they left the plant.

And when I trade you for a car
Streamlined as nothing yet,
It shall be tended as *you* are
So that it, too, may go as far—
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Care for *your* car for your country in the best way possible — with Quaker State Motor Oil

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Oil is ammunition . . . use it wisely

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left the drawing room until the following morning. Is that right?"

Kay nodded.

Battle stroked his jaw. "Mrs. Strange, the door between your room and that of your husband was locked. Who locked it?"

Kay said shortly, "I did."

Battle said nothing, but he waited—waited like an elderly, fatherly cat for a mouse to come out of the hole he was watching.

His silence did what questions might not have accomplished.

Kay burst out impetuously, "Oh, I suppose you've got to have it all! That old doddering Hurstall must have heard us before tea, and he'll tell you if I don't. He's probably told you already. Nevile and I had had a row—a flaming row! I was furious with him! I went up to bed and locked the door because I was still in a flaming rage with him!"

"I see—I see," said Battle at his most sympathetic. "And what was the trouble all about?"

"Does it matter? Oh, I don't mind telling you. Nevile has been behaving like a perfect idiot. It's all that woman's fault, though."

"What woman?"

"His first wife. She got him to come here in the first place."

"You mean—to meet you?"

"Yes. Nevile thinks it was all his own idea—poor innocent! But it wasn't. He never thought of such a thing until he met her in the park one day, and she got the idea into his head and made him believe he'd thought of it himself. He quite honestly thinks it was his idea, but I've seen Audrey's fine Italian hand behind it from the first."

"Why should she do such a thing?" asked Battle.

"Because she wants to get hold of him again," said Kay. She spoke quickly and her breath came fast. "She's never forgiven him for going off with me. This is her revenge. She got him to fix up that we'd all be here together and then she got to work on him. She's been doing it ever since we arrived. She's clever, you know. Knows just how to look pathetic and elusive—yes, and how to play up another man, too. She got Thomas Royde, a faithful old dog who's always adored her, to be here at the same time, and she drove Nevile mad by pretending she was going to marry him."

She stopped, breathing angrily.

Battle said mildly, "I should have thought he'd be glad for her to—er—find happiness with an old friend."

"Glad! He's jealous as hell!"

"Then he must be very fond of her."

"Oh, he is," said Kay bitterly. "*She's* seen to that!"

BATTLE'S finger still ran dubiously over his jaw. "You might have objected to this arrangement of coming here?" he suggested.

"How could I? It would have looked as though I were jealous!"

"Well," said Battle, "after all, you were, weren't you?"

Kay flushed. "Always! I've always been jealous of Audrey. Right from the beginning—or nearly the beginning. I used to feel her there in the house. It was as though it were *her* house, not mine. I changed the color scheme and did it all up, but it was no good! I'd feel her there like a gray ghost creeping about. I knew Nevile worried because he thought he'd treated her badly. He couldn't quite forget about her—she was always there—a reproachful feeling at the back of his mind. There are people, you know, who are like that. They seem rather colorless and not very interesting, but they make themselves *felt*."

Battle nodded thoughtfully. He said, "Well, thank you, Mrs. Strange. That's all at present. We have to ask—er—a good many questions, especially with your husband inheriting so much money from Lady Tressilian—fifty thousand pounds."

"Is it as much as that? We get it from old Sir Matthew's will, don't we?"

"You know all about it?"

"Oh, yes. He left it to be divided between Nevile and Nevile's wife, to come to them on his wife's death. Not that I'm glad the old thing is dead. I'm not. I didn't like her very much—probably because she didn't like me. But it's too horrible to think of some burglar coming along and cracking her head open."

She went out on that.

Battle looked at Leach. "What do you think of her? Good-looking bit of goods, I will say. A man could lose his head over her easy enough."

Leach agreed. "Doesn't seem to me quite a lady, though," he said dubiously.

"They aren't nowadays," said Battle. "Shall we see Number One? No, I think we'll have Miss Aldin next, and get an outside angle on this matrimonial business."

MARY ALDIN came in composedly and sat down. Beneath her outward calmness, her eyes looked worried. She answered Leach's questions clearly enough, confirming Nevile's account of the evening. She had come up to bed about ten o'clock.

"Mr. Strange was then with Lady Tressilian?"

"Yes, I could hear them talking."

"Talking, Miss Aldin, or quarreling?"

She flushed but answered quietly, "Lady Tressilian, you know, was fond of discussion. She often sounded acrimonious when she was really nothing of the kind. Also, she was inclined to be autocratic and to domineer over people, and a man doesn't take that kind of thing as easily as a woman does."

As you do, perhaps, thought Battle. He looked at her intelligent face.

It was she who broke the silence: "I don't want to be stupid, but it really seems to me incredible—quite incredible—that you should suspect one of the people in this house. Why shouldn't it be an outsider?"

"For several reasons, Miss Aldin. For one thing, nothing was taken and no entry was forced. I needn't remind you of the geography of your own house and grounds, but just bear this in mind: On the west is a sheer cliff down to the sea, to the south are a couple of terraces with a wall and a drop to the sea, on the east, the garden slopes down almost to the shore, but it is surrounded by a high wall. The only ways out are a small door leading through onto the road which was found bolted inside as usual this morning and the main door to the house which is set on the road.

"I'm not saying no one could climb that wall, nor that they could not have got in by using a spare key to the front door or even a skeleton key. But I am saying that, as far as I can see, no one did do anything of the sort. Whoever committed this crime knew that Barrett took that senna-pod decoction every night and doped it. That means someone in the house. The niblick was taken from the cupboard under the stairs. It wasn't an outsider, Miss Aldin!"

"It wasn't Nevile! I'm sure it wasn't Nevile!"

"Why are you so sure?"

She raised her hands hopelessly. "It just isn't like him—that's why! He wouldn't kill a defenseless old woman in bed—Nevile!"

"It doesn't seem very likely," said Battle reasonably, "but you'd be surprised at the things people do when they've got a good enough reason. Mr. Strange may have wanted money very badly."

"I'm sure he didn't. He's not an extravagant person. He never has been."

"No, but his wife is."

"Kay? Yes, perhaps. But, oh, it's too ridiculous. I'm sure the last thing Nevile has been thinking of lately is money."

Superintendent Battle coughed. "He's had other worries, I understand?"

"Kay told you, I suppose? Yes, it really has been rather difficult. Still, it's nothing to do with this dreadful business."

"Probably not, but, all the same, I'd like to hear your version of the affair, Miss Aldin."

Mary said slowly, "Well, as I say, it has created a difficult situation. Whosever idea it was to begin with—"

He interrupted her deftly: "I understood it was Mr. Nevile Strange's idea."

"He said it was."

"But you yourself didn't think so?"

"I—no—it isn't like Nevile somehow. I've had a feeling all along that somebody else put the idea into his head."

"Mrs. Audrey Strange, perhaps?"

"It seems incredible that Audrey should do such a thing."

"Then who else could it have been?"

Mary raised her shoulders helplessly. "I don't know. It's just—queer."

"Queer," said Battle thoughtfully. "That's what I feel about this case. It's queer."

"Everything's been queer. There's been a feeling—I can't describe it. Something in the air. A menace."

"Everybody strung up and on edge?"

"Yes, just that. We've all suffered from it. Even Mr. Latimer—" She stopped.

"I was just coming to Mr. Latimer. What can you tell me, Miss Aldin, about Mr. Latimer? Who is Mr. Latimer?"

"Well, really, I don't know much about him. He's a friend of Kay's."

"He's Mrs. Strange's friend? Known each other a long time?"

"Yes, she knew him before her marriage."

"Mr. Strange like him?"

"Quite well, I believe."

"No trouble there?" Battle put it delicately.

Mary replied at once and emphatically, "Certainly not!"

"Did Lady Tressilian like Mr. Latimer?"

"Not very much."

Battle took warning from the aloof tone of her voice and changed the subject. "This maid, now, Jane Barrett, she has been with Lady Tressilian a long time? You consider her trustworthy?"

"Oh, absolutely. She was devoted to Lady Tressilian."

Battle leaned back in his chair. "In fact, you wouldn't consider for a moment the possibility that Barrett hit Lady Tressilian over the head and then doped herself to avoid being suspected?"

"Of course not. Why on earth should she?"

"She gets a legacy, you know."

"So do I," said Mary Aldin. She looked at him steadily.

"Yes," said Battle. "So do you. Do you know how much?"

"Mr. Trelawney has just arrived. He told me."

"You didn't know about it beforehand?"

"No. I certainly assumed, from what Lady Tressilian occasionally let fall, that she had left me something. I have very little of my own. Not enough to live on without getting work of some kind."

"So she didn't know what Lady Tressilian was leaving her," Leach said when Mary Aldin had been dismissed. "At least, that's what she *says.*"

"That's what she says," agreed Battle. "And now for Bluebeard's first wife."

AUDREY was wearing a pale gray flannel coat and skirt. In it she looked so pale and ghostlike that Battle was reminded of Kay's words, "A gray ghost creeping about the house."

She answered his questions simply and without any signs of emotion.

Yes, she had gone to bed at ten o'clock, the same time as Miss Aldin. She had heard nothing during the night.

"You'll excuse me butting into your private affairs," said Battle, "but will you explain just how it comes about that you are here in the house?"

"I always come to stay at this time. This year, my—my ex-husband wanted to come at the same time and asked me if I would mind."

"It was his suggestion?"

"Oh, yes."

"Not yours?"

"Oh, no."

"But you agreed?"

"Yes, I agreed. I didn't feel that I could very well refuse."

"Why not, Mrs. Strange?"

But she was vague. "One doesn't like to be disobliging."

"You were the injured party?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"It was you who divorced your husband?"

"Yes."

"Do you—excuse me—feel any rancor against him?"

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CHANGE OF HEART

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"No—not at all."

"You have a very forgiving nature, Mrs. Strange."

She did not answer. He tried silence, but Audrey was not Kay, to be thus goaded into speech. She could remain silent without any hint of uneasiness.

Battle acknowledged himself beaten. "You are sure it was not your idea—this meeting?"

"Quite sure."

"You are on friendly terms with the present Mrs. Strange?"

"I don't think she likes me very much."

"Do you like her?"

"Yes. I think she is very beautiful."

"Well—thank you. I think that is all."

She got up and walked toward the door. Then she hesitated and came back.

"I would just like to say"—she spoke nervously and quickly—"you think Nevile did this—that he killed her because of the money. I'm quite sure that isn't so. Nevile has never cared much about money. I do know that. I was married to him for eight years, you know. I just can't see him killing anyone like that for money. It—it—isn't Nevile. I know my saying so isn't of any value as evidence, but I do wish you would believe it."

She turned and hurried out of the room.

"And what do you make of *her?*" asked Leach. "I've never seen anyone so—so devoid of emotion."

"She didn't show any," said Battle. "But it's there. Some very strong emotion. And I don't know what it is."

THOMAS ROYDE came last. He sat, solemn and stiff, blinking a little like an owl. Yes, he had heard Mr. Nevile Strange leave the house but had not seen him. Nevile had left at about twenty past ten or perhaps a little later. He himself had heard nothing during the night. He was up and in the garden when the discovery of Lady Tressilian's body had been made. He was an early riser.

There was a pause.

"Miss Aldin has told us that there was a state of tension in the house. Did you notice this, too?"

"I don't think so. Don't notice things much."

That's a lie, thought Battle to himself. You notice a good deal, I should say—more than most.

No, Royde didn't think Nevile Strange had been short of money in any way. He certainly had not seemed so. But he knew very little about Mr. Strange's affairs.

"How well did you know the second Mrs. Strange?"

"I met her here for the first time," Royde said.

Battle played his last card. "You may know, Mr. Royde, that we've found Mr. Nevile Strange's fingerprints on the weapon. And we've found blood on the sleeve of the coat he wore last night." He paused.

Royde nodded. "He was telling us," he muttered.

"I'm asking you frankly: Do you think he did it?"

Thomas Royde never liked to be hurried. He waited for a minute—which is a very long time—before he answered, "Don't see why you ask *me*. Not my business. It's yours. Should say myself—very unlikely."

"Can you think of anyone who seems to you more likely?"

Thomas shook his head. "Only person I think likely can't possibly have done it. So that's that."

"And who is that?"

But Royde shook his head more decidedly. "Couldn't possibly say. Only my private opinion."

"It's your duty to assist the police."

"Tell you any facts. This isn't fact. Just idea. And it's impossible, anyway."

"We didn't get much out of him," said Leach when Royde had gone.

Battle agreed. "No, we didn't. He's got something in his mind—something quite definite. I'd like to know what it is. This is a very peculiar sort of crime, Jim."

The telephone rang before Leach could answer. He took up the receiver and spoke. After a minute or two of listening, he said, "Good," and slammed it down.

"Blood on the coat sleeve is human," he announced. "Same blood group as Lady T's. Looks as though Nevile Strange is for it—"

Battle had walked over to the window and was looking out with interest.

"A beautiful young man out there," he remarked. "Quite beautiful and a definite wrong 'un, I should say. It's a pity Mr. Latimer—for I feel that that's Mr. Latimer—was over at Easterhead Bay last night. He's the type that would smash in his own grandmother's head if he thought he could get away with it and if he knew he'd make something out of it."

"Well, there wasn't anything in it for him," said Leach. "Lady T's death doesn't benefit him in any way whatever." The telephone bell rang again. "Damn this phone, what's the matter now?" He went to it. "Hullo. Oh, it's you, Doctor? What? Come round, has she? What? *What?*"

He turned his head. "Uncle, just come and listen to this."

Battle came over and took the phone. He listened, his face, as usual, showing no expression. He said to Leach, "Get Nevile Strange, Jim."

When Nevile came in, Battle was just replacing the phone on its hook.

Nevile, looking white and spent, stared curiously at the Scotland Yard superintendent, trying to read the emotion behind the wooden mask.

"Mr. Strange," said Battle, "do you know anyone who dislikes you very much?"

Nevile stared and shook his head.

"Sure?" Battle said. "I mean, sir, someone who does more than dislike you—someone who—frankly—hates your guts?"

Nevile sat bolt upright. "No. No, certainly not. Nothing of the kind."

"Think, Mr. Strange. Is there no one you've injured in any way?"

Nevile flushed. "There's only one person I can be said to have injured, and she's not the kind who bears rancor. That's my first wife, when I left her for another woman. But I can assure you that she doesn't hate me. She's—she's been an angel."

THE superintendent leaned forward across the table.

"Let me tell you, Mr. Strange, you're a very lucky man. I don't say I liked the case against you. I didn't. But it *was* a case! It would have stood up all right, and unless the jury happened to like your personality, *it would have hanged you.*"

"You speak," said Nevile, "as though all that were past?"

"It is past," said Battle. "You've been saved, Mr. Strange, by pure chance."

Nevile still looked inquiringly at him.

"After you left her last night," said Battle, "Lady Tressilian rang the bell for her maid."

He watched while Nevile took it in.

"*After?* Then Barrett saw her—"

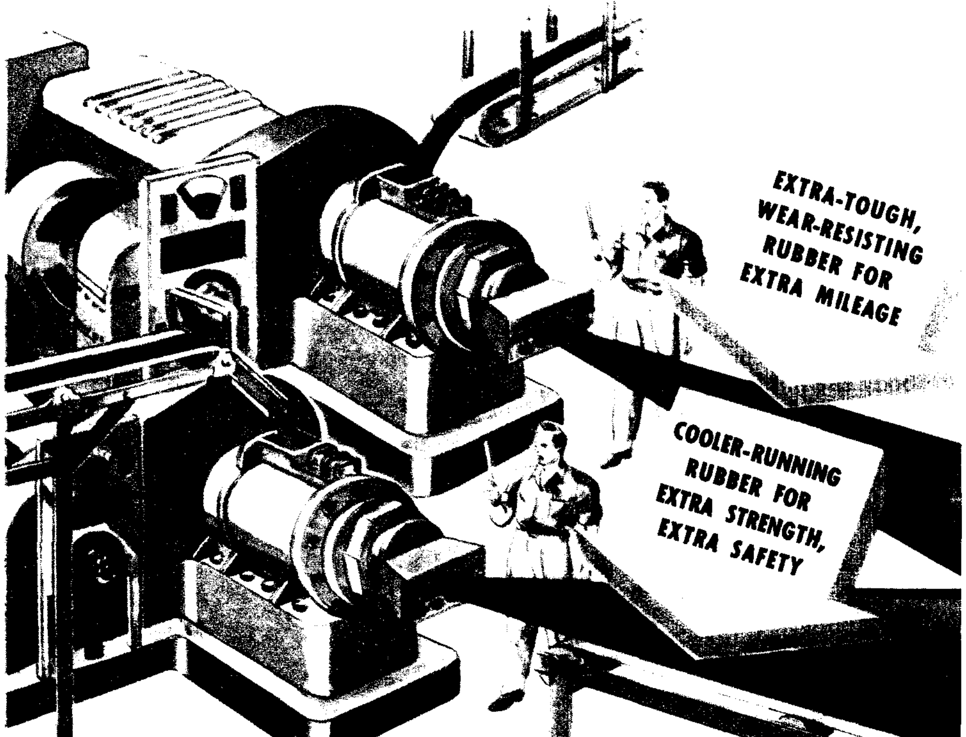
"Yes. *Alive and well.* Barrett also saw you leave the house before she went in to her mistress."

Nevile said, "But the niblick—my fingerprints—"

"She wasn't hit with that niblick. Doctor Lazenby didn't like it at the time. I saw that. She was killed with something else. That niblick was put there deliberately to throw suspicion on *you*. It may be by someone who overheard the quarrel and so selected you as a suitable victim, or it may be because—" He paused, and then repeated his question: "Who is there in this house that hates you, Mr. Strange?"

(To be concluded next week)

TODAY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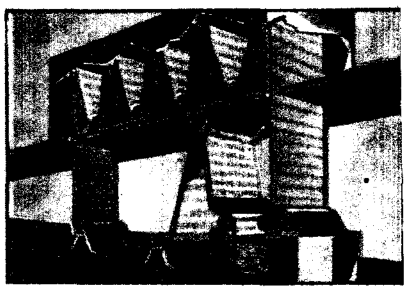

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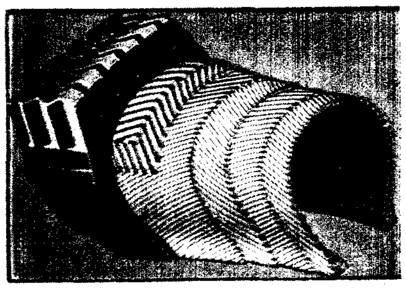

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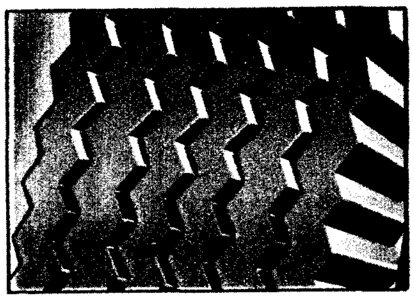

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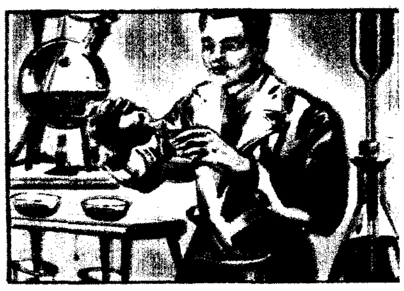

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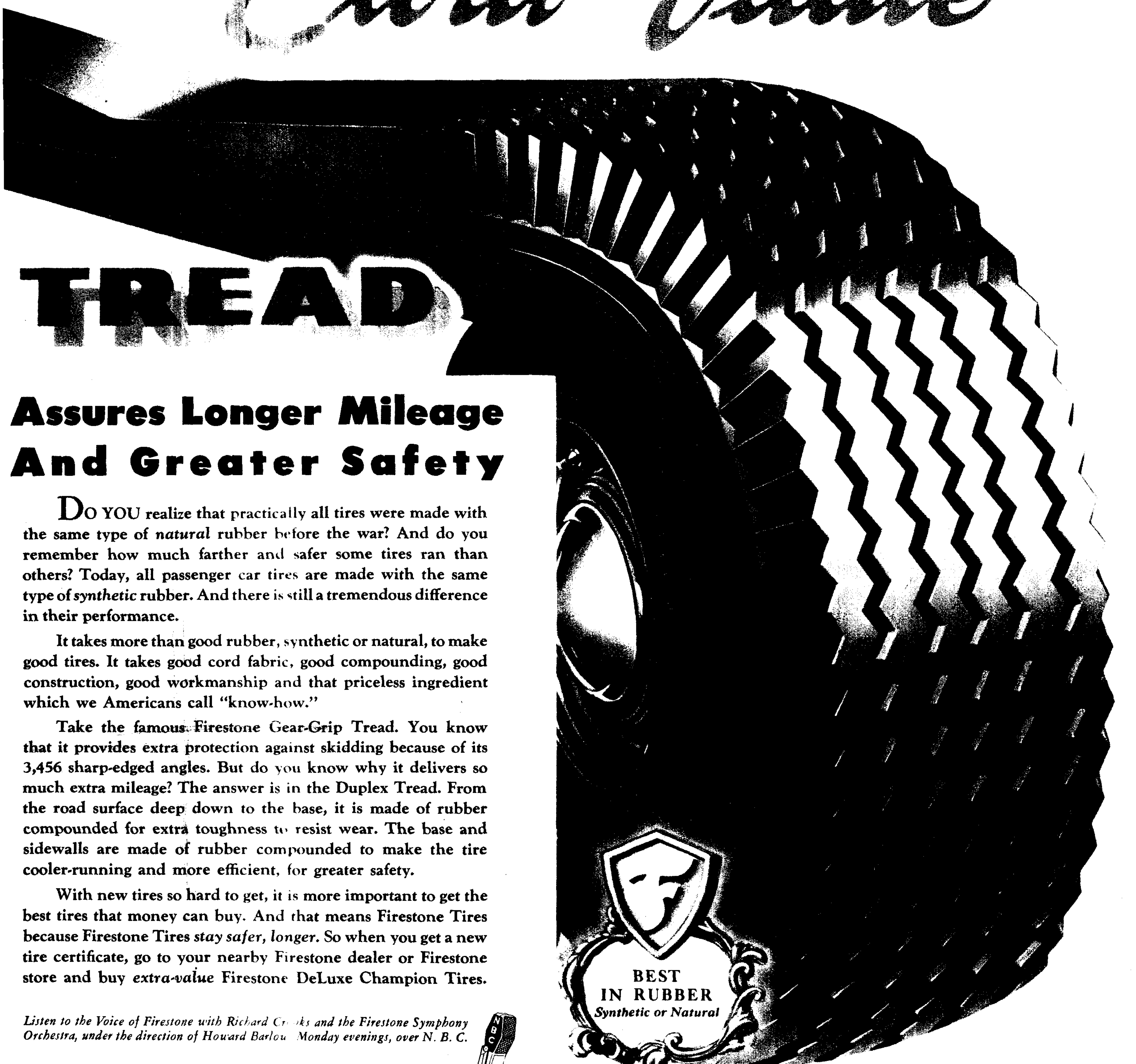

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THE DEVIL WITH HARRY

BY ERNEST LEHMAN

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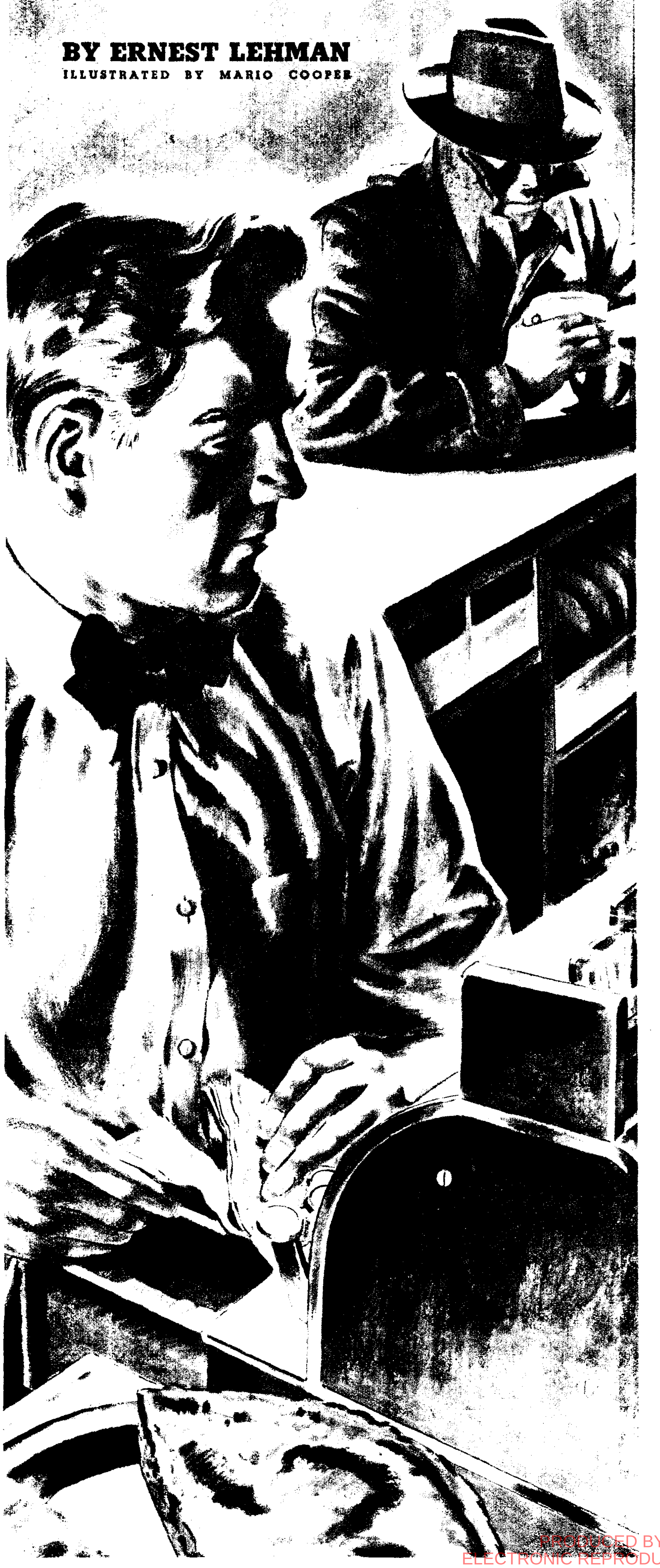


Out of the corner of his eye Al saw the stranger watching him make change

AL SCRAPED and rubbed on the grill that had given birth to so many hamburgers and fried eggs that day, and kept telling himself there was really nothing to worry about. It was just that he was turning into a nervous old woman, that's what it was. A guy walks into your diner at two-thirty in the morning, parks himself at one end of the counter and sits there nursing a cup of java for half an hour, and just because he's got his coat collar up around his ears and his hat pulled down a little too far and because his eyes happen to shift around like a terrier's, right away the guy is a stickup artist. Remind me, thought Al, to look under the bed when I get home.

The little radio on top of the white refrigerator rattled out a program of recorded dance music. At the other end of the diner, near the sliding door, Harry Hogarth hunched his burly frame over the pin-ball machine, and the repeated "plop" of the plunger and the roll and click-click of the metal balls on the pins advertised his persistence.

For once, Al was glad Harry was around. For once, Harry's huge bulk and close-cropped head were a welcome sight. And Harry sure would gloat if he knew what Al was thinking.

Harry and Al hadn't spoken to each other in over five years now, ever since that afternoon at the church picnic when Al had taken Mary Garrety out in a rowboat and kept her to himself until it was time to leave. He hadn't really stolen her away from Harry, like Harry claimed. It was she who had taken a shine to him. But quick-tempered Harry had gotten ugly about the whole thing, and when Mary and Al got married and settled down in the village, Harry made no bones about what he thought of Al. He just refused to speak to Al any more, and Al gave him back the same dose, and so it had developed into a feud—a battle of stubbornness in which each went to fantastic lengths to avoid addressing the other.

Of course it would have been easier if Harry stayed away from the T-Bone Diner. But where else in town could a guy get a decent hamburger for a dime? Where else could a guy plunk on a pin-ball machine until three A.M. . . . even if he did always have to ask someone sitting at the counter to relay his order to Al . . . even if he did always have to drop a bill on the counter so that Al wouldn't have to tell him how much he owed but would just make a mental note of it and then give him the correct change.

No, sir, there was no love lost between Harry and him, but right now it sure was wonderful to have him around. He was indeed a beautiful sight to behold. There was something comforting about the sound he made when he released the plunger and the metal balls rolled and bounced off the obstacles and the mechanism whirred noisily as the lights flashed a lucky hit. It was a warm, cozy sound to Al, like the sizzling of onions in butter on a fresh, clean grill. . . .

THE sound of the pin-ball game stopped. Al held his breath, waiting to hear Harry rack up again. The sound never came. Harry had given the machine a slap of disappointment and was turning away. Al's mouth went dry and he felt his insides contract with fear. Harry was walking over to him now to pay up. Al could feel the stranger watching them closely in the mirror. His fingers had stopped tapping the counter. He seemed to be stirring with sudden interest.

Al could see it all as though it had already happened, and his lips trembled. He'd pass out with fright, that's what he'd do. The sight of a gun pointing at his belly would turn him into a quaking, blubbering mess. He licked his dry lips and his eyes darted back and forth as though looking for an escape. Harry walked toward him, and the stranger watched in the mirror, waiting, and to Al it was like the dream where he was being chased and couldn't run.

Alone here at three in the morning with a rod in his belly and a fistful of tens and twenties in the register and a blaring dance band to cover up the sound of chattering teeth and perhaps an involuntary cry . . . The weeks of struggle and sweat to make up the dough . . . The things Mary would have to do without . . . The new neon sign that he'd never be able to get . . . All that precious long green flown out the window . . .

There was one chance—the only chance: a whispered word to Harry. That would do it. He could turn his back so the stranger wouldn't see it. All he had to do was whisper "Stick-up" to Harry and jerk his head back a little. Harry would get it. He was a louse all right but he wasn't dumb. He'd know what was brewing.

HARRY was standing in front of him now. Al looked up at Harry, at the sneer that was always there. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the stranger and he watched Harry slap a ten-spot on the counter and nonchalantly take a toothpick out of the little glass jar and suck on it, his hands in his pockets, looking past Al with the supercilious scorn that was always on his face. It was now or never. Al looked at the face and he felt the hot anger rising within him, and suddenly he knew that he'd see Harry in hell before he'd ever speak to him.

He took the ten and he rang up thirty-five cents for the hamburgers and the custard pie and coffee. He tossed some silver back on the counter and he stacked up some bills, and he watched Harry's face as he scooped up the money and stuffed it in his pocket, and he knew in his heart that Harry would never speak up to him, no matter what, nor he to Harry. And as he watched Harry saunter out and heard the door sliding closed and Harry's footsteps die away in the night, somehow he wasn't as terrified as he'd expected to be.

Though his stomach quailed and his hands and feet went cold as the stranger slid off the stool and walked over to him, his teeth did not chatter and he did not back away. Nor did he blubber or cry with fear when he saw the glint of blue steel in the stranger's hand. His hands did tremble a bit as he held them above his head, and his voice sounded strange in his ears when he asked the man please not to shoot, he was a married man with children, but he walked on firm legs to the washroom as the prodding gun directed him and he let himself be locked in.

He heard the cash register ringing open and he knew that the man was cleaning out the bills, and then the door banged shut and footsteps raced away and there was only the dance music and his pounding heart. Run, you dirty louse, he muttered, take the ten or twelve or fourteen crumby dollars you managed to get for your troubles.

He stood there in the washroom smiling to himself. He felt much better now, almost proud of himself. It was over and done with and he had kept it from being too bad. He hadn't spoken to Harry—that was the important thing. He hadn't come crawling to Harry on his hands and knees after all those years. All he had to worry about now was how to get out of this washroom without breaking down the door. And how to get Harry to return the five twenties and four tens he had stacked up for him as change. He'd do it without speaking to him, too. The devil with Harry.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Veteran in Search of a Peacetime Future

THIS veteran knows of no job to come back to after the war.

It was born of war necessity—built to perform a strategic purpose new in the history of aircraft.

The requirements were an engineering challenge. It had to be strong to do its heavy work. Yet it had to be light and fit in the small space available.

That is why even optimists doubted such a device could be built.

But here it is: The Lear Actuator.

Its job is operating flaps, landing gears, shutters and other equipment on the power of an airplane storage battery.

Now, of course, our plants are working round the clock to make enough of these for the fighting ships of Uncle Sam.

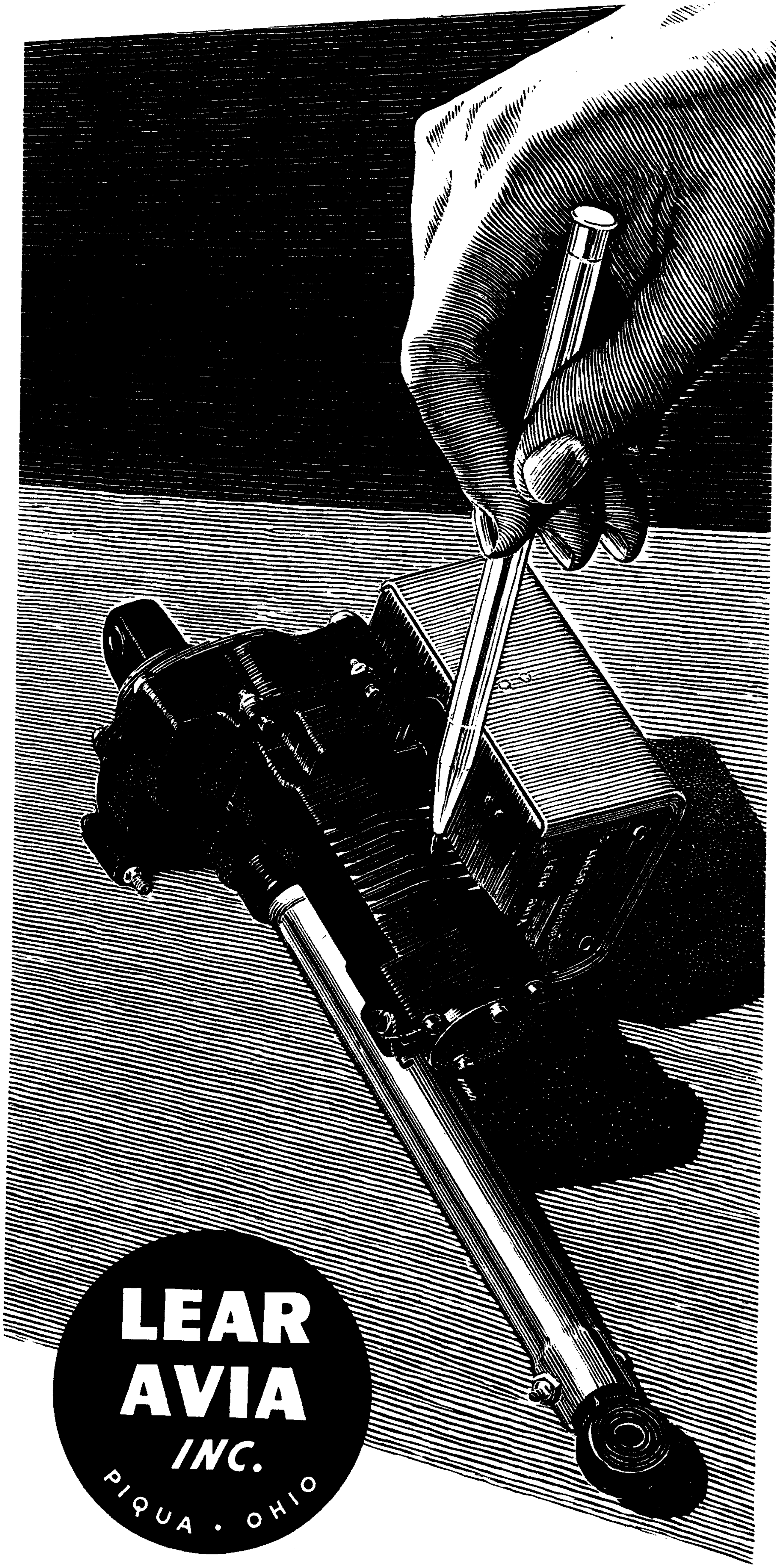
But we know that such unique devices, the midget motors that drive them and all the 250 Lear products, must have an important future in some peacetime products.

They may park your car with the push of a button—or do any of thousands of jobs we haven't thought of.

That is why we are telling you about them. We want to find jobs for these able veterans.

And we want you to know that the kind of engineering thinking and production technique that made them possible is available.

PLANTS: Piqua, O., and Grand Rapids, Mich. BRANCHES AT: New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Providence.



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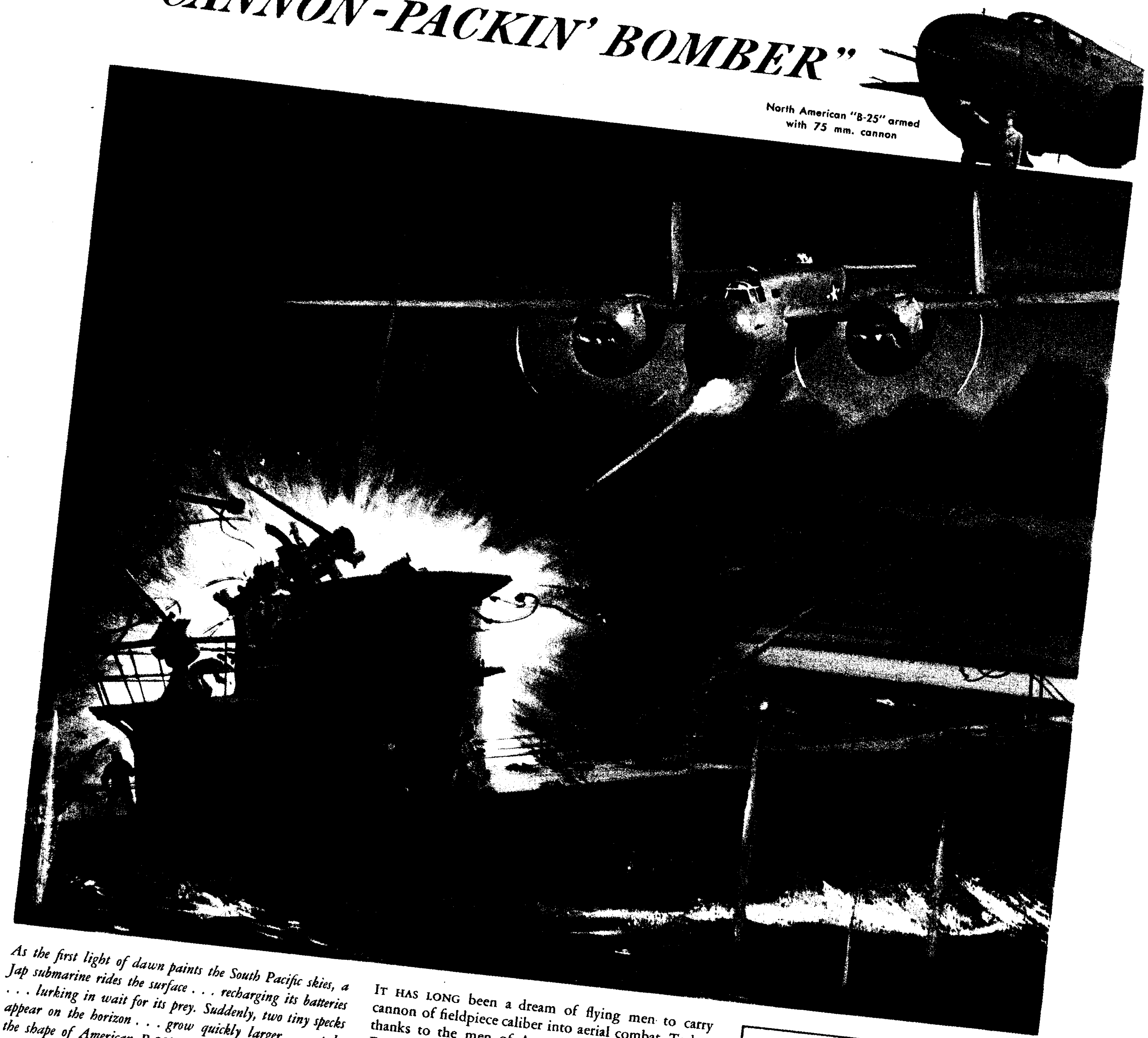
"CANNON-PACKIN' BOMBER"


North American "B-25" armed with 75 mm. cannon

As the first light of dawn paints the South Pacific skies, a Jap submarine rides the surface . . . recharging its batteries . . . lurking in wait for its prey. Suddenly, two tiny specks appear on the horizon . . . grow quickly larger . . . take the shape of American B-25's. "Crash-dive!" screams the Japanese commander. Too late, though. These are "Flying 75's"—bombers that pack the Fire-Power of 75 mm. cannon, and start throwing high-explosive from thousands of yards away. Now the nose of the first plane blossoms orange flame. It's a near miss . . . then a glancing hit on the deck . . . then a direct smash on the conning tower. And another Nipponese submarine will never prowl again! . . .

IT HAS LONG been a dream of flying men to carry cannon of fieldpiece caliber into aerial combat. Today, thanks to the men of Army Ordnance, and the Air Forces, and American industry, too—that dream has become a reality. 75 mm. cannon are now *flown* into battle by U. S. bombers—the same size cannon that we at Oldsmobile have long been building for tanks. Other Oldsmobile Fire-Power products include smaller aerial cannon of the fast-firing, automatic type; high-velocity cannon for tank destroyers; shell of many types, including those used by the "cannon-packin'" B-25's.

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HELP KEEP THE *"Flying 75's" Firing!*

If you can't *fire* these big, high-explosive shell, you can help *buy* them. Put your dollars in War Bonds and own a share in these weapons. All money will be cheerfully refunded, with interest, after Victory!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**

KEEP 'EM FIRING

Free for All

Continued from page 22

a rag, a little cleaner and plenty of elbow grease. The questioner told him that she hadn't run a boardinghouse for twenty years without learning that much. What she wanted was a chemical that would soak off the rings without scrubbing. She had tried lye with disastrous results.

The librarian set her up with a stack of material on the chemistry of soaps. The woman studied all day and left with a gleam in her eye. Apparently she had found what she wanted.

Because some people are in a hurry for information, Room 118 must be ready to give out answers by telephone. It prides itself that it was once able to settle a bet this way: "Can you tell me," a cultivated woman's voice asked, "whether the sun is nearer the earth in winter than in summer? There are seven people here and they've all bet me that it isn't." The librarian said it was. "Now," continued the lady, "would you mind repeating that and shouting it so everybody can hear? They won't pay me until they can hear it officially from you."

Room 118 gets its greatest kick out of the patent files, and the help they give annually to thousands of inventors. Prize example is the case of John C. Donnelly, who, without any technical education at all, solved a problem in compressing dehydrated foods that had baffled the wisest engineers (Collier's, Nov. 27, 1943). His invention has given the United Nations an immeasurable advantage in moving supplies abroad with the minimum of ships. And yet, says Donnelly, "all the science I know I learned in Room 118."

This great patent collection is constantly saving people from useless repetition, not infrequently spurring them on to genuine inventions of their own. One of 118's steady patrons, a middle-aged chemist whose inventions were repeatedly duds, finally hit upon something of real value. A large paint manufacturer gave him a favorable report on his idea. The man was so excited that he told one of the librarians of his coming success. But later he came back to say the invention had been rejected on the advice of a chemist the company had just employed.

A Librarian Detective

Two years ago the librarian saw in the Patent Office Gazette that a patent had just been issued to another man on the same idea. He contacted the chemist, who recognized at once the name of the man who had turned his work down. The chemist investigated and found that the thief had obtained an important job with another company on the strength of the stolen idea. The chemist took it to court and has already won the first legal round.

Celebrities are a rarity among Room 118's clientele, as they usually send around research assistants to do the digging, and to keep abreast of technical progress. One of the very few who broke this rule was Nikola Tesla, who made Room 118 a favorite haunt.

As a young man, Tesla had made several great inventions in electric motors for alternating current. But as he grew older, he seemed determined to establish a reputation as a fantastic dreamer. He came to the library, apparently, for two reasons: to collect sick pigeons to nurse, and to pick up farfetched scientific ideas with which to regale the reporters.

Practically every big corporation in the country depends on Room 118 for special help. Largest of all its clients is the U. S. government itself. Army and Navy researchers are always on duty there, searching through foreign engineering publications. Unexpectedly valuable are the catalogues and ornamental brochures the library painstakingly collected from aggressive European business firms before the war. These booklets contain fine aerial photos of plants; they show strategic bridges, dams and tunnels; they disclose the locations of gas works, refineries, hundreds of vital structures that our boys are now reducing to rubble.

Room 118 and most other departments in the New York Public Library are maintained by the interest from an endowment of some $40,000,000, begun in 1848 by John Jacob Astor. The service does not cost the taxpayer a cent.

Before the war, the library had scouts in every civilized country, buying all the scientific literature available. In the summer of 1940, a special agent went to Germany to rescue as much technical stuff as possible before we became enmeshed in the war. In Munich the agent suddenly excited Nazi suspicions and was arrested and held for days. He finally escaped, but many of his books were confiscated. Not all; he had worked so cleverly that a thin stream continues to trickle across the Atlantic even now. One of them arrived just the other day, after a three years' journey back and forth between Germany, Russia and Japan.

Assiduous as it is in helping with the war, Room 118 still does its best work helping the thousands of people who seek the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Many are cranks; some are plain nuts. But the library keeps right on giving answers.

One of the habitués of Room 118 is an old codger who does not believe that heat and cold are simply different degrees of the same thing but actually separate fluids of opposite kinds. He thinks it will be possible to bottle them, like milk, to be released in one's home as needed, to control temperature.

Proof of the Impossible

For years this man has searched for proof that his theory is right. Again and again the librarians have given him material to show him his mistake, but he pays no attention to it. About a year ago he became suspicious of their attentions and turned truculent. So now, whenever he finds a bit of lore that he thinks supports his theory, he copies it out in longhand, seizes a moment when the librarians are busy, leaves it on a desk and runs away.

Strangest of all are the repeaters—those solitary zealots who come back year after year to read the same books over and over again. There is the man who plows incessantly through abstruse works on bridge design. The staff has observed that it takes him about two years to digest a single book, but he never falters till he has completed it. For what purpose, they don't know.

Then there is the old man who has been sitting in Room 118 for more years than any librarian can remember, reading one book—an aged tome on alchemy. It is thought that he still believes in that discredited art and is secretly trying to turn lead into gold. But he is so aggressively tight-lipped that no one would dream of asking him leading questions, much less of shattering his dream world by offering him up-to-date literature on atom smashing.

Although he is obviously five or six centuries behind the times, Room 118 is glad he comes. He is a symbol that proves its work is not being done in vain.

THE END

ANSWERS FOR THE PRONUNCIATION TEST ON PAGE 38

Words	*Pronunciation*	*Caution*	*Sounds like or rhymes with*
1. INGÉNUE	ann zhay *nu*	Accent nu	Angie-KNEW
TONSILLITIS	tonsil *eye* tis	Say eyetis, not eatus	on-sill-*I*-kiss
CHASTISEMENT	*chass* tiz ment	Accent first syllable	PASSED-his-rent
EPICUREAN	eppy kew *ree* an	Accent the re	peppy-Lew-SHEEan
2. APROPOS	app ro *po*	Drop the s, accent po	Jap-no-NO
CLIENTELE	kly en *tell*	Say tell not teel, long i	lie-'n-TELL
AMORTIZE	ah *mawr* tize	Accent mor, long i	a-QUART-size
DEBENTURES	dee *ben* tures	Accent ben, ture is nearly cher	we-SENT-yours
3. MERCANTILE	*merk* an till	Say till, not tile or teel	WORK-an'-till
MAINTENANCE	*main* te nans	Accent the main	DRAIN-the-pans
ULTIMATUM	ullty *may* tum	Long a accented	Shulty-ATE-'um
DEFICIT	*deff* i sit	Accent the def, not fissit	JEFFie-sit
4. HEINOUS	*hay* nuss	Two syllables, not hee or high	TRAIN-us
ASININE	*assy* nine	Accent first syllable	LASSie-mine
MORALE	moe *ral*	Accent ral	more-AL
ENTIRE	en *tire*	Accent the tire	men-TIRE
5. GONDOLA	*gone* do lah	Accent first syllable	BLONDE-oh-la
ROBUST	ro *bust*	Accent the bust	no-MUST
MARSEILLES	mahr *sales*	With final s	car-SALES
(French)	mahr *se'y'*	Without final s	farce-EH-ee
MARSEILLAISE	mahrsy *laze*	Accent the laze, long a	parcel-RAISE
6. ROUTINE	rue *teen*	Accent the teen	too-MEAN
NEWS	news	Don't say nooz	PEWS
LITERATI	litter *ate* eye	Last two syllables are long	litter-ATE-I
PULITZER	*pew* lit sir	Accent first syllable, long u	FEW-lit-sir
7. IGNORAMUS	ig no *ray* muss	The a is long	ignor-AMos
SAPIENT	*say* pe ent	The a is long	APE-he-went
INCONGRUOUS	in *kong* groo us	Accent the kong	in-SONG-woo-us
AURORA	ah-ro-rah	Accent o	aROW-pa
BOREALIS	bore ee *ale* iss	Accent is on long a	so-we-SAY-miss
8. MIRAGE	mih *rahzh*	The *age* endings of these four words are given a French *ahzh* sound. All are accented on last syllable, except camouflage which accents the first with short a.	
CAMOUFLAGE	*cam* oo flahzh		
BARRAGE	bah *rahzh*		
GARAGE	gah *rahzh*		
9. DISPUTANTS	*dis* pew tants	Accent first syllable	MISS-you-pants
COMPARABLE	*kom* pah rah b'l	Accent the com	TOM-saw-a-bull
MINERALOGY	min er *al* o jy	Accent the al with short a	dinner-AL-oh-gee
METALLURGY	*met*'l urjy	Accent first syllable	SETtle-Virgie
10. GENDARME	zhan *dahrm*	A French military policeman	John-DARM
QUIETUS	kwy *ee* tuss	Long e accented	fly-EAT-us
RIBALD	*rib* 'ld	Accent first syllable, short i	QUIBbled
GIGOLO	*jig* o lo	Say jig, not gig	JIG-oh-low

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Reliance UNIVERSAL
"WE PUT THE WORLD TO SLEEP"

Take Me Back

Continued from page 24

then. She was brave, then—with Tack where she could see him, speak to him, touch him, learn him by heart.

"I find out something new about you every day," he had said to her once, shyly. Tack didn't express his thoughts easily. She knew that much about him, and for her the simple words were the very kernel of the deepest joy possible. To love, and to know each other.

Now, staring down the vista of the long, cold, unhappy hours, she thought that marriage wasn't something that just happened. You had to build it, like building a house. They had the foundation, strong and firm and beautiful. But it wasn't a house. You couldn't *live* in it, and you couldn't leave it or forget it. . . .

THERE was a soft knock at the door, and Mrs. Bigelow's deprecating smile appeared. "I expect you want to be alone," she began. Her eyes were round with sympathy, her mouth pursed and sweet with it.

"Come in, Mrs. Bigelow," said Donna.

Mrs. Bigelow had been very nice about taking out the studio couch and putting in the four-poster bed.

"Why, of course, Donna," she had said. "Of course, honey."

And she had tried not to watch them—but it was so romantic, wasn't it? And her eyes would slide around, even though her plump body and curly gray head were dutifully turned away.

"You know what I'm going to do, Donna?" she was saying. "I'm going to write your mother a nice, long letter, and tell her what a sweet boy you married. She'll want to hear every little thing, I know. It means so much, to a mother—"

"That's very nice of you," Donna said tonelessly.

"I don't think I ever heard you say where the captain is from. Where do his parents live?"

"His mother is dead. His father lives in Kansas." Donna picked up a housecoat from the closet floor and put it back on its hanger.

"Poor boy. What part of Kansas? What does his father do?"

She couldn't insult Mrs. Bigelow, who had been so kind to her, who was an old high-school teacher of her mother's. She said with quiet desperation, "Will you excuse me, please? I have a lunch date, with Jan. I'll have to hurry—"

It was a lie, but it served its purpose. It got the kind, inquisitive eyes and the artless, prying tongue out of the room.

She dressed in a panic of haste. She flung on make-up. Tack liked the high-heeled slippers, the flowered dress, the big hat. She rushed down the stairs.

The street was the same. The hotel, when she got to it, was the same. It would be silly to go in there now. The dancing didn't begin until evening. Room 524 would be occupied by somebody else. Another honeymooning couple, perhaps. She hurried away. . . .

IT WAS one o'clock, and she was exhausted. She had been walking fast for almost two hours. She ought to have some food.

She turned in at a place where she and Tack had gone for lunch once or twice. She went past the long bar and food counter, into a back room with booths in old dark leather, heavy mirrors.

She ordered a sandwich and iced tea. Here in this very booth she had lunched with Tack. What had they talked about? She tried to think.

"I know you. Your name's Donna." Donna looked up, into merry eyes. He was young. Air Corps uniform, silver bar, silver wings. She remembered him vaguely. Tack had introduced him—Chuck Something-or-other—one night when they were dancing. She had a foolish, fond feeling, because of the silver wings. He was a flier, too.

"Hello, Lieutenant," she said.

"Mind if I sit down?" He was a gay young man. A blond, cocky young man. "Let's see. It was Tack Howell who introduced us, wasn't it? Good old Tack. Too bad he has such a dull job."

"You're not a transport pilot?"

"Me ferry one of those lumbering crates? I should say not! I'm a fighter pilot," he bragged.

Donna grinned faintly. "Do that again," he begged. He leaned toward her, across the narrow table. "How about dancing, tonight?" he said persuasively.

Donna peered blindly into her glass, swishing the contents around, making the ice clink. That was what Tack always said: How about dancing? How about food? How about a drink?

"How about it—Donna?"

She jerked her head up, and he misunderstood. "I'm not being fresh," he protested. "Just can't remember your last name."

"It's Howell," she said, evenly.

For the flicker of an eyelash, the blond boy was disconcerted, but he made a quick recovery. "So you're a Mrs. So you married the guy. So what? Does that affect your dancing feet?"

So what? She didn't know. But it was none of Chuck What's-his-name's business. She said again, as she had said to Mrs. Bigelow, "Will you excuse me, please?" and got to her feet hurriedly. "I have to make a phone call."

SHE went into the booth and fished a nickel out of her bag. She dialed Jan Taylor's number, listened while the phone rang three times, and Jan's voice said, "Hello"—and again, questioningly, "Hello?"

Donna put back the receiver gently and stumbled out into the bright street. She didn't want to talk to Jan after all.

Jan and Cy had been their witnesses when they were married, wearing the pleased, proprietary expressions of people who have fostered a romance.

Jan had known Tack longer than she had. But she couldn't ask Jan. She couldn't say, "By the way, I forgot to cross-examine him while we were on our honeymoon, and I find I don't know a lot of things I'd like to know."

She went home, finally, because there was nowhere else to go. The room was empty and cold. She took off her dress and shoes, and curled up on the bed, pulling the quilt over her.

So you married the guy. So what? The blond lieutenant's words came back to haunt her—gay, half-mocking, half-defensive. So what, she asked of her own dark thoughts. Not whether she might sometime go dancing with somebody else. That was beside the point.

She thought of her mother's apprehensive blessing, given over the long-distance phone. "But Donna, dear, you don't *know* this young man," and her blithe assurance, "I know what I'm doing, Mother!" She thought of Jan Taylor, serene and smiling during her husband's long absences, moving in a phosphorescent glow of happiness when he was home.

But Jan had had five years of marriage, and she had known Cy all her life. She knew whether he had an Aunt Emma, and about the time he threw the inkwell, in the third grade—and all the little, unimportant things that were so terribly important. . . .

Donna didn't answer when a knock sounded on the door. Let Mrs. Bigelow think she was sleeping. She didn't want to talk to her. After an instant the door opened.

Tack Howell dropped the flight bag on the floor, with a noisy thud. "Hello," he said. "Having a nap?"

"No." Donna was numb. Why had he come back now, when she had been through all the agony of giving him up? She shivered, under the patchwork quilt. She wanted to throw herself into his arms, to cling to him and weep hysterically. But she didn't. He expected her to be brave.

Tack came across the room and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Not sick, are you?"

"No." She drew away a little. She didn't want him to know she'd been crying. "So you didn't go after all," she said.

"No."

Was he going to let it go at that? "Why?" she asked.

Tack shrugged. "Part of our pay load didn't show up. A colonel, going out as a replacement. We waited—and finally got a message he'll be in late tonight. We'll go out in the morning. . . . What have you been doing, all day?"

"Nothing." She, too, could be remote and self-contained. But something prodded her, perversely, toward her own destruction.

"I went out for lunch," she said, at last. "To that Quincy Bar, where we were last week. I met a friend of yours, Chuck—I can't remember his last name."

"Chuck Rivers. He's not a friend. I know him. That's all."

"He asked me to go dancing."

"Better be careful, Donna. I don't know a thing about him."

She tried to shape her lips to something light and casual, but the tension inside her was too strong. Her phony self-control snapped.

"Look who's giving advice," she said wildly. "What do I know about *you*—except that I enjoy your love-making, that you're the decent sort who offers a girl marriage instead of something else."

SHE *wanted* to shock him, to break up his Indian composure. She rushed on, recklessly: "It may be a good enough foundation—but how can I build a marriage out of it, all alone? I can't even write to you, I don't know where to write. And you—you'll send me a cable sometimes. If you're not too busy."

He looked at her, for a long time, but his face didn't change, only his eyes. "What do you want, Donna?" he asked.

"I want"—she cried it, desolately—"I want to know whether you believed in Santa Claus, when you were seven. And if your mother made sugar cookies for you, and whether you had a dog, or a paper route—or a crush on one of your high-school teachers—"

She heard her voice, babbling on and on. There were a lot of things she wanted to know, it seemed. Before she reached the end, Tack turned and walked out of the room.

Donna heard the door open and close. She sat up. "Tack!" she cried. "Tack—I didn't mean it. I—"

He shouldn't have gone like that without saying anything. It wasn't fair.

She got up slowly. She stepped into her slippers and pulled on the flowered dress, smoothing it down neatly over her hips. When he came back—if he came back—she'd behave herself. She'd get what she could from these few hours of grace. She went to the dresser and powdered her face and made up her mouth, carefully. Her eyes were a little red.

The door opened. She watched it, in the mirror. Tack came through, carrying a glass of water. "Here," he said.

Donna took it and drank a few swallows. She was a fool, she should have known Tack Howell wouldn't just walk out on a situation.

"I'm all right," she said. "You'll want some food. Shall we go to Boggio's for dinner?"

"Come here," said Tack. He took her arm and pulled her toward the easy chair, and she went docilely, like a good little girl.

He lighted a cigarette for her, and one for himself. "We haven't had much time for conversation," he said, with perfect gravity. Then he began to talk.

"I had a dog named Ring," he said. "He was brown and white. Once I had a pet turtle. I was ten when my mother died. Aunt Alice lived next door. She took care of our house and hers, and brought me up along with Collie, her own boy. She wasn't really my aunt. My father worked on the railroad—still does. We lived in Hoisington. That's a town in Kansas. You never heard of it. It's a division point on the railroad. It's where they change from central to mountain time."

DONNA listened, wondering. He hadn't paused to argue about whether she was right or wrong. Something troubled her, and with painstaking thoroughness he was doing his best to set it right.

Tack wasn't naturally talkative. Actions would always speak louder than words with him. But if words were what she wanted, he'd do his best. She had a vision of what his letters would be like—inarticulate, postcard length, horribly matter of fact. But she'd treasure them, and out of her imagination and her memories of this hour, she would build something lasting—something for them both. A marriage.

She leaned against him. "I was an awful tomboy," she said. "Mother spanked me, once, for climbing to the top of the tallest cottonwood. It was mostly because she was scared, though. She thought I'd fall and be killed." She stopped suddenly.

"Darling!" she said.

"Go on," said Tack. He was leaning back, with his head against the top of the chair. "Tell some more."

"I will—but Tack, I have to ask you this. I know I married you, but I wasn't paying attention, when you filled out the license application—and I'll have to have it, for letters—when you send me an address I can write to. Tack what *is* your first name?"

He said woodenly, "It's easy to remember. John."

And suddenly they were hanging on to each other, lost in gales of wild, foolish, relieving laughter.

It was all nonsense about the healing power of tears, Donna thought, gasping. Tack loosened his hold on her.

"Gosh," he said. "That did me good."

He had been too tense and keyed up. They both had—in their determination to crowd a lifetime of happiness into two weeks.

Donna said soberly:

"What if you hadn't come back? I was being an awful fool, Tack. I was in an absolute panic."

The quiet confidence in his voice, and in his eyes, was a rock of Gibraltar. "You'd have worked it out," he said.

SHE rode with him, the next morning, as far as the gates of the post, sitting in the taxi with his battered flight bag at their feet and his arm around her—loosely, but as if she belonged to him.

She didn't try to go inside. He was the Army's when he passed through the gate beside the sentry box. He kissed her gravely, before he got out, and the taxi turned around to take her back to town.

"Don't worry," he said. "It'll be all right. We'll do it the hard way. Nothing is easy, in 1944."

THE END

Sunday driving...1944 style

Those Sunday drives you used to take did something more than just give you a breath of fresh air. They helped to keep your storage battery up by giving it a charge from the generator on your motor.

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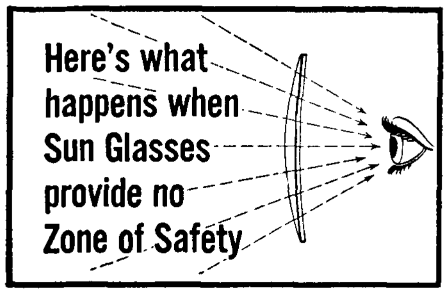
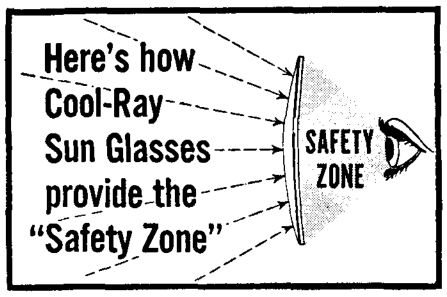
SUMMER OR WINTER SUNLIGHT may be hard on your eyes, for some sun glasses—regardless of how "dark they are" —admit annoying and harmful rays.


Here's what happens when Sun Glasses provide no Zone of Safety

BUT COOL-RAY SUN GLASSES—made by American Optical*—provide the eyes with a "Safety Zone." For these A. O. glasses have lenses made from specially compounded glass that absorbs ultra-violet (sunburn) and infra-red (heat) rays and excessive light. The "Safety Zone" of Cool-Ray Sun Glasses keeps your eyes cool and comfortable.



A. O. COOL-RAY SUN GLASSES do something else. They *admit* plenty of "seeing" rays—light that lets you see more comfortably and without annoyance.

A. O. Cool-Ray Sun Glasses are being supplied to our armed forces—so the civilian supply is limited. They're $1.95 up.

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SUN GLASSES

Provide "The Safety Zone"

American Optical

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BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

The Prodigy

Continued from page 20

enough to see that I was no ordinary child.

Besides, Mother had played for him herself and he had been amazed that anybody not on the concert stage should be able to play so well.

Father said, "I repeat, the man is wasting his talent."

I got along pretty well. When I was promoted from kindergarten I played a piece at the exercises. Mother told Father she had never heard a child play with such insight and expression. Father said, "I bet."

"How the other mothers opened their eyes," my mother said. "They all came up to Ignace and said they wished their children could do as well. They couldn't help admitting he was superior."

My father said nothing, but my mother was too satisfied with her thoughts to care whether Father said anything. I believe I was rather satisfied myself. I went on with my practicing obediently, and in the evening I would play pieces for my father and he would stand back of me with his hand gently on my head and say, "Very fine You are doing well, I. J." He always called me I. J., even when I was a small boy.

He bought me a bicycle, without telling Mother. She was upset.

"Suppose he should fall off and hurt his hands?' she cried.

"Bosh," my father said.

Fortunately I had a knack for riding. In a few minutes I mastered the trick of balancing. I used to ride no-hands, back and forth in front of the house, not to vex my mother (though it did) but to get the sensation of danger deftly overcome. Father said I was smart for a small boy.

About the time my feet began to touch the floor from the piano bench, Mother decided to leave Mr. Whiteson and get me a five-dollar teacher. This teacher was a young woman, quite accomplished, but not of a caliber for concert work. Besides she was not pretty. But she was kind and she was a good teacher. By the time I was ten I could play sonatas by Mozart.

By the time I was ten, too, I was becoming tired of the piano. I wanted to spend my hours with other boys. I wanted to play baseball, especially. I always read about baseball games in the newspapers, and cut out pictures of Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig and other heroes and put them in a scrapbook. Father and I often went through it together, and once he took me to a big-league game. He asked Mother to go, too, but she wouldn't She said she had other things to do and better ways to spend money.

She wouldn't let me play baseball. She said suppose I had a finger broken. It might ruin my career. I was playing at church affairs now, and at school, and everywhere Mother could find a chance for me to play Even other boys rather envied me, because I got so much attention. But I envied them much more when I saw them out on the lot while I was on my way downtown to take a lesson on Saturday morning. And after school, instead of going out to play, I had to practice. Father said I needed more exercise, but Mother said I was doing well. I got enough exercise riding my bicycle to school. She said boys played too hard, anyway. They wore themselves out.

I REMEMBER the day when I first consciously hated the piano. It happened all at once, as it seems.

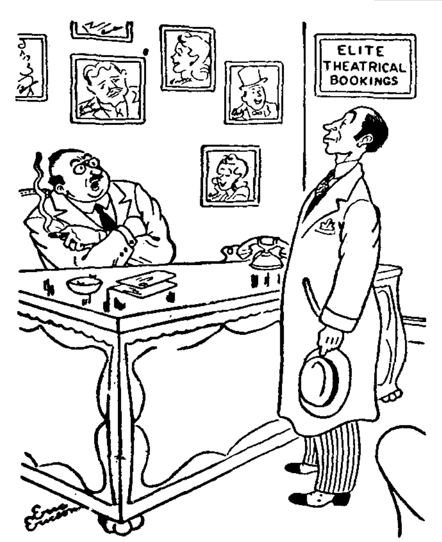
On this Saturday morning, as I passed the baseball lot on my way downtown, somebody called out in derision, "Ignuts, do you want to play?" They were choosing up sides. I stood there with my music under my arm, in my best suit. They were laughing at me. You cannot know how alone I felt, how it came to me that I had never played baseball, except to throw one with my father, stealthily, when my mother was away, in the back yard. I wanted to play with them or to fight them, anything that would make me one of them. The sense of aloofness that music had given me was hateful to me as well as to them. Why shouldn't I play? Why should I take a music lesson when other boys were enjoying themselves? What if I never become a pianist? I did not want to. Perhaps I had never wanted to.

I CROSSED the street to where the other boys were standing. They did not know what to expect. They stopped smiling. One or two of them moved to meet me, as though they were ready to chase me away or to fight.

"I want to be on a side," I said.

I put down the music and took off my jacket, and folded it and placed it on the music. They let me play.

It was much as my mother had feared. I suffered no broken finger, but I was well bruised, and I got my best trousers and my best shoes smeared with dirt. I played awkwardly, of course, and the other boys jeered or swore at me, according to the side they were on. But I had never had so good a time in my life. Afterward we all went to the drugstore and I bought them sodas with my lesson money. Then they went home to dinner. I was left alone



"Do you think you could play the role of a butler at a dinner party my wife is giving?"

COLLIER'S ERIC ERICSON

It was not possible to go home in the condition I was in, I could think of nothing to do but go to my father's office.

I took a bus downtown. I gave Father the whole story, and he listened gravely. He examined my hands and my clothes. Then he called Mother and said he was taking me to lunch. He called the music teacher and made an excuse. There was a private gymnasium in the building where Father had his office. He took me there for a shower, while he went out to have my shoes and my suit cleaned. The instructor in the gymnasium was a big, hairy man. He talked to me. He said how would I like to be a fighter and I said I guess maybe I would, so he put a pair of big gloves on me and showed me how to punch, and I punched him as hard as I could on the chin but he only laughed.

Then I had my shower, and Father came back, and the hairy man said, "The kid's all right. I bet I could make a fighter outa him," and Father grinned, very pleased, and said, "No, I guess not, Eddie." And I was pleased, too, more than I was ever pleased when the teacher said I had played a sonata beautifully, or that I had a wonderful sense of rhythm.

Eddie shook hands with me and said, "Come again, Champ," and I said I would.

The next three or four days were the most miserable yet, finally, the most triumphant, of my life. Around that one scrub game of baseball and that one boxing lesson there gathered and strengthened all the unfilled and unrecognized longings of my boyhood. Not, I think, that I truly wished to be a ballplayer or a boxer, but these represented to me all the things I had not done that I might have wished to do, such as tree climbing, swimming with a gang, leapfrog, and a thousand other important matters that seem silly or trifling to children who have grown up and forgotten.

I had been merely obedient where my mother hoped that I was eager. I had not only a sense of duty to her, but I recognized, without ever saying it even to myself in words, that there was a tension between Father and Mother on my account; that she was determined upon a certain future for me (though perhaps it was her own future more than mine that concerned her, and she had unwittingly disguised it as mine) and that my father was opposed to this future. He tolerated it because I did not seem resentful. If I had opposed Mother he would have sided with me and I should have had quarreling parents. I say again that these things never occurred to me in words, but I understood them and felt them and was wary. I practiced mechanically. I practiced without enthusiasm, but because I seldom struck wrong notes and because I learned quickly, Mother discerned genius.

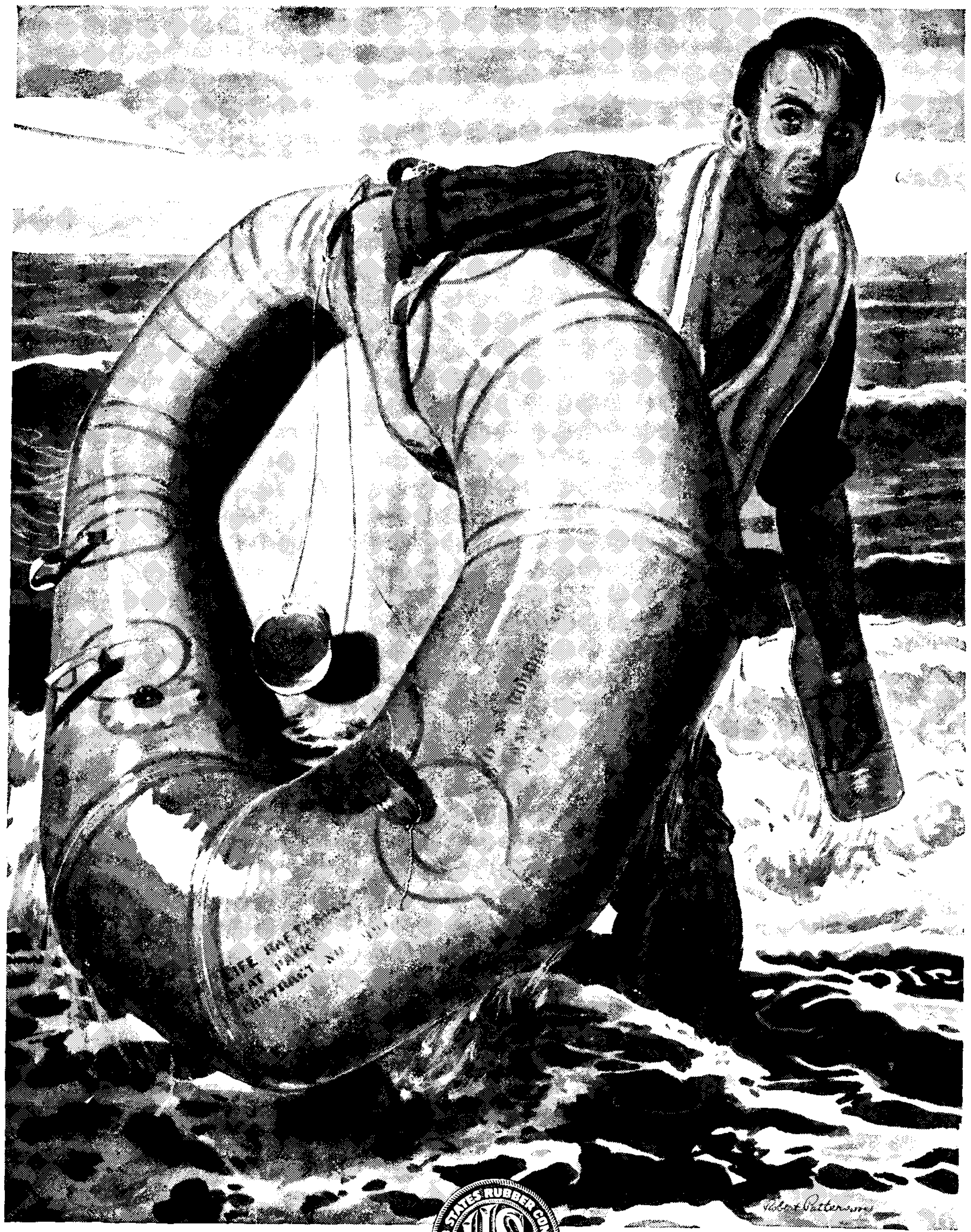
On the day after the baseball game, a Sunday, I refused for the first time to practice. Mother was sure I was sick. She questioned me about my head and my stomach and I said that there was no pain, and yet I began to cry. She wanted to send for the doctor, but Father guessed something of the trouble and said all I needed was a rest. He thought that the baseball and boxing, about which he could not tell Mother, had made my hands and my arms sore, which was so, but it was not the whole cause. It was a sort of revulsion against pianos, just as one sometimes has a revulsion against food that one has eaten all one's life. I hated the piano. I hated the white and black of the keys, the cold gleam of the woodwork, the impersonal sound. I hated the thousand motions of the fingers that made the sounds proceed. I hated the piano as the agent by means of which Mother had prevented me from being like other boys.

On Monday I neither practiced nor went to school. My mother was seriously alarmed, not only because of my health but because it was on the following night that Kalaef, the pianist, was coming to our city and she had bought tickets so that I might hear and appreciate and know by this close view the goal toward which I (or she) was plodding. Father summoned a physician.

There was not much wrong, the man of medicine said. A nervous stomach. I should be all right to hear Kalaef on the Tuesday night. The physician left some white pills.

I DO not remember what Kalaef played. I remember only a fierce little man who struck such chords that the piano seemed to leap from the stage, or who touched the keys so softly that even he had to lean over to hear the tones. I was fascinated, but not in the way that Mother had expected. The rush of tone, now turbulent, now calm, beating upon my ears, my skin, my eyes, seemed to press me into its own passionate mold, to express and cast into gigantic shapes the turbulence that was in my own thoughts but that I had neither the experience nor the capacity to express for myself.

That, as it seems to me now, is how it



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Safe on a friendly beach with food and friends and shelter near.

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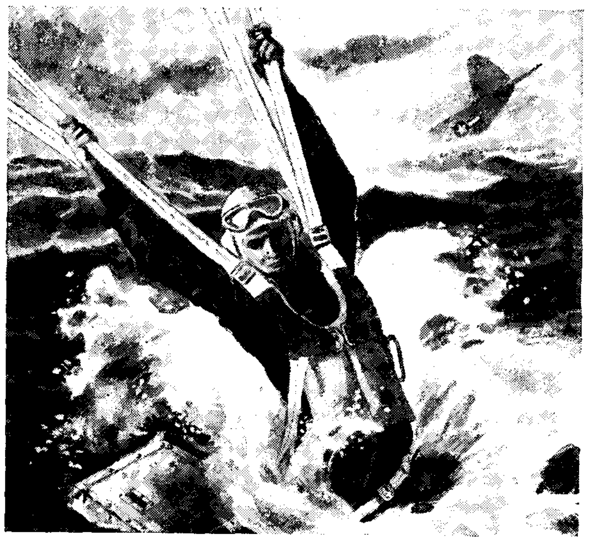
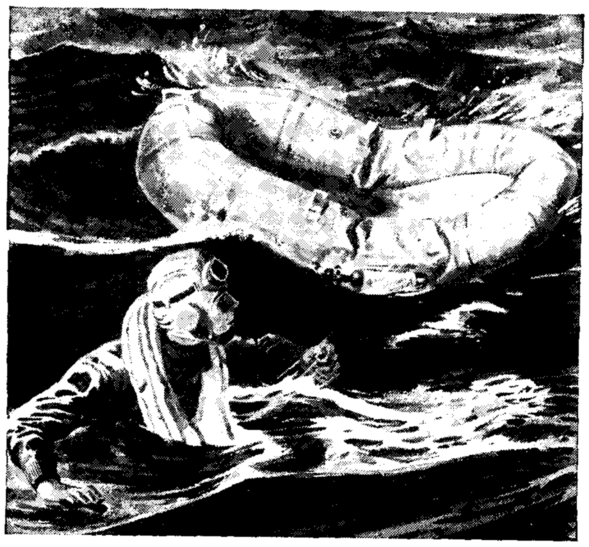
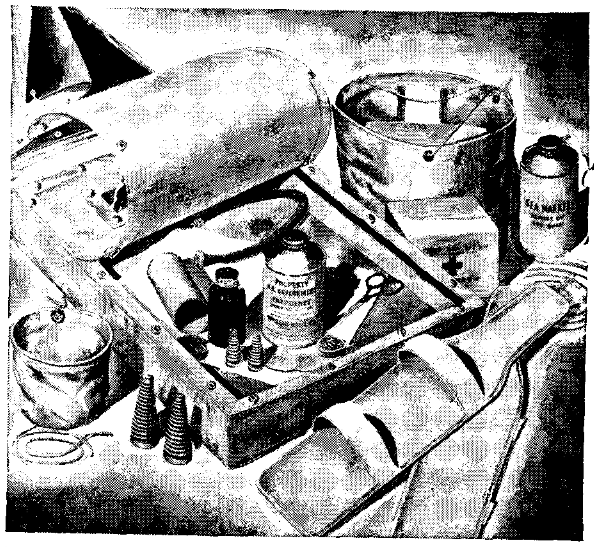
SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE



United States Rubber Company cooperated in the development of the one-man parachute raft. Before this, fighter pilots had little protection when forced down at sea. Strapped to the flier as a seat pack, this one-man raft is now used by fighter pilots in both the Army and Navy Air Forces.



When the pilot hits the water, he pulls a cord which releases the raft and automatically inflates it in from 5 to 10 seconds. It is within instant reach when needed, ready to carry him to safety. The inflatable life-preserver vest, also designed and built by "U. S.," keeps him afloat until he is safely in the raft.



The one-man parachute raft is provided with emergency food and water rations, first aid kit, sea marking, bullet plugs, paddles, bailing bucket, sea anchor—and latest models even include a sail and mast and a protective covering which can be used for protection against cold, heat and ocean spray.

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must have been. Then I felt only the power and compulsion of this man in his music. I did not feel inspired. I was depressed, even more than I had been. Strange impulses came and went in my boyish thoughts, impulses of revolt and of despair.

I think that for ten or fifteen minutes at a time Mother forgot everybody there except Kalaef. When the last number on the program was half finished I slipped from my seat, which was on an aisle, and walked through the broad field of white faces to the rear of the hall. Mother did not even notice that I had gone. I went out of the theater and began running through the streets, through dark side streets, anywhere, until I was away from the theater.

Mother had said that she would try to get backstage after the concert and have Kalaef autograph my program, or perhaps even shake hands with me. But I did not want to meet Kalaef. I did not want him to ignore me or to pat me on the head. I wanted to be away, away from everything. I did not understand what a terrible thing I had done in running away, that my mother would be angry, that she would be worried. If I had understood I should have done it anyway, I think.

As I wandered about by myself in the clear night air, among the silent buildings, there came to me one of those surprising notions that seem so logical to the young, or one of those logical notions that seem so surprising to adults. I would see Kalaef after all, but alone, as one man to another. It did not occur to me that this would be difficult. I had read an interview with Kalaef in the afternoon newspaper, and the hotel and the number of his room were in it. I made my way to the hotel. I crossed the lobby, without self-consciousness in spite of the people sitting or standing about. My public appearances as a boy pianist had given me some assurance, if nothing else.

INSTEAD of taking the elevator, where I thought I might be questioned, I went up the stairs. I climbed ten flights without meeting anybody. I went down the carpeted corridor until I found the room I wanted. I listened furtively. It seemed to be empty. I stood across the hall. Since I was well-dressed and did not appear confused or uneasy, the few persons who passed in the corridor probably thought that I was a guest, waiting for my father or mother.

Kalaef did not come for more than an hour. As he walked down the corridor he seemed even shorter than he had seemed on the stage, yet there was something in his manner that drew one's attention. And he was wearing a black cape; I had never before seen a man wearing a cape. I watched him boldly, without awe. He scarcely glanced at me, but went briskly to his door and thrust the key into the lock at the first try. As he opened the door I stepped quickly past him. Before he was aware of what had happened, I was standing in the middle of the room, a large room with a piano in it, and a bedroom adjoining. We looked at each other.

How often, afterward, have I wished that I might recapture the almost brutal determination with which I faced this great man, this powerful unknown figure; yes, I believe in that moment it was I who dominated, through surprise, through the courage that comes from desperation or from ignorance, and if I had been able to act thus in later life, who might I not have dominated, and what might I not have become?

In a moment or two, he said, "If you are here for an autograph or for an interview for your school paper, go away. I do not like such things." He spoke precisely, with an accent. He put his hat on the piano and removed his cape, without once looking away from me. He had fascinating eyes, very large and intense.

"I want you to hear me play," I said steadily.

"Ah, some trick of your parents. I will not stand such tricks. You are to go away, at once. At once. Tell your parents . . ."

He moved toward me, and as he did I backed to a window that was open to the April night. The lights of the city were patterned far below, infinitely far below. The automobiles crept along like glowing insects among the other lights. I do not know what I was thinking or what he was thinking.

He stopped.

"No! No!" he said. "My child, what is it you want? Tell me."

His voice was not excited. It was suddenly kind. He did not smile but he spoke kindly.

"I want you to listen to me play."

"Certainly. I will first close the door."

But I was too cunning for that.

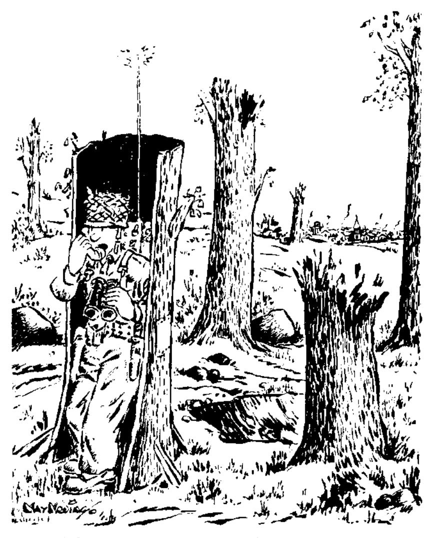
"No, you'll call somebody."

He said, again not vexed, "No, no, I will call nobody. I will listen."

He shut the door.

"What do you want to play for me?"

"I don't want to play," I said, "but my mother wants me to. She wants me to be an artist like you and make money."



"I'm just outside o' town, sir. I'm calling from a booth"

COLLIER'S JAY IRVING

"Ho," he said, "and make money. Well, perhaps. And do you want to make money? Do you want to be an artist?"

"No, sir."

He put his head on one side. He looked like a stocky, comical bird with his tail coat and his white dress shirt.

"So," he said, "you do not like to practice, no?"

"No, sir."

"You would rather go with the other boys, no?"

"Yes, sir."

He seated himself in an armchair, took off his tie and unbuttoned his collar, and pushed off his shoes.

"So," he said, "I will hear you play. Even I was once a boy."

I went to the piano. I began to play a sonata by Beethoven, one of the earlier ones. I had never played better. I did not make so much as one mistake. Each note was correct and not one was left out.

At the end, he did not say anything. I turned round. He got up and went to the small writing desk at one side of the room. He wrote vigorously for a minute or two. Then he folded the letter paper and put it into an envelope, which he sealed.

"Give this to the mamma," he said reflectively. He put his hands in his pockets and tipped backward and forward slowly in his stocking feet, watching me with grave eyes. Then he telephoned for a bellboy and told him to put me in a cab and send me home. He shook my hand.

"Come some day again, boy, to see me," he said, and still did not smile and yet was kind.

It was good to ride in a cab by myself, trustingly clutching the letter from great Kalaef, though I knew not what was in it, watching the people walking on the street. When I got home, Mother was weeping and Father was comforting her. I don't believe she really thought I was lost, but it was late. Father said, "See, he's here. I knew he was all right. He's old enough to take care of himself. Where have you been?"

"I saw Kalaef," I said. "I played for him. He gave me a letter."

My mother was too bewildered to question me. She opened the letter. Her hands trembled under the lamp. Father and I read over her shoulder. The letter said:

"Dear Madam,

"Your son will never be an artist. A monkey, yes. A monkey that can do what he is told and imitate and play notes like a machine. But an artist, never, never, never!"

At the bottom was a scrawl that might have been "Kalaef."

My mother began to scream, "Who is he! What does he know!" She wept. She wept the whole night.

But I never had to play the piano again. And I never did, until I was thirty. When *I play, it is only to please myself.*

TONIGHT I shall see Kalaef once more, graying, aging, but still great Kalaef. I remember when I saw him two years ago. We had some beer and he was playing a waltz by Brahms, so beautifully, with such grace and such warmth of things remembered. The discouragements and disappointments of my life, which are the discouragements and disappointments of any ordinary life, were thrust back for a moment and everything became clear, life and I were one, in substance and in purpose. It was a free and wondrous moment. I felt I know not what strange access of power and understanding, as though I too might do all that Kalaef was doing and reveal to others something fine and deep in life, as he did for me. Yet, in the same moment, I knew that I should never do so, that it was too late for me to dream of such achievement. I cried out wretchedly, "Kalaef, what have you done? Does it never bother your conscience that I might have been an artist but for you? Mother always said you were jealous. She said you feared rivals. How do you know what I might have been?"

He stopped. He pointed at me with his thick forefinger.

"My conscience, no," he said. "No, no, no, dear doctor. Do you think one who could be an artist would be stopped because Kalaef said a word? No. He would say, 'To the devil with Kalaef. To the devil with everybody who says I am not an artist. I will be an artist in spite of anybody.' Those who cannot say that can never be artists. It is not in them."

He took his glass of beer from the piano and drank.

"When Kalaef was a boy," he said, "a great teacher told him he would never be an artist. He said he would only be a monkey. It was the words of that teacher that Kalaef wrote to your mother."

He resumed the waltz, with terrible blows, with blows that would have brought down a city's walls, so that it was a waltz of giants and not of men, and the melodies sang with another voice, not a waltz voice, but a voice of strife and fury.

"An artist *becomes* an artist," he roared, as though at the world, at destiny, at all the forces opposing the dreams of man. "There is no such thing as a person who *might have been* an artist!"

THE END

UNION PACIFIC
1869 DIAMOND ANNIVERSARY 1944

A color reproduction (14½" x 20") of this scene from Cecil B. DeMille's Paramount production "Union Pacific" may be had free by writing Union Pacific Railroad, Room 1118, Omaha 2, Neb.

The driving of the golden spike

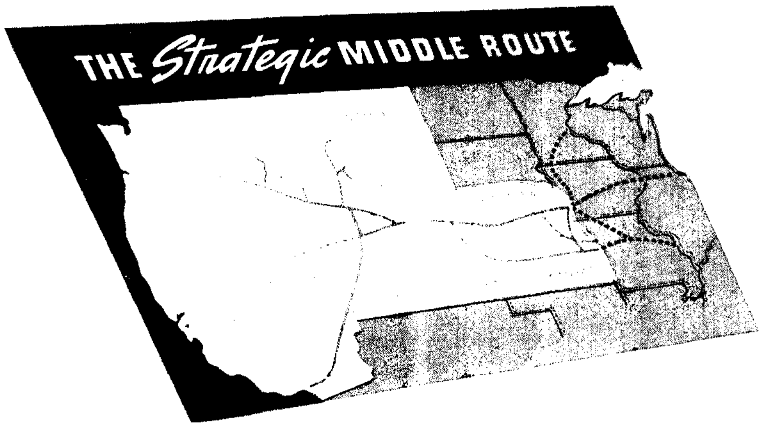
PROMONTORY POINT, Utah, was the scene of a history-making event on May 10, 1869—the realization of a great American's dream. It was Abraham Lincoln who visualized the vital need for uniting by rail, the East with the Pacific Coast, and who authorized the building of a transcontinental railroad.

The Union Pacific struggled through lean and troubled years but, like other pioneers, it had faith in America's future. Edward H. Harriman had unbounded faith in America. His guiding genius—and the faith of the leaders "from the ranks" who followed him—gave strength and vigor to the railroad.

America always has offered unlimited opportunity and ample reward as an incentive for hard work and individual enterprise. That's why it's such a great country. It's our job to keep it that way.

★ ★ ★ ★

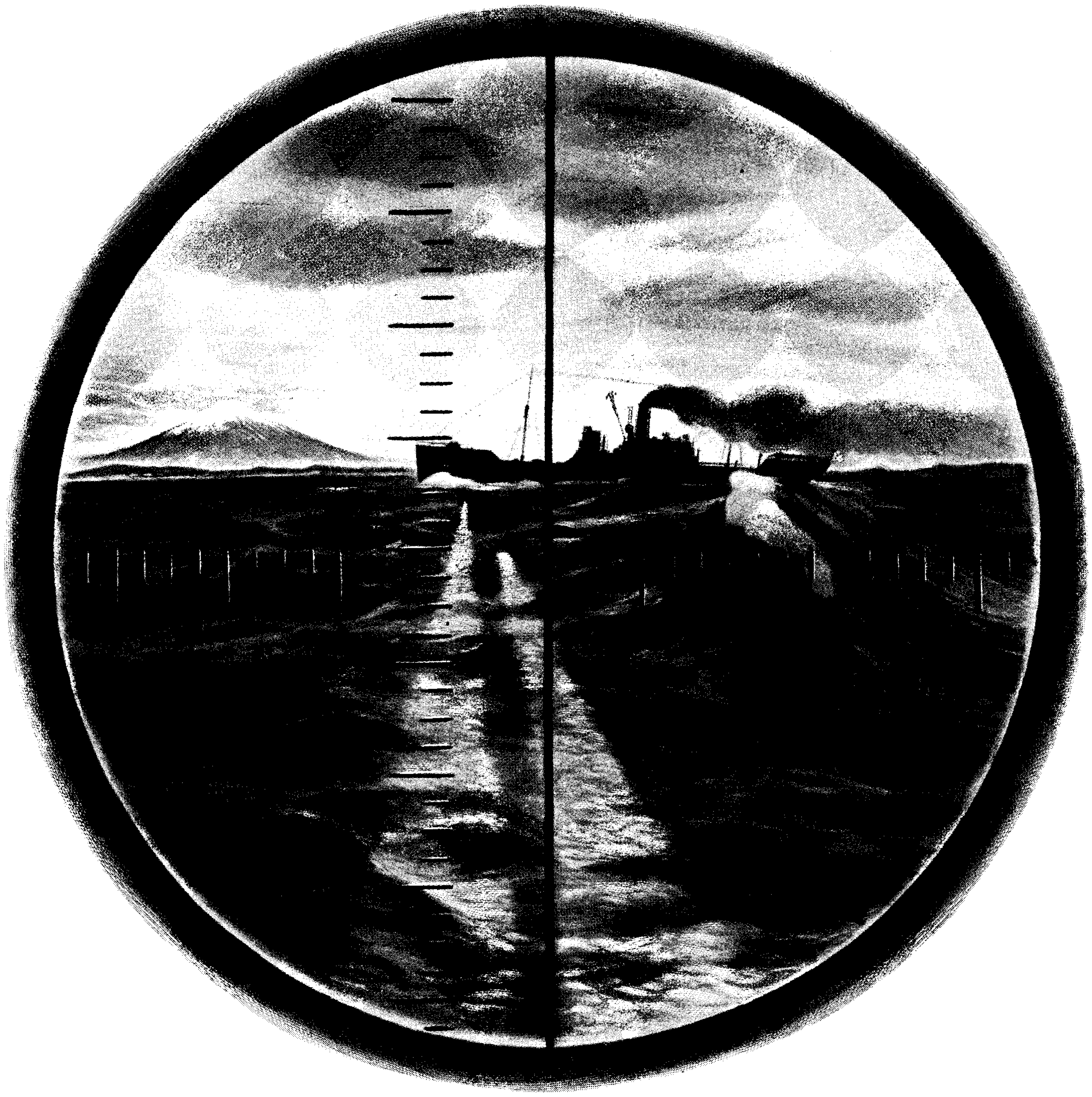
This year marks the 75th Anniversary—the Diamond Jubilee—of the driving of the Golden Spike, the completion of "The Strategic Middle Route." Union Pacific commemorates that historic occasion by continuing to exert every effort in the transportation of materials and troops to hasten the hour of victory and peace.



THE PROGRESSIVE

UNION PACIFIC

RAILROAD



The oil that's poison . . . to the Japs

This Jap ship is about to become a memory.

Half a mile away, and sixty feet below the surface, a voice with a Yankee twang will announce: "Two bull's-eyes! Take her down, Tommy".

That's an American submarine at work. She's come 3800 miles from her base—and has 3800 more miles to go to get home. The responsibility for seventy highly-trained American sea fighters and their $8,000,000 weapon rests on her great Diesel engines.

The responsibility for those Diesels rests, to a large extent, on an amazing new detergent oil that lubricates them.

That oil has boosted the odds on their getting to Japan's doorstep—and back—without engine trouble.

For it won't permit carbon to form beyond almost microscopic particles. They're prevented from "ganging up" to form the larger, gummy masses that clog lubrication holes, and ruin bearings; that cling to valves and make them stick; that cake, and cut down engine efficiency.

No, these tiny particles are held in suspension and rendered harmless. They actually are *drained out* at every oil-change, leaving the engine almost factory-clean!

Oils with detergent characteristics were developed by America's petroleum industry. Tide Water Associated, together with the other oil companies, is now producing such oils in required quantities. There is no rivalry about it. We are concerned only with providing the Army and Navy with all they need for any purpose whatsoever — with perhaps a little over for essential civilian commercial use.

For the country's oil refiners are fighting as a unit. We have, where necessary, pooled equipment, shared patents and processes, in order to make our efforts most effective.

For ordinary business can't matter as much as the business that is taking American lads abroad. Our most important enterprise now is helping speed the day when they'll come back to us.

TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY
New York Tulsa San Francisco

WORLD'S LARGEST REFINERS OF PENNSYLVANIA OILS

TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED

GASOLINE POWERS THE ATTACK DON'T WASTE A DROP

VEEDOL MOTOR OIL

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

Unique Unioneer

Continued from page 14

M.E.S.A., they couldn't become strikebreakers. If they had, even in the name of patriotism, they might have ruined M.E.S.A. But there was a well-grounded fear that diemakers and toolmakers carrying the cards of the old organizations would have refused to obey. And the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. have enough troubles without begging for more.

Anyway, Mr. Smith was called before the War Labor Board and told sternly that he could not call strikes in wartime. To anyone reading the transcript of that session of the board, it will become immediately apparent that this was all news to Mr. Smith. The trouble was that, having survived John L. Lewis, the War Labor Board looked forward to polishing off the little-known Mr. Smith with an almost savage relish. Starting out with a wagging finger and in a "See here, young man," frame of mind, the board lost no time in taking a frightful tongue-lashing and scrambling back to something easy, like defending the Little Steel Formula.

Smith came to the United States, by way of Canada, in 1927. In England he had been a member of the Amalgamated Engineering Union which had all the aggressiveness of a sleeping moth, the virility of a baked banana. He had listened to many a scholarly English labor voice and did his best to echo their delicate murmurings before small and apathetic groups of workers. He watched the dismal failure of England's labor government, the capture of the gentle Ramsay MacDonald, when Prime Minister, by the skillful Tories. He sat through England's general strike of 1926. He became, in the meantime, a pacifist and is still of the opinion that war is avoidable.

"All this wretched business of being told to hate 'to order' is not worthy of a rational human being," says he.

He worked at his trade in Flint, Detroit, Pontiac, Baltimore. He took no part in union activities, not going even so far as to join one. Pressed for his reasons, he would say merely that he was afraid that the union he joined would eventually have a check-off clause written into its contract, and that he'd be damned if he'd be a victim of such collusion between a union and his employer. Furthermore, he wanted nothing to do with a closed shop because he wanted no "drone in a paneled office" telling him whether he might or might not work where he pleased without joining a union that he didn't like.

Conspiracy Against the Worker

"Closed-shop contracts," says Mr. Smith, "are always a prelude to that great invention, the check-off. This financial trick for guaranteeing a union's income makes it unnecessary that the union officials give the individual worker services in exchange for his financial support. That, mind you, is what unions are for—to give service to the individual worker and the workers collectively. Making the opposition collect your dues for you is an admission that you can't do it yourself.

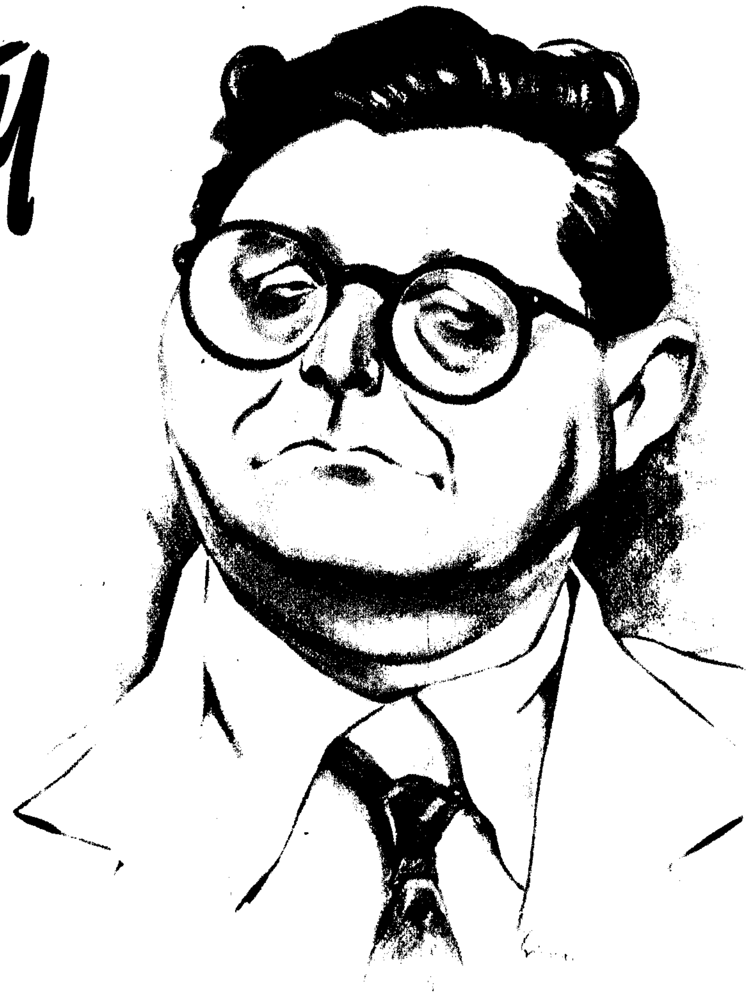
"Someday the National Association of Manufacturers and the United States Chamber of Commerce, for example, ought to insist that the union collect dues for them from their employers. If the employer won't pay, he gets no work done. Just as logical. If under the closed-shop and check-off system some misguided soul, a member of the union, dares to criticize his union officials, he can be brought to trial before a union committee, found guilty, deprived of his membership and—well, starve for all they care.

"Every labor union is in favor of economic guarantees. The check-off system certainly gives economic guarantees to the union official if not to the dues payer. The dues-paying member has a right to know what's being done with this money—with the dues he never sees. There are three ways to get dues out of the worker: The check-off, the strong-arm thug on the staff of a racketeer labor leader, and by giving the worker honest service.

"When the worker is laid off for economic reasons, depression and the like, he has no income unless the government comes to his rescue. But the salaried union official—John L. Lewis with his $25,000 a year, Phil Murray with his $18,000, and even Matt Smith with his $6,000—goes right on eating. Many the time have I seen a group of union officials worrying themselves fat around the groaning board whilst the poor suckers who are paying for their dinner are in the bread line.

"However," said Mr. Smith with an appropriate sigh, "the check-off does bring in the money, and no questions asked. It permits the union official to cultivate the finer things of life. He grows tired of the humdrum of member tribulations and finds time to start summer

THE Guilty



JACQUES DORIOT

XLI

THE loudest noise in France today, even drowning out the screams and moans of a tortured people, is the barking of jackals as they quarrel over their share of the German kill. Pierre Laval is plotted against unceasingly by his fellow traitors, and needs all of his cunning to beat off the attacks of those who want his place as No. 1 Quisling. Hulking Jacques Doriot and sly Marcel Deat let no chance slip to convince Hitler that they can do a better job at crushing French resistance, licking the Fuehrer's boots while cursing Laval as a cowardly incompetent.

Doriot, in many ways, is the most incredible of the men whose treacheries sapped the unity and strength of France. Laval was always the weasel, but Doriot is about as secret and subterranean as a charging bull. A huge creature, weighing well above 200 pounds, and with a bellowing voice that hasn't a whisper in it, there has never been a time in twenty-five years that his treasons were not public knowledge. Aside from a few short prison terms, however, he paid no penalty and continued to hold high place. Even more dramatically than Laval, he explains the fall of France.

Strangely enough, considering its development, Doriot's early life gave promise. The son of a blacksmith, he was a skilled mechanic at sixteen and, entering the army when nineteen, fought bravely in the first World War. After the armistice, unfortunately, he was stationed in Hungary, and watched Bela Kun and his Communists take over the country, killing, looting and drinking royal wines as they lolled in palaces.

Back in France, young Doriot gave full time to the organization of a Communist movement, and in 1921 went to Moscow for a meeting of the Third Internationale. There he met Lenin and Trotsky and listened avidly as they told of a world revolution that would topple the mighty from their seats.

Six months in Berlin with the German Communists completed his education, and by 1923 he was secretary general of the party in France, head of the Communist Youth and a source of riot and unrest. A brief prison sentence failed to check his turbulence, for 1925 found him in Morocco, actively aiding the rebellion of Abd el Krim and his Riff tribesmen. A weak government shrank from putting him behind a firing squad, nor was any action taken when he and his Communists fomented the general strike that paralyzed France for days.

Summoned to Moscow in 1926, Doriot was sent to China to stir up revolt against Chiang Kai-shek, but soon returned to win election to the Chamber of Deputies as a member from Saint Denis, the Paris suburb that he had made a hotbed of Communism. Boldly advocating violence, and with his plots against the government no less open, he tore at French unity with savage hands, and again a short term in jail was his only punishment. The Chamber, however, finally found the courage to expel him, but the Reds of Saint Denis promptly made him mayor, and from this point of vantage he continued the subversive activities that turned the public life of France into a bedlam.

A supreme egoist, where Doriot made his mistake was in bucking the iron rule of Moscow. Instead of taking orders, he began to give them, claiming all France as his particular domain. After one or two stern warnings, the party leaders in Russia gave him the boot, excommunicating the rebel and casting him into the outer darkness. Straightway, Doriot formed the People's Party along Fascist lines and, turning on his former associates, exposed the whole machinery of Moscow control. Buying a newspaper, *La Liberté*, he went totalitarian with a bang, praising Hitler, Mussolini and Goering just as extravagantly as he had lauded Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin.

Leon Blum, coming to be Premier in 1936, struck back by removing the great Doriot as mayor, turning up proof that he had been using municipal funds for political purposes.

Now, without doubt, the traitor and thief made a complete tie-up with Berlin, for along with the enlargement of *La Liberté* he started another publication called National Emancipation. Both from his tongue and pen, a steady stream of poison poured into every well of public opinion. Germany was painted as France's friend, England as an enemy, and French workers were exhorted to sabotage preparedness by strikes and sit-downs.

No sooner was the armistice signed than Doriot screamed for 100 per cent collaboration, and climaxed shamelessness by demanding the death penalty for Blum, Reynaud and Daladier. Forming the Friends of Marshal Pétain, he followed by organizing a Tricolor Legion for service in Russia under German leaders, and in spare moments bellowed for the extermination of all Jews, and for firing squads for all saboteurs and malcontents. Several attempts on his life by enraged patriots only spurred him on to new violences.

There is no question that Doriot expected to be the Fuehrer of France, but cunning Laval beat him to Berlin and won the nod from Hitler. And knowing Big Jacques' capacity for treachery and his inability to keep faith with any person or any cause, Laval has seen to it that Doriot is kept outside the inner circle. The outcome of the struggle remains to be seen. Both are adepts at treachery, and neither shrinks from assassination, but the French people hope that both will keep in health until the hour of Allied victory. Remembering their years of gullibility, *they* want to handle the cases of Pierre Laval and Jacques Doriot. . .

G. C.

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

fine and
happy, because
I can just SEE the trout rising in Seward's Creek.

Men of the U. S. Marine Corps say letters keep up morale . . . Write that V-Mail letter today.

"Are the trout still biting in Seward's Creek? Is Jimmy keeping the rowboat caulked? Have they played the ball game with Meadville yet? How are the strawberries coming up?" . . .

These are the things he thinks about away from home . . . the questions that he asks whenever he sits down to write a letter—from Africa, or Burma, or the South Pacific. For these are the "little things" that to a soldier, as to all of us, add up to "Home."

It happens that to many of us these important little things include the right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer or ale. Cool, sparkling, friendly, beer is a sigh of satisfaction . . . a smacking of the lips . . . a forehead wrinkle erased . . . a firm-set mouth relaxing into a friendly smile.

How good it is . . . as a beverage of moderation after a hard day's work . . . with good friends . . . with a home-cooked meal.

A glass of beer—not of crucial importance, surely . . . yet it is little things like this that help mean home to all of us, that do so much to build morale—ours and his.

Morale is a lot of little things

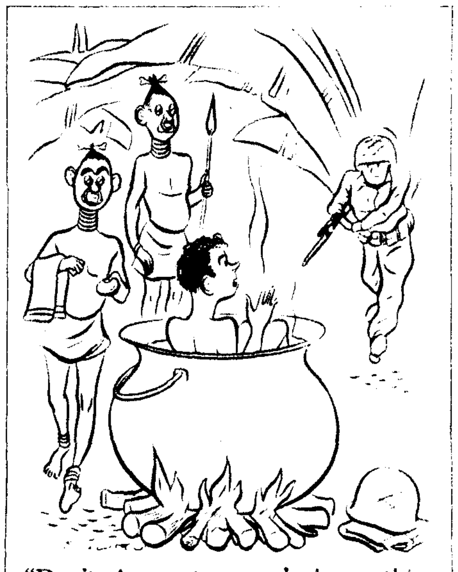
BREWING INDUSTRY FOUNDATION

camps staffed with educated counselors from the economic departments of our better colleges, to own and run banks, to subsidize political parties and politicians with the poor member creature's money, to become angels for fine musical revues on Broadway. It's a great life—a trifle dishonest perhaps, but great."

In Flint, Michigan, in 1933 he organized the Mechanics' Educational Society of America. The membership was small but carefully selected—toolmakers, diemakers, important artisans like that. When they should quit work, work quit. Smith was elected boss at fifty dollars a week. Nine months later he called a trial strike, after a membership referendum, and it worked fine.

It was a shoot-the-works strike, Smith says. There was just three dollars and seventy cents in the treasury of M.E.S.A. when the toolmakers working for General Motors quit in Flint, Pontiac and Detroit. They had been getting seventy cents an hour, wanted a dollar. A compromise was affected for eighty-five cents and "just in time, too," Smith says.

He's opposed to numerically large chapters or locals, saying that they're slow, unwieldy. Too, it is frequently difficult or impossible to poll the membership of huge locals, says he. Strikes are called and strikes are thus called off by minorities. He organizes small, compact locals that can strike swiftly, as a team—a hit-and-step-back system rather than hit and run. Strikes last too long, he thinks, chiefly because too many men on both sides get into the squabble—too many theories, plans, ideas. Sometimes you can't tell who's on which side—the workers eager to get back on the pay roll, the employers anxious to get back into production, the union officials worried about prestige. Mr. Smith is all out for swift simplicity.


"Don't jump to conclusions—this hot bath is costing me good money!"

COLLIER'S

Mr. Smith is not sold on seniority in unions, either. Seniority is apt to be a strait jacket, he thinks, liable to keep a worker from selling himself into the best market. But, he sighs, as long as M.E.S.A.'s men are kept out of shops by seniority rules, M.E.S.A. will have to maintain seniority lists of its own. He doesn't like the idea at all, but he always gets back to "the evil, undemocratic, perpetuating check-off system."

"If," says he, "a man won't pay his dues without coercion, it means that he thinks he's not getting his money's worth. Maybe he isn't. For argument's sake, it doesn't matter. He hasn't paid, and you've got to find out why. You must go see him, listen to his story. But if he's forced to pay through the check-off, he's still sore—still a dissatisfied member. So who gains by the check-off? The union organization's overhead, the officials."

Smith's opposition, including many employers, immediately tied the Communist tag on M.E.S.A. The name itself was ominous—Educational Society. He admits that the name's a trifle on the corny side. Actually he says it is a bit too British, but certainly not Communistic. He says that there were a number of Communists in M.E.S.A. at first, transmission-belt folk jumping aboard thinking eventually to pre-empt the driver's seat. But they've gone now, he says. Purged. Let the C.I.O. have them, says Mr. Smith.

As for the A.F. of L., Mr. Smith regards its organization as fetishism. Since its birth in 1881, says he, "its governing body believes that the American Way of Life is stockholder ownership and control of industry, and anyone suggesting change expresses doubt of the divine wisdom of its first president, Mr. Samuel Gompers. This founder worship," he goes on, "is fostered by the preservation of the Gompers Room in the A.F. of L.'s headquarters in Washington. You enter with reverence, bareheaded as you'd enter the sacred portals of a holy shrine. The place is supported by dues of members, who, like as not, do not regard Mr. Gompers as a saint. What rot!"

To lay off workers that dividends may be paid is, in the estimation of Mr. Smith, criminal. In times of depression, the worker's income should be put before the mere investor's.

"Today," says he, "the worker is in great dread of the coming peace. It has become a nightmare of economic uncertainty. The average worker is not excited by the high phrases of the Atlantic Charter. He is not impressed to hear that 'all nations shall have equal access to the raw materials of the world.' He knows that this, too, is rot. But he'd really become quite enthusiastic if a peace charter guaranteed him, when this war ends, equal access to the cooked materials of this world. Ah-h-h-h!"

The Question of Citizenship

Mr. Smith has three nephews in the British army. If they survive, he says, they're coming to America, and when they do, he will become an American citizen. We tried to find out why the delay but had no success to speak of. We asked him whether his enemies might not try to have him deported. He asked us: Why should they? We didn't know. But wouldn't it give him better, or at least firmer, standing with the American worker?

"Why," demanded Mr. Smith, "would my being a citizen make the services of M.E.S.A. better, prompter? Would it mean anything to C.U.A. in dollars and cents? Would it solve any problem that is now worrying the workers? See here. I'll not be forced. I've nothing to hide or fear or to be ashamed of. If not being a citizen is the worst charge they can bring against me—and they've dug into my past, never fear—there's little to cry about."

M.E.S.A. hasn't representation on the War Labor Board yet. Mr. Smith says that the antitrust laws ought to be looked into. The Messrs. Green, Lewis and Murray, says he, are a combination in restraint of trade.

"But wait," he bids you. "When this war is over, there'll be a lot of changes."

Nobody dislikes Mr. Smith more than Senator Ferguson of Michigan. The Senator has written to the Department of Justice, demanding that Smith be put in jail "where he belongs." The department read many lawbooks on the subject, but Mr. Smith is still at liberty. When we left him, he was jotting down a few notes on a speech he was to deliver that night about the pledge of the old-line unions to call no strikes for the duration.

"I say," said he, "that the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. did not sell out their members. They gave them away."

THE END

THE LARGEST-SELLING MAN'S TALC IN THE WORLD!
MENNEN TALCUM FOR MEN
Neutral Tint Won't Show On Your Face

- the perfect finishing touch
- "hammerized" for smoothness
- neutral tint, doesn t show on face
- removes "face shine" after shaving
- makes your skin look years younger
- also use it all over body after bathing

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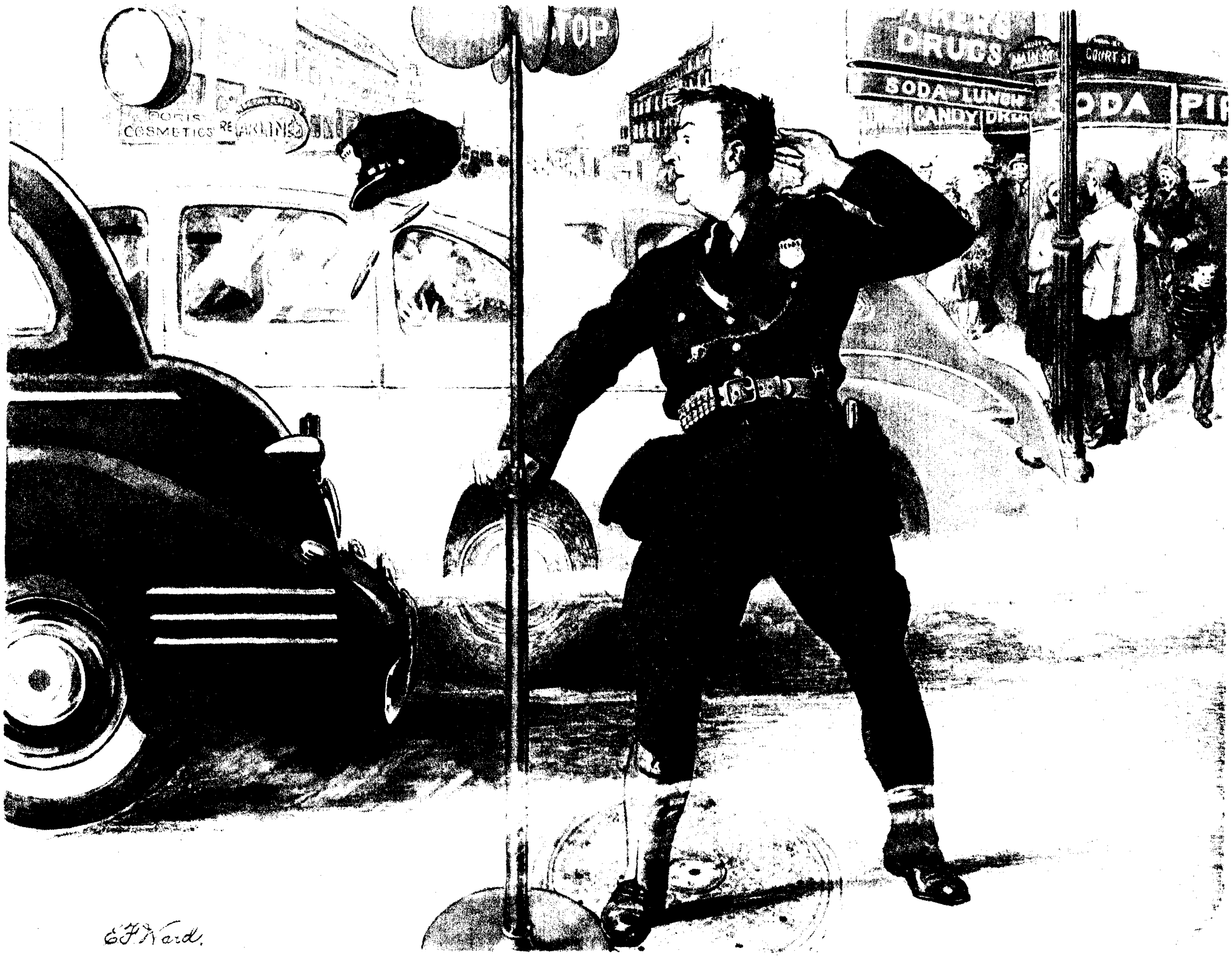


Remember when...

Jack Rabbit starting was fashionable?

REMEMBER the private thrill of showing 'em the color of your exhaust smoke when the light flashed green?

The fact that such "jack rabbit" starts and sudden stops wore tires 3 times as fast as normal didn't seem important then.

Today it *is* important—because every ounce of rubber is important in winning the war. The rubber crisis is *not* over. Reserves of natural rubber are dangerously low, and there are not nearly enough synthetic tires to go around. Your tires must *still* be conserved, cared for, made to last as long as possible.

Compared to the job American boys are doing across both oceans, it's no great sacrifice to give up "jack rabbit" starts, sudden stops and screeching curves. It's not difficult to avoid hitting curbs, bumps and ruts. Keeping tire pressure up to 32 pounds, and having small cuts and bruises repaired before they do real damage isn't really much bother. And all it takes is a little will-power to keep your speed under 35.

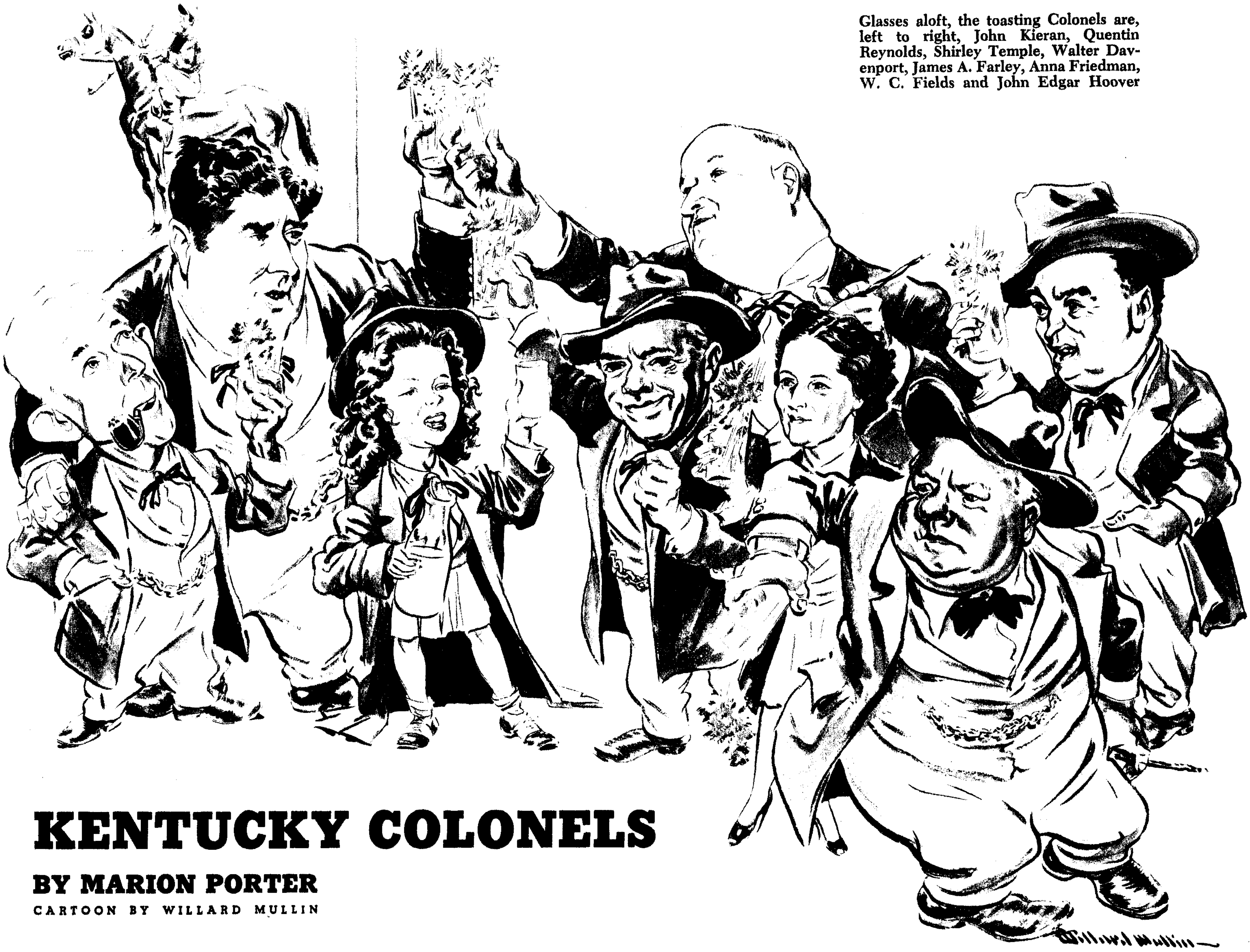
Yet, there's scarcely any single war contribution you can make that is more important today than observing those simple tire-saving precautions! The Battle of Rubber and Transportation is NOT won. Do your part—let your independent tire dealer help you.

* * *

REMEMBER WHEN you were stranded out in the country with a flat and no spare? Remember the INDEPENDENT tire dealer who left his dinner table to fix it for you? Owning his own business gives a man a powerful incentive to provide better service and better values. That spirit of Independence has always created good living and good jobs that have made Americans the envy of the world . . . and Seiberling believes that it can keep on doing it. That's why in the future—as always in the past—Seiberling Tires will be sold by Independent Dealers only.

SEIBERLING *Experts in Rubber*

Wartime manufacturers of Bullet-Sealed Tubes and Military Tires for our armed forces—Bullet-Sealing Gasoline Tanks—Rubber Floats, Boats and Pontons—Rubber Parts for Gas Masks, Airplanes and Tanks. Also makers of Tires and Tubes for passenger cars and trucks—Sealed Air Tubes—Rubber Heels, Soles and Mechanical Goods



Glasses aloft, the toasting Colonels are, left to right, John Kieran, Quentin Reynolds, Shirley Temple, Walter Davenport, James A. Farley, Anna Friedman, W. C. Fields and John Edgar Hoover

KENTUCKY COLONELS

BY MARION PORTER

CARTOON BY WILLARD MULLIN

Raise your glass, suh, to the Honorable Colonels of Kentucky. While they wait for victory to bring back their mint juleps, they dedicate themselves to patriotic works

"HOWDY, you all."

"We all ah fine, suh. How ah you all?"

"You ole poltroon, how ah you, suh?"

Thus the membership of the Honorable Order of Kentucky Colonels in frolicking mood greet one another the day before Derby Day when they forgather in Louisville for their annual celebration. The soft spring air of Kentucky is filled with the gladsome cries of Colonels from Brooklyn, Hollywood, Washington, Des Moines, St. Louis, Salt Lake City and Miami.

But wipe that lifted-eyebrow expression off your face, suh, when you speak of Kentucky Colonels. You are speakin' of a charitable organization. And good works now take precedence over mint juleps.

Mistah Morgenthau of the Treasury Department will have listed the Honorable Order of Kentucky Colonels as a charitable organization before this is read. Contributions made under the honorable name are subject to income-tax exemption. Practical as well as picturesque, these Colonels in its carefree days, the carefreest undoubtedly being Derby Eve, the Honorable Order never gave much thought to charity nohow. But recently Col. James A. Farley, Col. Mae West, Col. J. Edgar Hoover, Col. Jack Dempsey, Col. and Lt. Gen. Jacob L. Devers, Col. Walter Davenport, Col. Shirley Temple, Col. Walter Winchell, Commodore Christopher Morley and Col. John Kieran—to name a few of the fine old Southern gentlemen and ladies of the order—have been shelling out for a number of noble projects, most of them relating to the war.

The traditional ceremonies of the order are held in great style at the Kentucky Hotel on the evening before the historic Derby horse race, to the accompaniment of mint juleps. This year's celebration will be comparatively modest. Governor Simeon S. Willis will conduct a quiet meeting with only local and state Colonels present—Colonels who would attend the Derby in any event. Absent Colonels will be expected to show checkbook loyalty to the order's new charitable purposes. And all Colonels may dream of the time when bourbon will again flow freely. . . .

First, a toast to the President, then a toast to the governor, and then the famous Kentucky Colonels' toast authored by that flower of the Old South, Col. Charles F. Gannon, of New York City:

"I give you a man dedicated to the good things of life, to the gentle, the heartfelt things, to good living and to the kindly rites with which it is surrounded. In all the clash of a plangent world, he holds firm to his ideal, a gracious existence in that country of content 'where slower clocks strike happier hours.' He stands in spirit on a tall-columned veranda, a hospitable glass in his hand, etc., etc.—sleek, shining flanks of a thoroughbred—broad door open wide with welcome—here he stands, then. In the finest sense, an epicure, a patriot, a man. Gentlemen, I give you the Kentucky Colonel!"

Quent Commits Lese Majesty

The well-dressed and well-heeled audience is touched at this tribute to their nobility, and the eyes mist and a lump comes to the throat. An irreverent note once was heard in the hush that follows the toast—and that was uttered in a purely academic spirit by Col. Quentin Reynolds.

"What the hell does 'plangent world' mean?" he asked, quickly seeking refuge in the foliage of his drink at the shocked silence following his ill-timed remark.

The mint-julep parade is another tradition. The lights are lowered; darkies in old-fashioned cutaways, bearing frosted juleps, parade through the ballroom singing, Making Heben My Home, localizing the lovely spiritual by substituting "Tucky" for "Heben."

The legendary Colonel wears a broad-brimmed hat, a frock coat, a pair of baggy trousers and a shoestring necktie. To this he usually adds a white goatee, sideburns and a quart of bourbon.

Being a Kentucky Colonel isn't all a bed of roses. In the past they have endured with dignity the sneers of unthinking and likely envious persons who attempt to belittle their commissions. The very existence of the order was threatened during Governor "Happy" Chandler's regime. The late Governor Ruby Laffoon, who preceded Chandler, gave commissions with a lavish hand, an estimated 10,450. After all, it cost the state only 20 cents per commission, a small enough price to pay for extensive good will.

When Happy became governor, he said he would appoint no more honorary staff members on Kentucky's nonexistent army and navy. This rule he kept almost a year, subsequently seeing his folly and appointing 85 Colonels and an admiral or two.

The way the Colonels went into action during the 1937 flood caused him to change his mind. When Derbytown was inundated, Colonel Anna Friedman telephoned Kentucky Colonels far and wide appealing for help for the stricken city. The money rolled in. Col. Fred Astaire put on one of the many fund-raising shows.

It was during Chandler's regime that State's Attorney General B. M. Vincent cantankerously decided that, according to the constitution, "no one has a right to be designated a Kentucky Colonel."

Naturally this threw the Colonels, thus

(Continued on page 79)

In War—your War Bonds will buy
the radio equipment that times and directs Invasion

RCA

In Peace—your Savings will buy
the greatest radios and phonographs in RCA history

TODAY RCA radios and electronic equipment fight on world-wide battlefronts. At home, thousands enjoy the finest in radio-phonograph performance with RCA instruments like this one made before the war. *Tomorrow* RCA radios and phonographs, advanced by wartime research, will contribute to the greater beauty and finer living of the American home. After the war, RCA will also bring to fulfillment the glories of television, plus the RCA-developed FM Radio Circuit. RCA *leads the way . . . in Radio . . . Television . . . Phonographs . . . Records . . . Tubes and Electronics.*

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA RCA VICTOR DIVISION · Camden, N. J.

What Mad Pursuit

Continued from page 15

who deserved better things. Turning, he found Doc's smirk at his shoulder.

"A simple bet," Doc repeated. "All on the up and up, I give you my word. You have this technique, these wiles. Well, on this girl they will not work."

"For twenty bucks they will work on any girl," Steve said.

"Not this one."

"What's the matter with her?"

"Nothing. She's resistant, is all. A very rugged bit of stuff."

Steve rubbed his jaw.

Doc said, "Is it a bet?"

"Well . . . the conditions?"

"Kiss her tonight, date her for next Saturday's dance. A bet?"

He hesitated still. There was a distinct odor. And yet, the girl was lovely, she breathed and moved. His eyes went from Doc to the girl and back to Doc again, the eyes of a wild thing, tempted, yet suspicious. . . .

"Ah, hell." That was Eddie. Eddie, his pal, his war comrade. "Let him alone, Doc," Eddie said. "It's out of his line. If, now, it was a bet on a horse—"

Steve's mind shriveled. Here it was again, this thing he dreaded. One slip, one youthful error, a thing that could happen to anybody.

"Harkness," he said, "will you shut your big mouth?"

FUTILE. Futile. . . . He shriveled and was still. Let them take it, then. Let them have their will of it. The horrid pattern beat itself out against his ears, the grisly thing rose yet once more to haunt him. But let them take it if it gave them pleasure.

It gave them pleasure. They took it.

"A horse, Eddie?"

"Why, yes, Doc. Sergeant Crutcher here is quite a horseman."

"An expert, would you say?"

"Yes, indeed."

"I believe, Eddie, I will just ask the sergeant a question or two. Horses have oftentimes puzzled me. Tell me, Sergeant, when you want a horse to stop do you holler 'Halt!' like in the Army?"

"Go to the devil," Steve said.

The horse clung to him like the essence of goat. A year it had been, and more, yet it was still fresh and vivid in his mind.

His first night on guard duty; the night, the black night; the rustling sound in the bushes. . . . And then his own great oafish voice, bellowing into darkness:

"Who goes there? Halt! Halt! Corporal of the Guard—Post Number Three!" And the dim shape, indistinctly seen, which did not halt. . . .

The happy voices took it up again:

"I suppose, Eddie, the sergeant rides horseback quite a bit?"

"Oh, no, Doc. He doesn't ride horses. That isn't what he does to horses."

"No? Tell me, Eddie, what does he do to horses?"

"He sticks them."

"Sticks them? Sticks them how, Eddie?"

"Why, with a bayonet."

A bayonet! Stung, he cried, "It's a lie! I never did it! I shot the brute! And only grazed him, at that! I didn't—"

Steve heard himself with horror and, with horror, stopped. Too late—too late. They advanced upon him, left and right, in a joyous pincers movement.

"Why, Sergeant! You mean you shot a horse?"

"With a *gun,* Sergeant?"

"I heard it was a hand grenade . . ."

"Well, some do say an antiaircraft . . ."

"No, no, Eddie. How would the horse get up in the air?"

"Maybe he saw the sergeant's face, Doc."

"Ha-ha. Ha-ha-ha."

It was side-splitting. He was in stitches. But he was, after all, a human creature. His bleeding soul rebelled.

"Okay," he said. "It's worth twenty bucks not to have to listen to this cheap comedy. So, okay. I'll take your bet!"

He turned, he stalked from them, stiffly erect, a hundred and twenty to the minute. But the sound he waited for pursued and caught him.

A crude but quite lifelike neigh.

SHE was sweet, she was lovely, she was the kind of girl you might dream up while gazing into the fire on a winter night. Something soft and helpless, for a man to protect. The orchestra played sweet music, she drifted lightly in his arms. So soft, so sweet. . . .

He steeled himself. This was not, after all, a mere matter of twenty bucks. She was a challenge, a trial of strength. And if his heart beat a little faster than usual it was, of course, because of that. The excitement of the chase.

"Sandra," he breathed. He made it low, he made it husky. She looked up into his eyes.

"Yes?"

It was a shame to do it.

"Sandra. I always knew that it would happen like this."

"What would happen like what?"

"You," he said. "That I would find you."

She was puzzled. "I've been right here all evening," she said. "You mean you've been looking for me?"

Timing was the secret. He paused just long enough. He gazed deeply, deeply into her eyes.

"All my life," he murmured.

Gary Cooper? Charles Boyer? Phooey. I'm wasting my time in the Army, he thought. He was a little awed.

"All your life," the girl said. "Imagine."

He nodded. "I used to dream about it." He let his eyes go faraway and dreamy. "It would be a place something like this. People dancing, soft music playing somewhere. Moonlight."

"There's no moonlight," she said.

"Well, you can't have everything in wartime. You got to make sacrifices. Anyway, there's a moon outdoors."

She considered it. "All right. I'll give you the moon. Go on."

"Yes. Ah—where was I?"

"Dancing in the moonlight."

Was that a giggle? But her eyes were wide, blue, innocent. Well. Well, then. Well. . . .

He turned it on again.

"Soft music, romance. We would meet there under the stars, this girl, this—"

"Dream girl."

"Yes. This dream girl and I." He laughed a little, tenderly. "There couldn't be any mistake. I would know her at once."

"Your heart would tell you."

"Yes." He paused. "Listen," he said. "Who's doing this, you or me?"

She was penitent.

"I'm sorry. I just wanted to help."

Uh-huh.

THEY danced. The orchestra played. He stared stiffly over her head, her hair tickled his chin. In silence they danced.

"Sergeant."

"Well?"

"I said I was sorry."

Let her be sorry. Let her be good and sorry. A girl who would trample on a man's most sacred dreams.

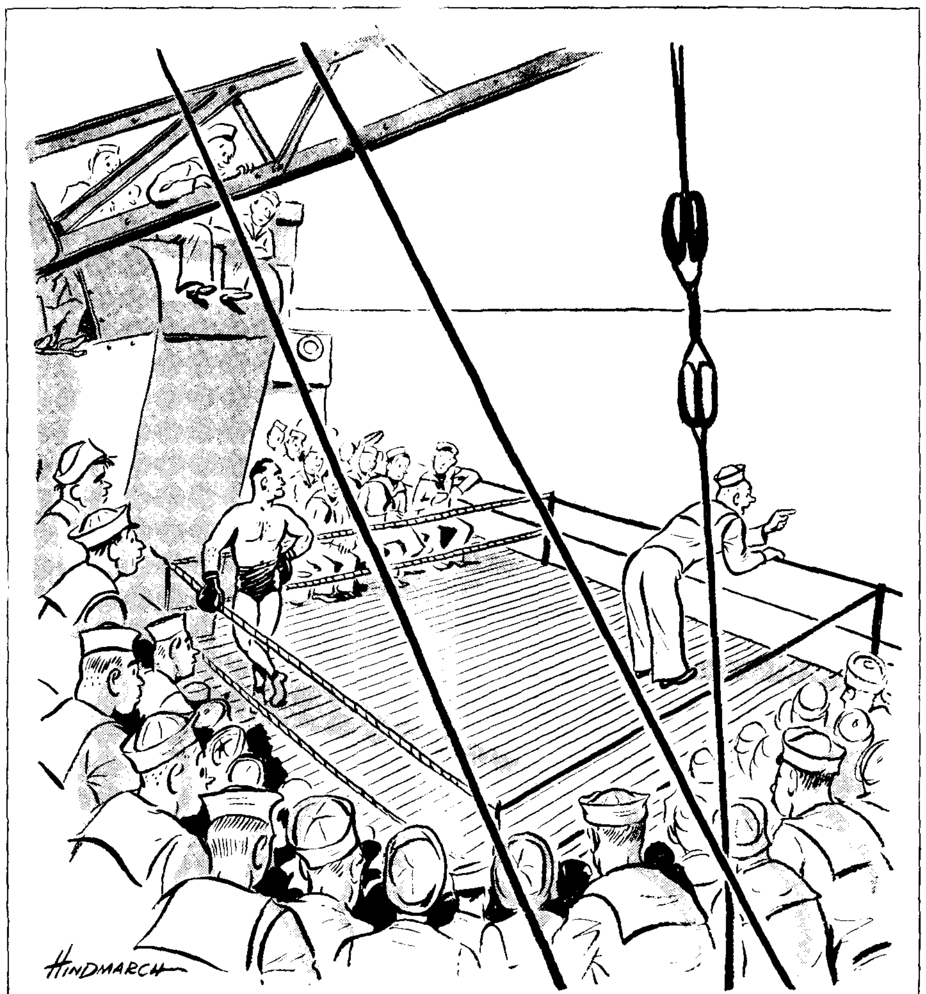
He said bitterly, "It's quite all right."

"It isn't all right. I can't help feeling that you're—hurt."

"Well, naturally," he said, "when a girl tramples on a man's most sacred dreams—"

She said, "But how was I to know they were sacred? You were just making them up as you went along."

Rugged, he thought. *A very rugged bit of stuff.* It was not going to be easy. He picked out the exact spot on her jaw and looked at it with longing. If he could clip



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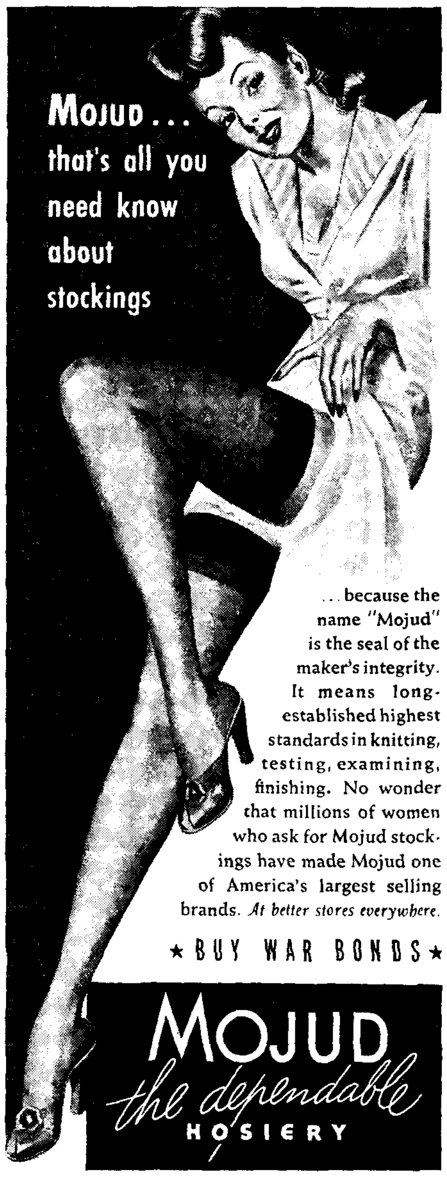

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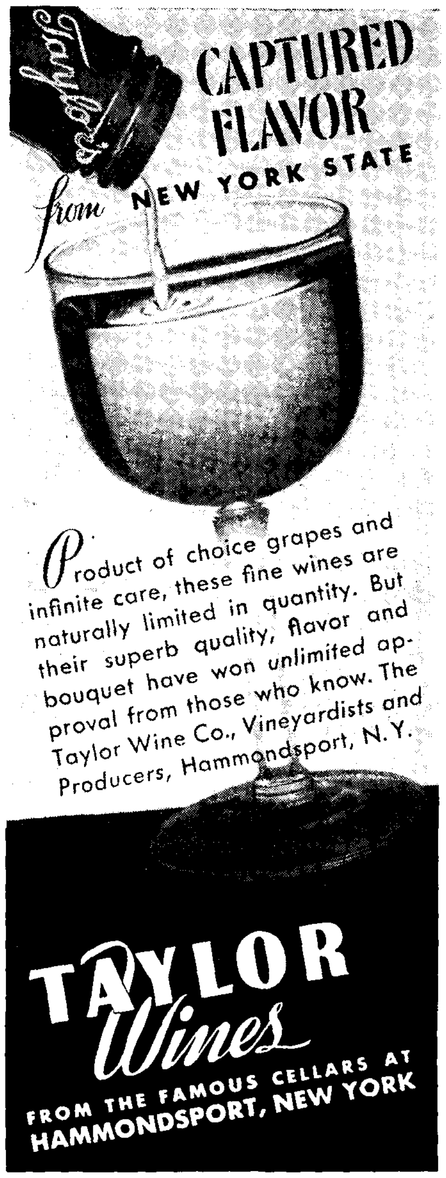

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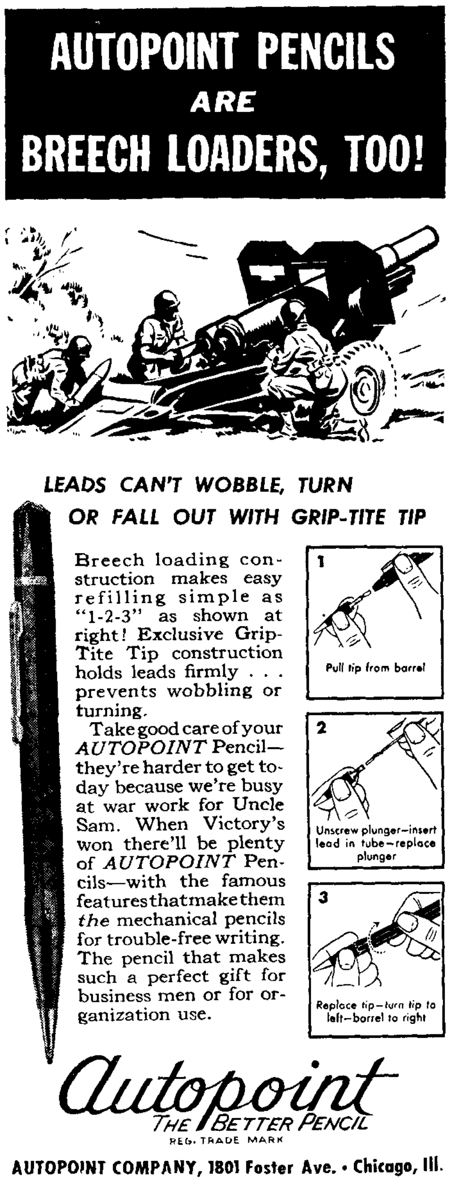
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her one, neatly, right there—two inches southwest of that dimple—

Sandra (an unpleasant name, that, a name that grated)—Sandra interrupted his thoughts.

"Weren't you making them up?"

Steve considered. The grand, strategic plan was still okay. You feinted and withdrew, you altered your tactics to meet those of the enemy . . .

He pushed his face into an expression of remorse. "Sandra," he said, "I was. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Oh, yes. I enjoyed it."

"It was—unpardonable." The last word was deep, throbbing.

"I thought it was fun. You worked so hard, and your face got so red—"

"It did not."

"It was red as a beet, Sergeant."

HE PAUSED to get a grip on himself. Obviously the girl had had an unhappy childhood or something. She was warped.

He said through tightly clenched teeth, "All right. So my face was red. So what?"

"So you were lying as hard as you could lie."

Steady, he thought. *Steady, Crutcher.* He thought of Doc's grin, of Eddie's sneer. *Don't let her draw you out of position. Steady, kid.*

"No," he said gravely. "No, Sandra. Not lying."

She uttered a cry. "But you admitted it! You said you were making it up!"

"I know. But it wasn't lying, Sandra. Not really."

"Oh. I see what you mean. No, it wasn't very good, was it?"

"The hell it wasn't! It was perfect tech—" He stopped suddenly, fought hard for control. It was getting out of hand again. He tried a new approach:

"Never mind that. Listen, Sandra."

"Yes, Sergeant?"

"Have you ever thought about reincarnation?"

"You mean everybody being somebody else?"

"Well, roughly."

"I think about it all the time," she assured him. "Like when I first saw you, I thought—"

"Thought what?"

"Oh, I don't think I ought to tell you."

"Well, all right, then."

"I'm afraid it would sound too bold."

"Don't tell me, then."

"Well, what I thought was, 'Good heavens.' "

"What do you know!" Steve said.

"Because I seemed to—recognize you. A thrill went through me. Sergeant, do you suppose you are?"

"Do I suppose I'm what?"

"The man. The man I loved. In another incarnation, of course."

He thought, *Oh, hell.* She'd taken the ball away from him and run it back ninety-five yards for a touchdown. He stared at her thoughtfully. Somewhere, something had gone terribly wrong. Take this girl: so soft, so sweet—so viciously perverted. Yet perhaps it was only the atmosphere. She needed to be softened up a little. A spot of moonlight, maybe.

"Sandra," he said, and his voice was cracked, desperate. "Don't you think it's awfully warm in here?"

She answered brightly, "Why, yes, I'll look at the moon with you, Sergeant. I like you, Sergeant." She stopped dancing, put her hand in his. It was soft and warm and pleasant. "Somehow, I feel safe with you."

He could not trust himself to answer. They crossed the floor, they went out, and two khaki-clad figures drifted aimlessly after them: there would be witnesses, an audience. Well, a man could only keep trying. It couldn't be much worse than it had been already.

The night was there, waiting for them. A fragrant night, with a moon, with stars, with a placid lake. A night, Steve felt, that was made for love. Hand in hand, they walked down the winding path to the lake, paused, and turned to face each other.

A soldier and a girl, a moonpath across the lake, the sweet strains of distant music. It was like something out of a movie. It took you by the throat.

"Sandra."

"Yes, Sergeant?" Her voice was hushed, low.

"Sandra, I have something I must say to you."

"Yes," she murmured. Steve bent his head, brought his face closer to hers. He hoped Doc and Eddie were well placed. Those bushes to the right, for instance. His voice deepened:

"Do you remember what I said, back there, while we were dancing?"

"About me being your dream girl?"

"Yes," he said. "Remember I told you it wasn't really a lie?"

"I remember." She was dreamy, reminiscent. Steve glanced toward the bushes to the right. Although there was no wind they moved and rustled. He looked away quickly.

"I grant you I exaggerated a little," he said. "Maybe I didn't actually dream those dreams before tonight. But Sandra—" Here it came. This was the punch line. "But Sandra, as soon as I saw you tonight I began dreaming them."

Her eyes shone.

"Sergeant! Really?"

"Yes. That's why I said it wasn't a lie."

"You're not just—just toying with me?"

"No."

"Because I couldn't bear it if you were. A girl has dreams too, Sergeant."

He shifted his feet. This was a possibility that hadn't occurred to him. *Damn and damn,* he thought. That Doc. That Eddie. They had egged him on to this. He took out his handkerchief, patted his face. He was uncomfortable. Taking advantage of this sweet, innocent girl—why, he was no better than a cad! He moved his feet again, awkwardly.

"Dreams," he said.

"Dreams. Shall I tell you about them, Sergeant?"

She was lovely, she was dewy-eyed, her lips were parted. He sighed, hopelessly.

"Okay. Let's get it over with."

"Well, then. I've dreamed about you—oh, for ages. I mean, I didn't know it was you, but it must have been, don't you think? Because here you are." She was quite reasonable about it.

"I'm sure of it," Steve said. "I remember it distinctly."

"Oh, Sergeant! Then you remember the horse, too?"

A chill crept over him. "The horse," he said hollowly. "You mean there's a horse in it?"

"Why, of course. You were always on a horse. You were so dashing, so gallant. . . ."

THE world became fluid, the night whirled about him. "You've got it mixed up," he suggested. "I'm in a tank company. What would I do with a horse?"

"They don't have horses in the Armored Forces?"

"God forbid."

"They don't *allow* horses?"

"No."

She thought about it. After a moment she shook her head in sorrow. "Then," she decided, "there would be nothing left for you to do, but to shoot him."

This time it was definitely a giggle. The giggle grew, increased in violence, became a veritable paroxysm. She took a step forward and clung to him, gasping and shaking.

"Sergeant," she gasped, "forgive me. I—" She was off again. He waited patiently.

And yet—and yet—even in this moment of near madness, this darkness shot

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through with red, he was conscious of something else. At first he tried to ignore it: he failed. Then in rising panic he struggled against it, as a drowning man might fight against the flood that engulfed him. It was no use. He was enjoying it.

It was incredible, it was insane: but there it was. It was a pleasant thing to hold her thus, to feel the pressure of her hands on his shoulders, to smell the delicate perfume of her hair. Sandra: a lovely name, that, a name that caressed the ear, a name that lay like honey on the tongue. . . .

The girl's mirth subsided, she stepped back from him, the moment of weakness passed. He looked at her coldly, objectively. Hair, not bad. Eyes, nice enough. Nose, okay. Mouth, chin, throat: very good. General effect, pleasing.

Be strong, Crutcher, be strong. She might, in a way, perhaps, if your taste happened to run that way, be called beautiful. But beneath the perfection of outward form lay that strange, distorted thing she called her soul.

She was still gasping a little, tears streaked her cheeks. He gave her a handkerchief. "Perhaps we had better go back."

She gazed at him searchingly. "Sergeant, don't be mad at me."

"I'm not."

"I simply couldn't help it."

"Obviously."

"I mean, it wasn't your fault. You were wonderful, Sergeant."

"Thank you," he said coldly. "Shall we go, now?"

"No." She moved close to him again, laid her hands on his shoulders. "Not yet." She was very close, the breeze moved her hair, her breath was light on his cheek. She stood on tiptoe. "You rate something for trying," she explained, and kissed him.

When it was over he found that his arms were around her. He dropped them quickly. He was a bit dazed. There was something, something about a bet—ah!

"Sandra. Will you come to the dance with me next Saturday?"

She smiled at him brightly in the moonlight. "Oh, I'd love to. I like you, Sergeant. You make me think of the men of old. You know, when they sat at table in the great hall, and all that."

He had fought for this moment, he had won to it through blood and sweat and tears. There had been times when he had doubted, times when victory seemed unattainable. Now, victory was his. It just went to show.

Technique, he thought. *All you need is the right combination.*

"The men of old," he said. "You mean like a knight, with armor and stuff?"

"Well, not exactly. I was thinking of the court fool."

DOC was waiting for him in the shadow of a tree when he came out of the clubhouse again. Doc was in a festive mood.

"Ah, Romeo!" he cried. "Ah, Sir Knight!"

"Very funny," Steve said. "Here's another laugh for you. Give me that twenty."

"Give *you* the twenty! Listen, Sergeant, I was there."

"Then you heard for yourself," Steve agreed. "So pay up."

Doc said, "Ha. I heard, all right. She had you over a barrel."

Steve made his voice slow and distinct. "Listen: I kissed her, didn't I?"

"You mean she kissed you."

"That's even better. And I've got a date with her for next week's dance."

"Just because she was sorry for you."

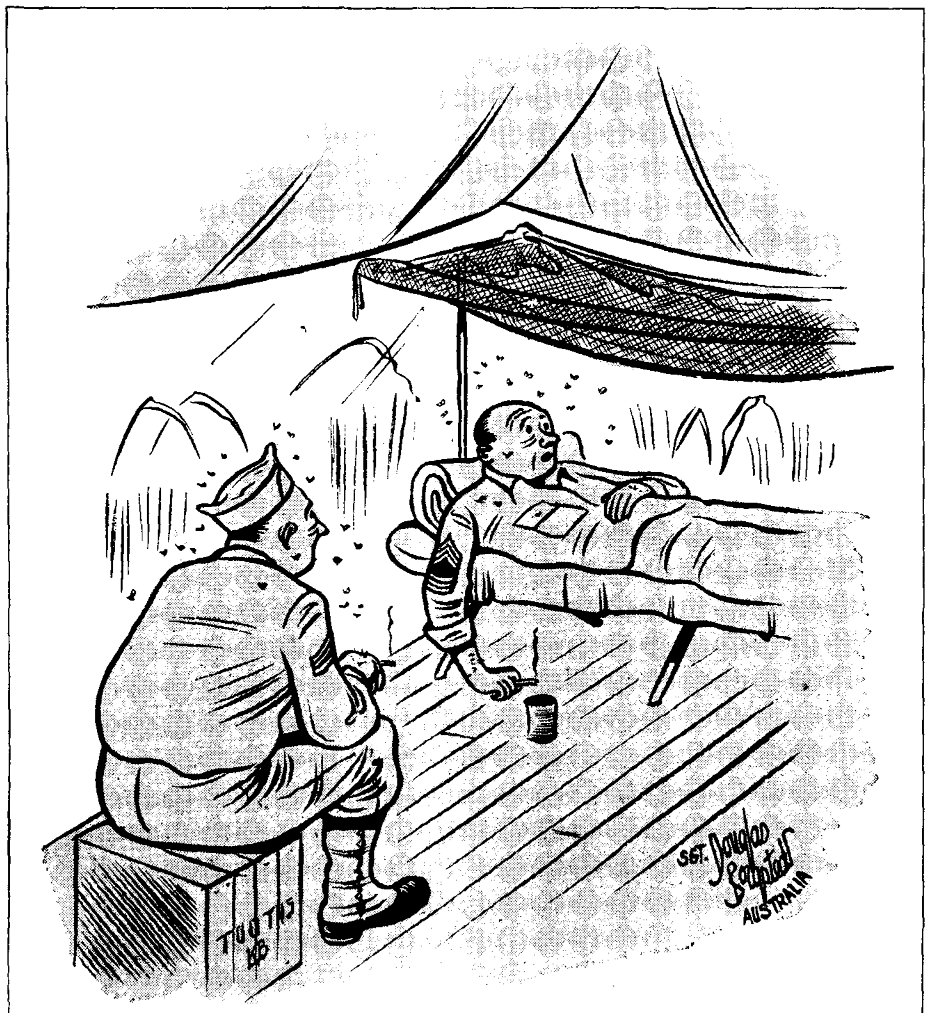
Steve finished, "And you named the conditions yourself." He turned his face up to the moon, closed his eyes. "You said—and I quote—'Kiss her tonight, date her for next Saturday's dance.' "

Doc made a strangling sound.

"It hurts, I know," Steve said. He opened his eyes, gazing dreamily upward. It was a satisfying moment: Doc was not easily stuck. "But a bet is a bet."

Doc said, "Wait," in a low, hoarse voice. "Shut up for a minute."

"Nixon! You mean you can't take it?"



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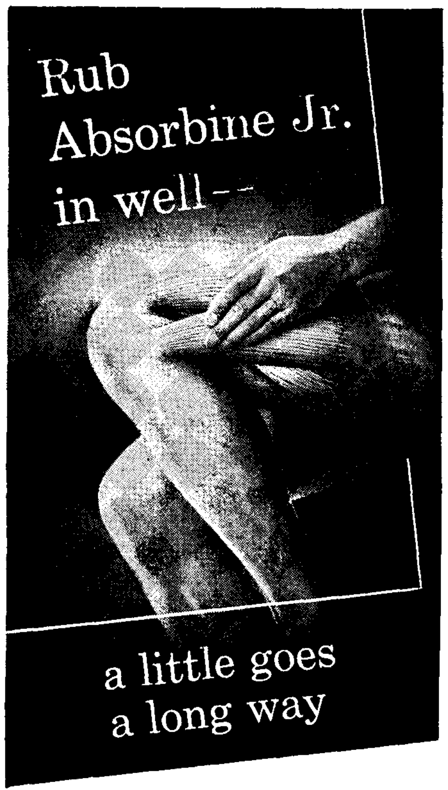

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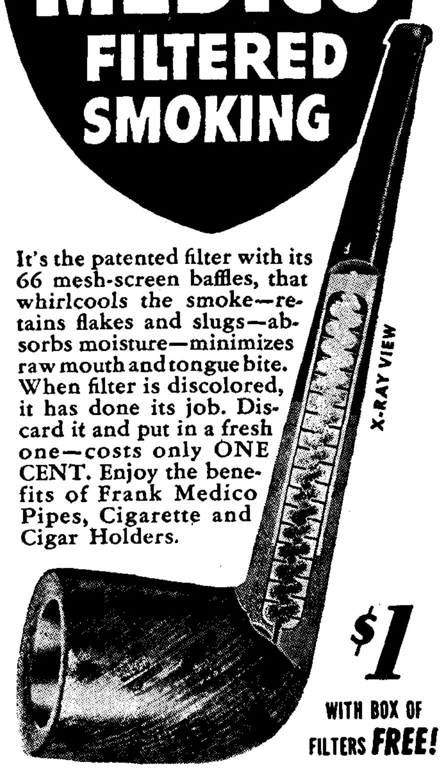

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"Shut *up!*"

"Certainly not. She's kissed, she's dated. A simple little bet, my friend, and you're stuck with it."

Smiling still, he lowered his gaze to Doc's face. He blinked. He gulped. He stopped smiling. He fumbled for a match, put it into his mouth, and struck a cigarette on the tree trunk.

"Ah," he said. "Ah—hello, Sandra."

She didn't answer. She stood there, so lovely, so cold, so silent. Eddie Harkness stood by her, grinning. Steve clawed desperately at his collar. It had become unaccountably tight. He tried again.

"Ah—a lovely evening."

No answer. The temperature was low, low. A cold dew beaded his forehead, frost nipped at his fingers and ears. She looked at him for a moment longer, and then turned to Eddie. She spoke at last:

"Take me in, please, Eddie. I believe the air is better inside, after all."

They turned, they walked away. She was going. For a moment there by the lake he had held her in his arms and it had been pleasant and enjoyable. Now she was going away. He would never see her again.

"Sandra!" he croaked.

She was almost gone. The two figures mounted the steps to the clubhouse. Now she was gone. He would never see her again. It was ended.

"Come on, kid," Doc said. "Take it. Snap out of it."

Steve said, "Huh? Take what?"

"The money. It's yours."

She would never laugh at him, never slip him the old needle again. Gone. Gone forever. Well, and why should he care? There was no reason. Obviously, therefore, he didn't care.

Something shook his arm, and it was Doc.

"The money. Brace up, chum. Take it."

Let her go, then. She was only a girl, a bit of fluff; so let her go. He, Steve, was unaffected by such trifles.

"What money?" he said, and walked away vaguely into the night.

SUNDAY was a long day, a dull day, a dreary day. The sun shone, but there was no warmth, no light. Cherryville he had thought a pleasant enough town; he had been mistaken. It was grim; all that country was barren. Even the Nixons (he was staying with Doc's family) were not as he had thought. Callously they laughed and joked and sang. It was pathetic when you thought about it. Life was a gray waste, yet they made their futile little attempts at gaiety. He smiled wanly from time to time and gazed again into the fog.

Monday was the same, but worse. On Tuesday he said to Doc:

"I'm a little out of condition. Not enough exercise. I believe I will take a little walk."

"Why, yes," Doc said. "A good idea. She lives over on Elm Street—big white house on the corner, lots of trees. You can't miss it."

A quaint idea. Elm Street? Ha. He walked briskly, exercising. Sandra? She was an episode, an incident, no more. Elm Street? It would be the last street he would walk on.

It was.

There was a big white house on the corner. He remembered that he had always been interested in architecture. This house, now: he paused and looked at it. Big. White. He nodded approval. Lot of trees. . . .

Then there were footsteps on the walk behind him, and he turned.

"Why, Sandra!" he cried. "This is amazing! I didn't expect to see *you!*"

Not a word, not a look, not a sign. Her heels went click-clack on the pavement, her hair glowed copper-gold, her eyes looked through him. He glanced at himself to see if he was still there. *Technique,* he thought doggedly. *All you need is the right combination.*

"Sandra." She walked fast for a girl, but fortunately his legs were longer than hers. "Sandra, I've thought of you every moment."

Click-clack. There was a hedge around the lawn, she had to go around the corner to the gate. He walked beside her.

"Sandra, I haven't slept a wink since that night. I haven't eaten for two days. Have you no pity?"

She paused, fumbled in her purse, gave him a dime. "Buy yourself a sandwich," she said. . . .

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday. . . . This was love, this was the divine passion, this was what the poets sang of. The poets, Steve considered, could have it. He would take a nice, clean case of bubonic plague.

"You mean you haven't even seen her?" Doc said. This was Saturday, in the Hi-Hat Tavern, over a bottle of beer.

Steve said "Ha" bitterly. He held up his fingers, one, two, three. "Wednesday night I saw her going to the movies, with Eddie Harkness. Thursday, I saw her heading toward the country club for tennis. With Eddie Harkness. Yesterday it was golf."

"With?"

"Guess who."

Doc gazed into his beer. "I hear he's taking her to the dance tonight, too." He looked at Steve. "What happened, Sergeant? The old technique slipping?"

"Technique! What good is technique, when I can't even get within shouting distance of her?"

"How do you mean?"

"I call her on the phone: she won't speak to me. I go to her house: she's got a headache. I've tried being a Western Union boy with a telegram, I've tried calling for their laundry. No soap. Yesterday, I asked for a job cutting the lawn. . . ."

"Well?"

"I got the job. I was half through when Harkness drove up and took her away. And that was all I saw of her."

Doc said "Tch-tch" thoughtfully and emptied the bottle into his glass. He drank, smacked his lips. "Well, Sergeant," he said, "the way I see it, there's only one thing left for you to do."

"What's that, Doc?"

"Well, if you really want my advice—"

"Don't get coy. Dish it out."

"Why, then I'd say, 'Have another beer, Sergeant, and forget it.' " Doc shook his head. "Today's your last chance, and Eddie's got her sewed up. Five to three you can't do it."

"No bet."

"Five to two, then."

"Not a chance."

"That's my best offer. What do you want, anyway? Santa Claus?"

"Nothing," Steve said. "No more bets. Wild horses couldn't drag—" He broke off sharply, stared at Doc.

"I didn't say it," Doc protested.

Steve thought, *Horses. The men of old. Castles. Knights. . . .*

Doc said, "I didn't even think it."

"Shut up."

"Sergeant, you wrong me. I—"

Steve brought his hand down on the table. "Hah!" he cried. "Listen. Did you ever hear of a guy called Lochinvar?"

IT WAS nine o'clock. He lurked in the shadow of the hedge, waiting. The moon shone, there were lights in the house, and at any minute Eddie Harkness would show up. He had to wait for Harkness. Snatching a girl out of her own house presented too many difficulties, Lochinvar or no Lochinvar. Let Harkness bring her out. And then—

Out in the street a car approached, slowed, stopped at the curb. Steve shrank back closer into the hedge. A military figure left the car and went up the walk to the house, whistling cheerily. Steve waited. After a moment the figure reappeared, joined now by another. The two came toward the hedge. Gay, unsuspecting, carefree. A soft murmur of voices, a light laugh. . . .

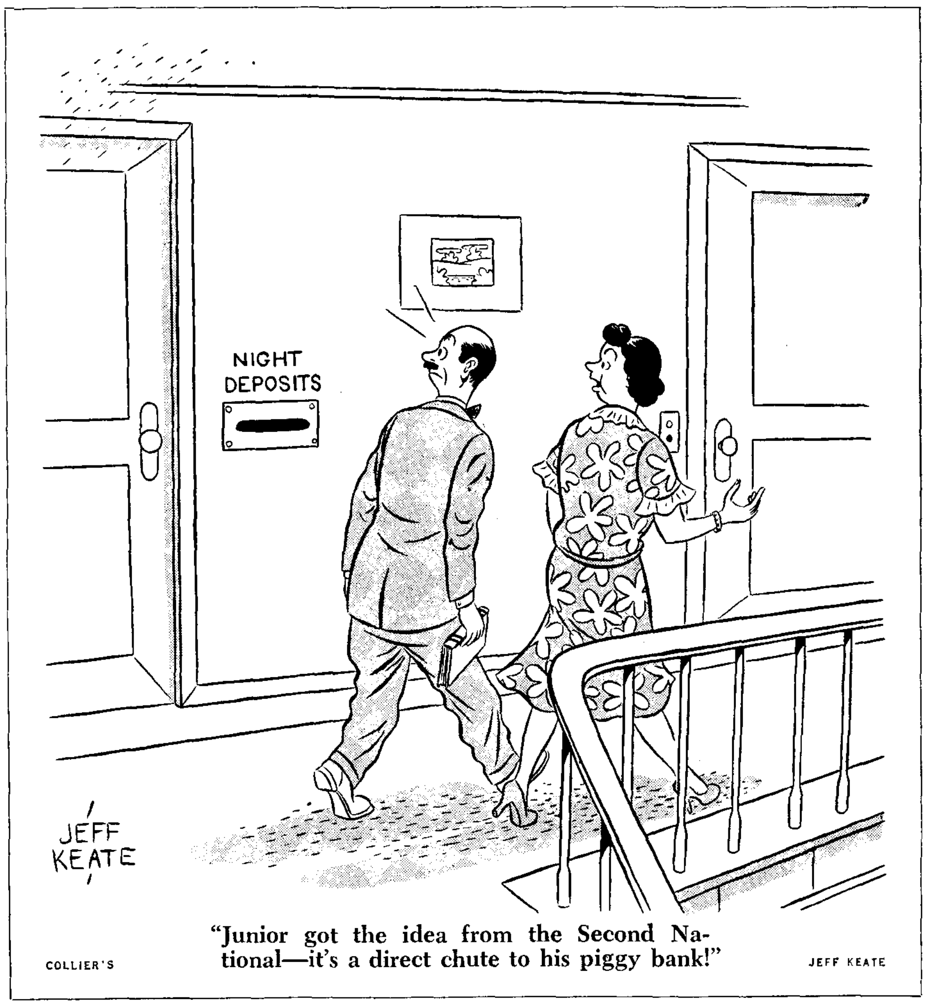
Steve stepped out of the shadow, blocking the path.

Sandra said, "Oh!"

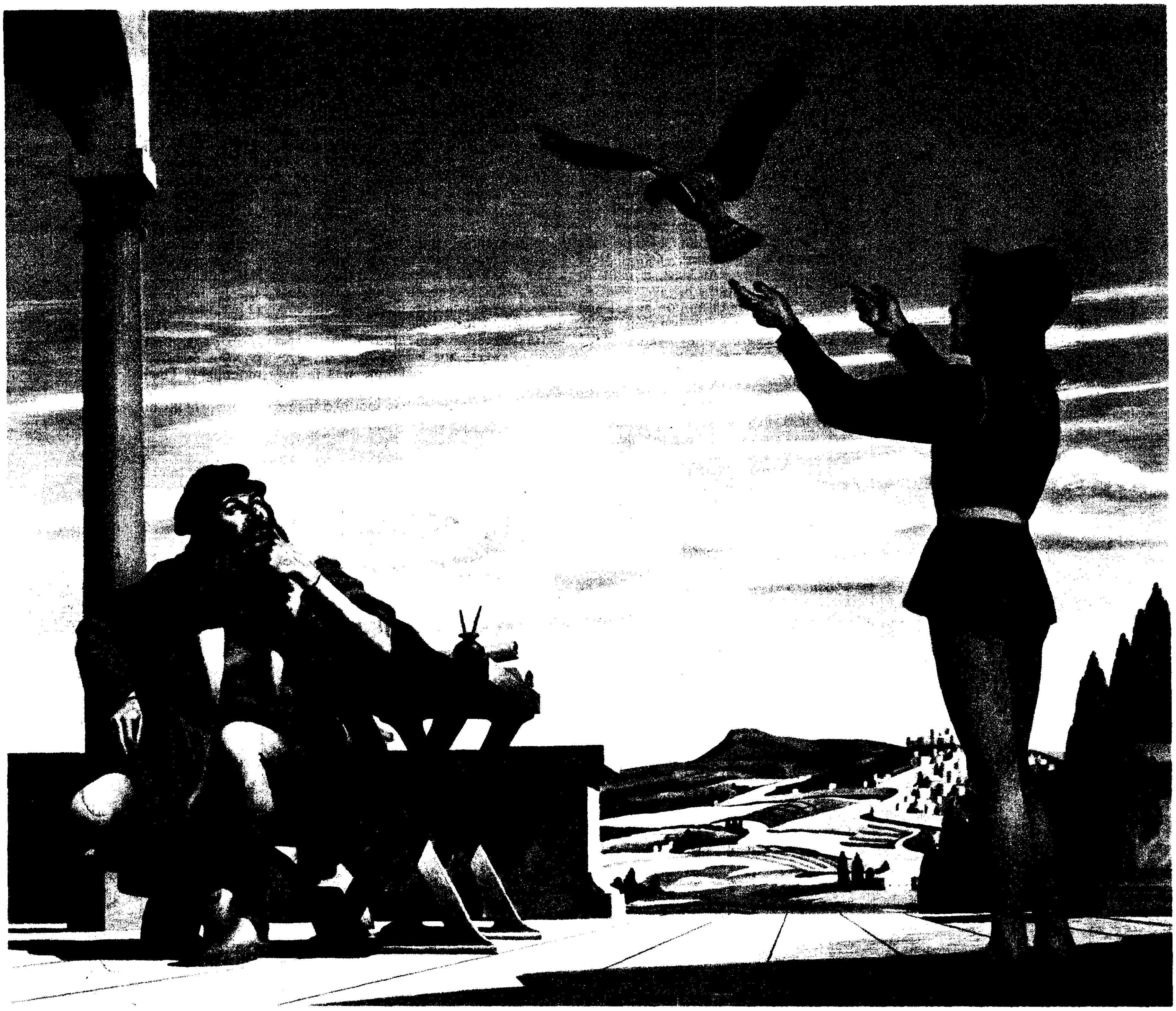
Eddie said, "Hey! Wha—"

Steve didn't say anything. He was a border raider, a strong man, a man of action. He moved, and he put his weight behind it. There was a sharp, smacking sound. Eddie Harkness, missing in action, reclined among the azaleas.

There was no time to gloat. Steve



"Junior got the idea from the Second National—it's a direct chute to his piggy bank!"



The Limitless Right-of-Way

WHAT Leonardo da Vinci sought in the study of birds was what this generation has created and developed—a practical method of human flight.

But we have found infinitely more—a means of commercial and cultural intercourse between towns, cities, states and nations which meets, with dramatic timeliness, America's *economic* as well as military needs.

This nation's air transport system has brought air travel within practical reach of millions. Tomorrow, the Airlines which created this system will continue its expansion. In thousands of communities, one will be able to choose a destination—Toledo or Timbuctoo—and head for it at three or more miles a minute.

This expansion means that the Airlines will spend millions at a time when the nation's economy most needs such expenditure. But a far greater stimulant will be the many new types of industrial enterprise which the speed and flexibility of air transportation will help create—developing a need for millions of workers, many new skills.

More than any other one group in the world, the Airlines of the United States have carried the responsibility and the risk of opening the limitless right-of-way of the sky. They have paved it with more than two billion miles of experience. They intend to bring it finally to the threshold of every man's door.

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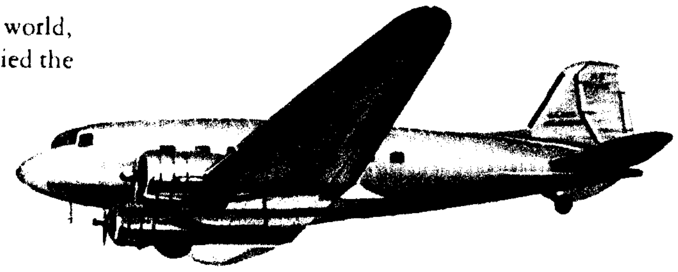

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whirled, put a hand over Sandra's mouth, lifted her in his arms. She kicked, she squirmed. She made muffled sounds. Well, you had to expect some resistance. And fortunately the street was deserted. He carried her around the corner, halfway up the next block. There, under a convenient tree, he stopped.

The girl stopped struggling. Her body went suddenly limp. Then her shoulders began to shake.

Steve glared at her. "All right," he snarled under his breath. "Didn't you ever see a horse and buggy before?"

Her shoulders went on shaking. She was practically hysterical. *Okay,* Steve thought. *So okay.* At least, it made it easier to get her into the buggy.

He got the horse in motion at last and drove out of town, clop-clop-clop. With the last houses some hundred yards behind them, he released her.

"Sergeant," she said, gasping. "Oh, Sergeant!"

Steve growled at her. "Don't think it was my idea. It's the damn' gas rationing. There wasn't a car in town I could get."

She couldn't answer. She was helpless. The moon shone, the horse went clop-clop, the road was white with moonlight.

"When you've got a minute to spare," Steve said coldly, "I'd like to talk to you."

She sat up straight and dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief. "Go ahead, Sergeant. I'll be good." She choked, recovered. "Go on."

Lochinvar never had anything like this to contend with. Steve glanced at her, sidewise, considering. *All you need is the right combination,* he thought.

"Sandra," he said, and paused. He was a soldier, off to the wars. Anything could happen: torpedoes, bombs, land mines. . . . Anything. Surely her heart would soften; she could not send him into battle with her eldritch laughter ringing in his ears.

"Sandra," he said again.

It was all ready, the words, the music, the throb in the voice. And he couldn't do it. He'd always been able to do it, before, but now he couldn't. He couldn't, because this time it was real; this time he meant it.

Sandra said, "Yes, Sergeant?"

"Oh, forget it."

"Forget what?"

"What I was going to say."

She moved closer to him. "Go on, Sergeant. Tell me."

THE white road flowed backward, the horse went clop-clop-clop. She wore a perfume that smelled like violets. Very faint, very delicate. Her shoulder touched his.

"Skip it," he said.

"Please, Sergeant."

Her hand was on his arm, her face was close to his, she looked into his eyes.

"Well. All right." He threw away the trimmings, he boiled it down for her. "I love you, Sandra."

She nodded happily. "Go on."

"That's all."

"All!" she cried. "Your voice doesn't even tremble."

"No."

"And your face isn't red."

"Good."

"Not good enough. You were better the first time, Sergeant."

"Listen." He turned to face her. The horse, unguided, went clop-clop-clop. The moon, unassisted, shone. It shone on her face, and she was very lovely. "Listen," he said, "I'm not going to put on an act for you. I'm just telling you, I love you."

"But, Sergeant! You're a soldier. This is your last night. Soon, perhaps, you will be going into battle. . . . Aren't you going to tell me any of that?"

"No."

"Aren't you going to say that if I spurn your love you—you won't be responsible for what happens?"

"Shut up," he said.

"Sergeant, I think you're mean. You're not doing it right, at all."

"I can't help that."

"You could try. You'll never win your bet like this."

"Bet! What bet?"

"About taking me to the dance tonight. How much is it worth to you this time?"

Exasperated, he said, "There's no bet. And never mind the cracks. I love you. . . . I didn't know it until you walked away with Harkness that night. But that's the way it is. I know it's a laugh, but I can't help that, either. I just love you."

Her face was soft, her hair touched his cheek. She said critically, "That was a little better, Sergeant. But you should have let your voice break, there at the end. Like this: I just—love you."

He stared at her for a moment. So soft, so sweet. She leaned close, her eyes laughed at him, the dimple was in her cheek.

He gazed again at that spot two inches southwest of it, and something snapped inside him.

He drew back his fist, but tenderly, and let her have it. Not hard, not like he gave it to Eddie. But just hard enough. Her eyes were wide, glazed; she leaned back against the seat, staring at him.

"Now," he said, "sit there for a minute, and keep your trap shut."

He said, "You needed that one. I can forgive you for last Saturday, because I deserved whatever I got then. But tonight—"

He said, "It's okay to make with the dialogue, maybe, when you're playing for fun. But when a guy's telling you he loves you, that's different."

He said, "So I don't even want to ride back to town with you. The buggy's yours. I give it to you, for a laugh."

He turned his attention to the horse. "Halt!" he cried. The horse stopped, ears cocked incredulously. Steve looked once more at Sandra.

A lovely creature, but rugged, as Doc had said. Too rugged to be the girl a man might, just conceivably, some day, want to marry.

"So goodby, Sandra," he said. He kissed her once, lightly, and climbed out of the buggy.

HE WALKED briskly through the moonlight, and he had gone perhaps thirty yards before the clop-clop-clop overtook him.

The horse drew abreast of him, and then the buggy. He walked stiffly, looking straight ahead.

"Sergeant."

A small voice, very soft, very subdued. But let her talk. He wouldn't even look at her.

"Sergeant, I'm sorry. Really."

So okay. So drive on in to town. So goodby, Sandra. He walked through the moonlight. The horse went clop and clop, clop and clop.

"I ought to be beaten black and blue, Sergeant. But I just had that habit of sticking pins into people. A girl has to protect herself from the wolves some way, Sergeant. . . . Sergeant, ride back to town with me. Please?"

Ride? With her? Ha. It would be miles, probably, but he would walk every step of the way. Like this, swinging through the moonlight, eyes front, shoulders back; *hunt,* two, three, four. . . .

"Sergeant." The voice was even smaller, even softer than before. "Sergeant, I guess maybe I—I love you, too."

Technique, he thought. *All you need is the right combination.* He thought: *For some, love words in the moonlight; for others a pop in the puss. . . .* But he would be strong, he would make her suffer. He wouldn't look, he wouldn't speak, he would walk every step of the way.

Or anyway as far as the next tree: that one, right there—

"Call me Steve," he said.

THE END

Major ON THE COVER

Major Juanita Redmond, the nurse on the cover, has seen as much war as most of our soldiers. The photograph shows her receiving her wings, the emblem of the flight nurses. Already she wears two Oak Leaves for service on Bataan and Corregidor, and two ribbons—one for pre-Pearl Harbor service, one for service in the Pacific.

In her popular book, I Served on Bataan, Miss Redmond told of the heroic work of the nurses during the dreadful siege, how they labored under fire to care for the ever-growing casualty list, making the best of inadequate equipment and starvation rations. When at last she and eleven other nurses were evacuated to Australia and sat down to a real meal, they were asked which they preferred, pie or ice cream. All twelve of them said,

ERWIN BLUMENFELD

"Both, please, and two helpings of each."

Miss Redmond earned her wings recently by successfully completing the flight nurses' course of the AAF School of Air Evacuation at Bowman Field—a course that didn't exist when the war began.

At present Major Redmond is stationed in Washington as assistant to the superintendent of nurses of the Army Air Forces. When occasionally she visits her home in Swansea, South Carolina, or the State Hospital at Columbia, South Carolina, where she took her training, she gets a hero's reception. . . . A. P.

Mr. Potter's private war

Mr. Potter closed his eyes and listened to the music . . .

He was on the bridge of a destroyer in the North Atlantic . . . Captain Potter gets the convoys through.

Then he was Pilot Potter . . . riding the skies over Europe.

The music softened . . . and Lieutenant Potter of the U. S. Marines was lying wounded in the jungle . . . pale and drawn . . .

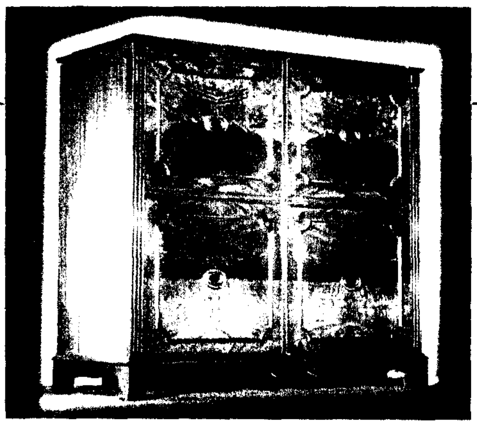
Then his wife called. "Henry!" she said, "Put the cat out and come to bed."

To Mr. Potter, music is relaxation from war work . . . To the girl whose husband has gone to war, music is a companion.

Music is many things to many people . . . but it is at its best when heard with all the subtleties that give it meaning.

Tomorrow, all the richness of great music . . . all the elusive tonal qualities . . . will come to you through the postwar Stromberg-Carlson.

This is a promise worth remembering . . . for it is backed by fifty years of experience . . . by the skill that made Stromberg-Carlson the leader in FM . . . and by many new wartime developments! Keep the postwar Stromberg-Carlson in mind . . . Your War Bonds will buy nothing finer!



IT IS IMPORTANT that we plan now to bring you fine Stromberg-Carlson radios when peace comes . . . important because these plans will mean good jobs for our men in the armed forces . . . and good jobs for the men and women whose work has won for Stromberg-Carlson the Army-Navy "E."

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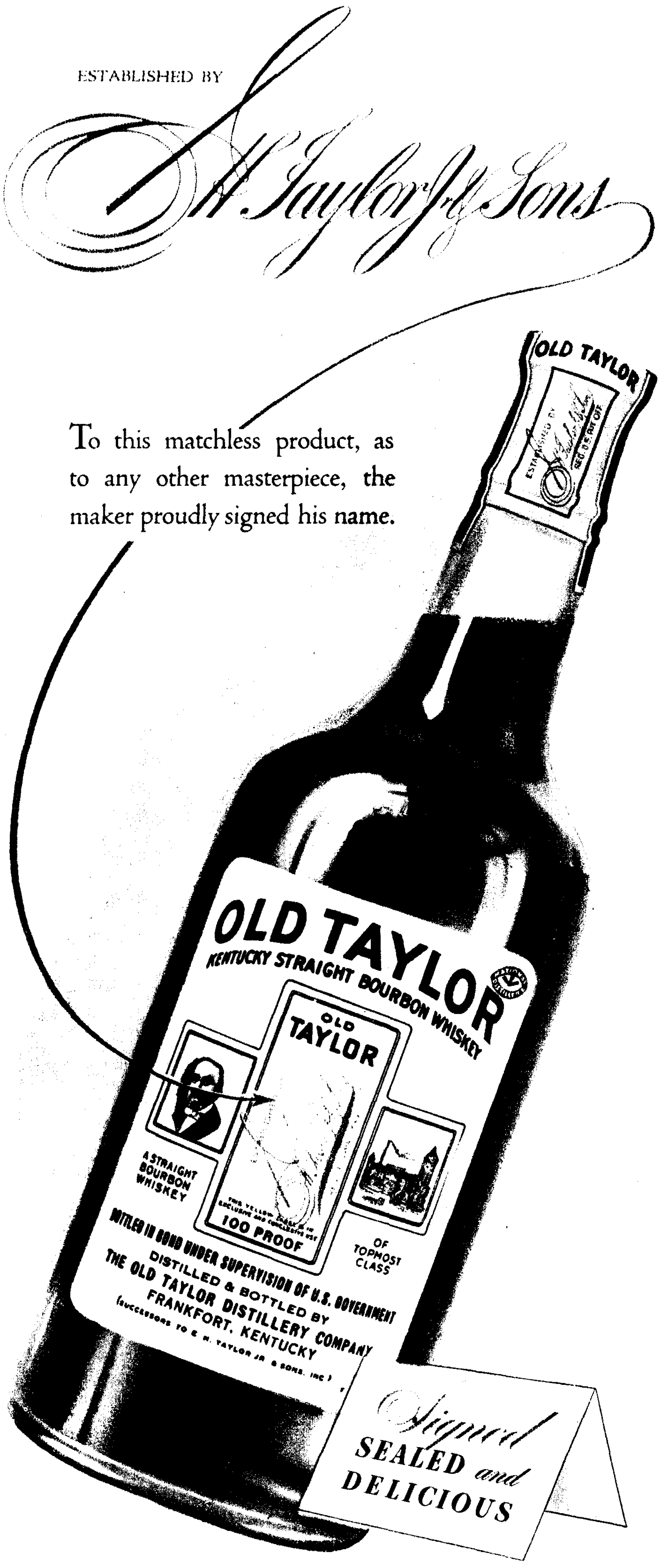
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This Whiskey is 4 Years Old • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

Get Out and Stay Out!

Continued from page 11

But the major's letter was intercepted by Allied agents and handed over to the United States government, which in turn passed it on to the authorities in La Paz. It was this Belmonte letter, along with other evidence, that prompted President Roosevelt, on September 11, 1941, about three months before Pearl Harbor, to declare that the Axis was preparing to invade South America and use that as a base for attack on the United States.

In the meantime, the Bolivian government, in agreement with proposals from Washington, had made the major's dramatic descent upon Bolivia "by plane" from Berlin, somewhat inconvenient. It had confiscated the local German-owned airline LAB—short for Lloyd Aereo Boliviano—which was to have been the chief instrument of conquest, and had made a contract with Pan American-Grace Airways to operate it.

The Lloyd Aereo Boliviano was only one link in the vast chain of interlocking and co-operating lines the Germans had established in the various countries. But it was the most strategic. It was their main transcontinental line, the nearest and quickest route from Germany to the South American Pacific coast and to the countries nearest the Panama Canal.

"Only our success in getting these Bolivian and other South American airlines out of the hands of the Axis prevented Nazi domination of Bolivia and the invasion of the Southern Continent," a high official in Washington recently told me.

But their elimination was an intricate procedure, a diplomatic feat which required the co-operation of dozens of different departments, bureaus and commissions of the government, as well as the wholehearted assistance of numbers of commercial and financial organizations. Chief among the latter were the Pan American Airways and Pan American-Grace Airways (locally called PANAGRA). It is not too much to say that Hitler's forces have suffered no greater diplomatic defeat anywhere in the world than the loss of the vast 23,000-mile network of so-called commercial airlines that extended to almost every city, town and jungle community in South America.

Authorities Aroused to Action

We would probably have continued our aviation slumbers undisturbed if, in 1926, old Captain Fritz Hammer, co-founder with P. P. Von Bauer, of SCADTA (Sociedad Colombo-Alemana de Transportes Aereos), had not aroused the fears of United States Army and Navy officials.

Herr Hammer made a survey flight northward across the Canal and Panama, to Costa Rica. In San José he practically closed a deal for the establishment of regular air service between Colombia and this Central American capital. Our military authorities were thoroughly aroused by the possibility of German owned and piloted planes flying over our vital waterway. A few months later, Hammer resumed his survey flights through Central America and on across the Caribbean by way of Cuba to Miami, Florida.

Egged on by what must have seemed to him Yankee indifference, Hammer proceeded directly to Washington and planked down an application for permission to extend his lines northward from South America to the United States. When officialdom in the national capital finally recovered from its astonishment, and realized that the recently vanquished Germans had already begun their systematic penetration of the Western Hemisphere, not to say the United States itself, aviation history began to be made.

Hammer's trip to Washington inspired and hastened the passage in 1928 of our first aviation laws, which provided for and introduced our transport system. Pan American Airways and the Pan American-Grace company immediately armed themselves with mail contracts and began the tremendous push which by 1930 found them circling South America, and dominating air services in Mexico, Central America and the Caribbean.

In 1931, Pan American wittingly or unwittingly forestalled all future Nazi domination of SCADTA in Colombia. It bought controlling interest in the company. Von Bauer, general manager, who until long after the war in Europe broke out, interested himself principally in making money, discovered that his dreams of expansion northward could never come true. Pan American competition and the opposition of United States military forces made it impossible for him to get into, much less through, Panama; and without an outlet to the United States, SCADTA could not fulfill Von Bauer's principal ambitions. So he was more than willing to tie up with a United States company.

Competition Too Difficult

Pan American, finding it difficult to compete with SCADTA, and therefore unable to establish domestic lines of its own in Colombia, took the most practical course and bought its way in, but retained Von Bauer as general manager. Von Bauer's old partner, Fritz Hammer, determined to maintain ties with Germany and German interests, later turned his attention to Ecuador and the organization of a German Ecuadorean company known as SEDTA. In fact, all the German-owned companies began flinging their tentacles all over the continent—in Brazil, Argentina, Peru and others, and by transatlantic line connected them all directly with Berlin.

The Germans were the first to institute regular passenger service between South America and Europe. They not only flew airplanes back and forth between the Old World and the New, but long before that, Doctor Hugo Eckener had inaugurated dirigible service between Germany and Brazil. The Brazilian government had been so impressed that it had granted Doctor Eckener a generous subsidy.

By 1932, when Hitler rose to power and began laying his plans for world domination, the German airlines in South America were so well established that he decided to take them over and use them for his own purposes. Of course the taking over was done indirectly if not secretly. A German holding company, Lufthansa, whose planes flew the Atlantic, had organized a subsidiary, the Condor Syndicate of Brazil, to furnish capital and supplies to the various individual companies.

The syndicate arranged things so that if an individual company, like LAB or SEDTA or Condor, wanted new planes and equipment, it was obliged to hire German engineers, pilots and mechanics to install and operate them. In this way the holding company became the real power, or at least the link between the Nazis and the local organization.

As one official put it, "It soon developed that pilots and mechanics would be operating in Bolivia one month, in Brazil the next and in Peru or Ecuador a little later." In this way they gained an over-all experience and knowledge of geography and flying conditions.

Soon the Germans had spliced or connected up practically all of the individual companies. They had crossed the Andes from east to west, from Brazil to Peru, by way of Bolivia, the widest and wildest part of the mountains in South America. They had inaugurated a regular schedule from Peru to Berlin.

Even at that time, few people in the United States outside of the government were seriously concerned. The farseeing members of the military forces and realistic members of the State and Commerce Departments were aroused. But for the most part, they hammered their heads against the stone walls of a domestic-minded Congress and public. The Nazis moved in on the German employees of these various companies and began recruiting them as secret agents and propagandists, but little was done about the situation until after Der Fuehrer's legions marched on Poland.

One of the first genuine pieces of evidence that German employees of the airlines were taking a hand in Nazi activities came to light in Bogota, Colombia in 1935. A Pan American official in the headquarters of SCADTA had noticed that numbers of Germans were going in and out of the office of a German employee. Upon close observation he noticed that the visitors usually clicked their heels when they entered. As time went on it was further observed that the German carefully locked his desk on leaving.

Then, one day, the German forgot to lock his desk when he left. In the lower left-hand drawer were found official stamps and credentials. Impressions of all these were made in the official's notebook. A careful study of them revealed that the German clerk was the local secretary of the Nazi Party in Colombia.

Aerial mapping proved to be one of the most extensive activities of all the German lines. Unusually elaborate sets of charts giving exact locations, the altitude of every hill, mountain and valley, and especially the regions adjacent to the Panama Canal, were made. Curiously enough, any charts or maps that got into the hands of outsiders turned out to be ingeniously inaccurate. Nearly every mountain peak was shown to be several hundred feet lower than it actually is.

SEDTA in Ecuador not only built landing fields in the extreme northern part of that country, only 800 miles from the Canal, but its officials moved heaven and earth to obtain permission to establish commercial service between the mainland and the Galápagos Islands. Since the Galápagos were practically uninhabited except for a handful of Ecuadorean peasants, the Ecuadorean government could see no reason for granting such permission.

These lonely islands lie in the main channel of the Pacific leading to the Panama Canal. For twenty years the Japanese had dickered with various Ecuadorean officials for the fishing rights in Galápagos waters. To all Jap offers, the Ecuadoreans merely listened in silence. Today we have been permitted to fortify the Galápagos, in co-operation with Ecuador, for the defense of the Canal and all Pacific America.

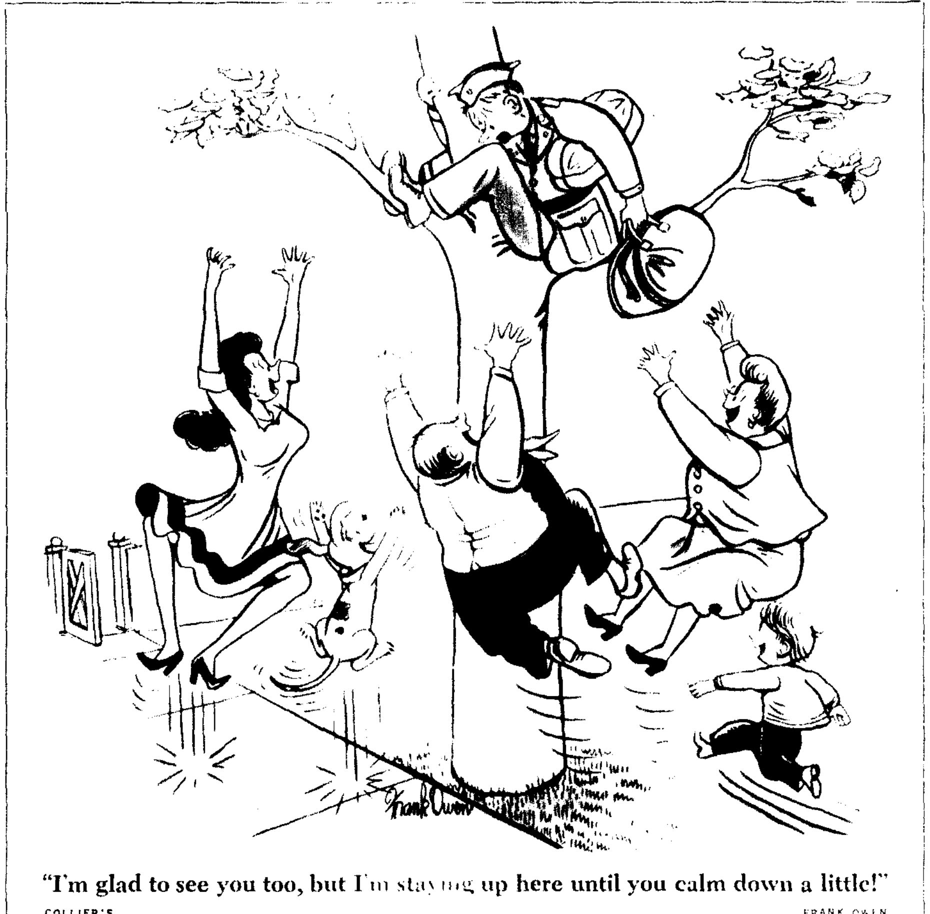
When war broke out in the Old World, the planes of the German lines in eastern South America were used for observation purposes against British and French shipping, and later against United States vessels in the South Atlantic. Soon after the beginning of the war, a four-engined Focke-Wulf was hurriedly flown from Berlin and began so-called routine survey flights between Brazil and Buenos Aires.

Further Observation Necessary

On one such flight the plane was observed by the British cruisers Ajax and Exeter more than a hundred miles offshore. The day after this incident, the Condor office in Buenos Aires applied for permission to make another test flight, saying that the Brazilian government had decided that further tests were necessary, before it could give its permission for regular scheduled service between the capitals of Brazil and Argentina. When queried, the Brazilian government said it had made no such suggestions.

As time went on, the United States government, with the aid and assistance of Pan American and Pan American-Grace Airways officials, gathered other damning evidence against the German airlines. While all the companies carried a lot of passengers locally, in many cases their rates were anything the passengers wanted to pay. Officials and military personnel in the various countries usually rode free of charge. Mail and freight were transported for a fraction of what the United States lines charged. There had to be other incentives than commercial profit.

Large portions of the cargo carried by



"I'm glad to see you too, but I'm staying up here until you calm down a little!"

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So tender! They cut at the touch of your fork. They're Swift's Premium quality through and through!

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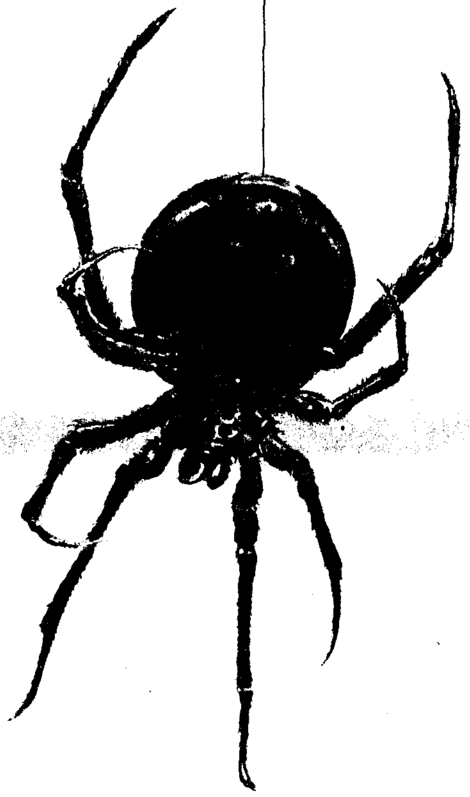
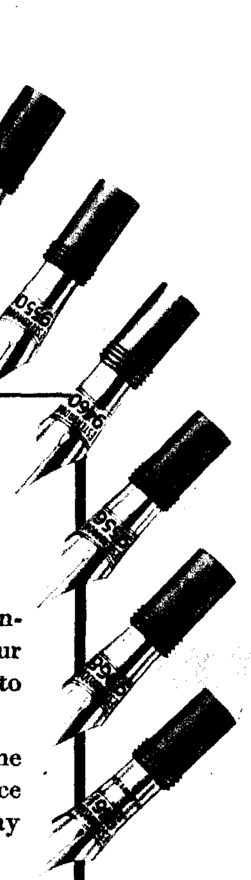
Look for this label on every 4th link

RIVALS IN PRECISION





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Esterbrook Pens

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...WORLD'S GREATEST PEN MAKERS SINCE 1858

these planes proved to be Nazi books, pamphlets and other printed propaganda, flown all the way from Berlin and parceled out to the various communities. The German lines gave aid and assistance to the local armies, especially in the Bolivian-Paraguayan Chaco War, and in the war between Peru and Ecuador.

In the Peruvian-Ecuadorean difficulty, they used Uncle Sam as a whipping boy. They told the Peruvians that the United States was aiding the Ecuadoreans in order to get military rights on the Galápagos Islands. To the Ecuadoreans they said that the Yankees were supplying planes and war materials to the Peruvians with the hope of acquiring Peruvian oil and copper interests.

As the war in Europe progressed, pilots, mechanics, radio experts and clerks in the offices of all the lines became more and more ardent supporters of Nazism. They redoubled their efforts to spread propaganda and to spy on Allied shipping and on all business activities.

They were especially attentive to the younger military officers and enlisted men, who later turned out to be the most totalitarian-minded elements among the native populations, as has recently been shown by events in such countries as Bolivia and Argentina.

Revolutionary Plans for Bolivia

Our Bolivian Major Belmonte revealed this in his revolutionary plans for Bolivia. "I have taken particular note," he said, "of what you write me with reference to the younger element of the army. I have always counted on them, and they are no doubt the ones who will best co-operate with me."

It is interesting that some of these younger officers participated in the recent overthrow of the government of President Enrique Peñaranda, who had confiscated the German airlines and co-operated with the United States.

Realizing that these airlines in South America were a dagger pointed at the very heart of the United States, and a road for the eventual conquest of the South American continent, officials of the State, Commerce, War and Navy Departments set to work in earnest to throttle the Axis monster. It was a man-sized job.

It was necessary to convince governments and peoples of the danger to themselves of these airways. If we were to keep faith with the Good Neighbor policy and prevent violent reactions against ourselves, which would provide thunder for the Axis, it was necessary to avoid all appearances of strong-arm methods.

After years of experience, careful cultivation of friendships with officials and military elements as well as with the general public, the Germans in several countries were often as popular locally as the Yankees. In countries like Bolivia, Ecuador and the back areas of Brazil they had been the first to establish sorely needed transportation and communication between remote outlying districts.

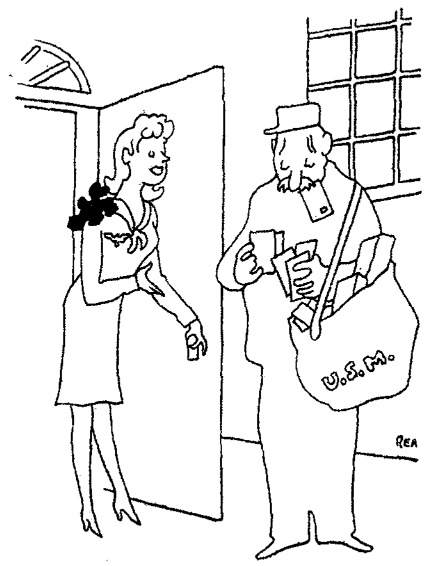
Therefore, we had to offer, in place of these services, transportation superior to that provided by the Axis lines. It was necessary to avoid any actions that might enable politicians and others to charge us with Yankee imperialism.

The situation in Colombia proved to be fairly easy. It took time and evidence to convince native officials that the German influence in the airways was still a menace to the welfare and security of the hemisphere.

When the final evidence was mustered, there was the proven incident of the German employee who had been the secretary of the Nazi party in Colombia. And when this other information was laid before Colombian officials, they not only were convinced but gave their complete cooperation. They induced their congress to pass laws which enabled them to take over the German interests in the company, with Pan American continuing to operate it. All this done, early one morning Pan American officials swooped down and took control of every plane, warehouse, landing field and ticket office. That completed the de-Germanization of SCADTA.

A little later, the Peruvian government acted on its own in handling the German line within its own borders. Time and again, Condor planes had flown over forbidden areas such as army and naval installations. The final, overt act was a desperate attempt on the part of the Nazis to scuttle two interned German merchant ships in Callao harbor, the port for the capital, Lima. They not only tried to destroy the ships, but had towed them into the entrance to the breakwater, in an effort to bottle up the country's chief seaport.

Agents of the German steamship lines (who were also the agents for the Nazi airlines) tried to escape from Lima in a German plane without proper visas or departure credentials. The plane was ready to take off when the authorities got to the airport. This was proof enough to the Peruvian officials that whether steamship lines, airlines or what, all German activities were a part of the general Nazi scheme. Every plane, all equipment and other facilities were seized, and the German airlines in Peru were a thing of the past.



"Anything with stamps on isn't for me"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

The SEDTA lines in Ecuador proved to be something else to handle. Organized as an Ecuadorean company, prominent Ecuadoreans were supposed to be stockholders. But, except for a few ticket agents and members of airport personnel, the entire staff—pilots, engineers and managers—were Germans. One of the crowning acts of SEDTA was a survey flight in July, 1939, from Quito northward to Bogota, and an announcement that regular service was to be scheduled between Ecuador and Colombia. The Colombian government refused permission for the line.

Nevertheless, the United States government saw in this maneuver one more effort on the part of the Germans to get their planes nearer to the Canal, and determined to do something about it. Ecuadorean officials finally gave their wholehearted co-operation. They began placing obstacles in the way of the company. Gasoline proved to be the chief problem. Neither the United States nor British companies would supply it. Ecuador has oil, but produces no aviation gasoline. By trying to fly with poor-quality gasoline, SEDTA piled up a record number of crashes and accidents, which incensed the Ecuadoreans.

Permission had already been given to Pan American-Grace to parallel all the German lines. The superior service of the American company soon convinced the people that they had been the victims of conniving Nazis, who cared nothing about effective and safe air service, and even less for the lives of Ecuadorean citizens.

Later, an agreement between the United States and Ecuador, the United States Civil Aeronautics Board, the United States Post Office and Pan American-Grace made possible complete businesslike operations of air services in the country. With the elimination of German control over LAB in Bolivia, the jugular vein of the Nazi aviation activities in South America was severed, and the threat to our own communications between the Atlantic and the Pacific was removed.

Although the German transatlantic line had ceased operation at the beginning of the war, Axis flights between Europe and South America were not discontinued. Italy, then theoretically neutral, inaugurated a service called Lati, to which the Germans gave their support and assistance. After Hitler gained predominance in Italy, Lati became in effect a German organization. In fact, for two years this so-called Italian line not only served as a purveyor of Nazi propaganda to South America, it transported industrial diamonds, platinum and other critical war materials to Europe.

Lati officials and employees were equally if not more brazen spies and saboteurs than Hitler's own agents. They used Lati's radio equipment to transmit information to Rome and Berlin about Allied naval activities in the North and South Atlantic. The planes veered from their regular course in mid-ocean to spot United States and British ships and report their positions to U-boat commanders. Later, the former head of the organization, Count Edmondo di Robilant, was arrested in Rio de Janeiro and charged with treason. During his trial, the count confessed all these activities of Lati officials.

Brazilians were hesitant about drastic action against Lati until the United States government, through the Defense Supplies Corporation, gave assurance that this country would furnish substitute service across the Atlantic. As the question hung fire, bombs fell on Pearl Harbor. A few days later, the Vargas government got busy and canceled Lati's permits to land in Brazil. As promised, Pan American Airways at once began regular scheduled flights from Natal to Africa.

Operations Continue in Argentina

The Condor line in Argentina, an extension of the Brazilian setup, and one or two other small Axis-controlled lines, while annoying, were of less immediate concern to us. They operated in an isolated region, with no connecting links northward toward the Canal, or across the Atlantic by way of Brazil. Since the Argentine government did not follow Brazil and the other countries in breaking relations with Italy and Germany, some of these lines continued to operate.

Condor, which had flown from Buenos Aires to Santiago, Chile, folded in November, 1941, because its gasoline supplies were cut off. A locally financed Italian company, with three members of the giant Fiat Combine among its directors, continued to fly between Buenos Aires and Montevideo, Uruguay, and from the Argentine capital to Asunción, Paraguay. But without new equipment and replacements, its struggle to survive became more and more desperate.

The main goal of United States officials in eastern South America was the elimination of the far-flung German lines within Brazil. There were actually five different companies, but only the Condor system, which operated seven thousand miles of lines, was of supreme importance. Except for its international activities, Condor was much more a native company, insofar as

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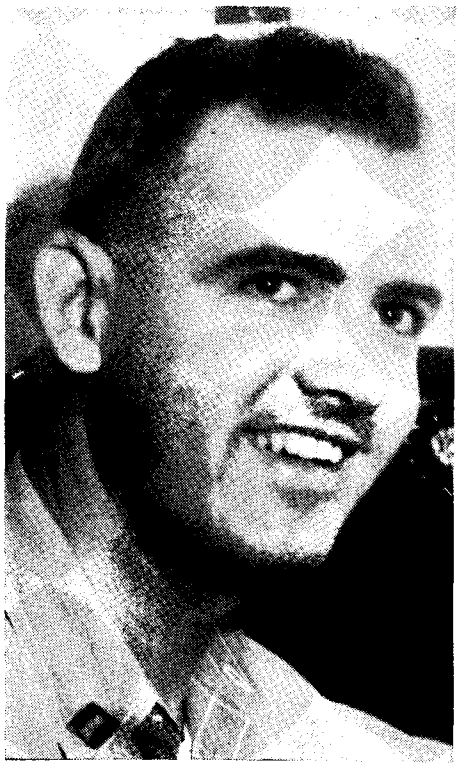
The Week's Work



Lt. Robert Giroux, U.S.N.R.

LIEUTENANT ROBERT GIROUX, U.S.N.R., who relates one of the war's most heart-warming incidents in Rescue from Truk, p. 18, is just back from an assignment with a Carrier Air Group. This group, the oldest as well as the luckiest in service in the Pacific, took part in almost every major action—Marcus Island, Wake Island, Tarawa, occupation of the Gilberts, occupation of the Marshalls, Truk and others. Its casualties were so few, comparatively, and its successes so numerous that its fliers are known as the rabbit's-foot pilots of the Pacific. The Group's members, after two years of working and fighting together, now are back in the U. S. awaiting new assignments.

Lieutenant Giroux's Navy job gave him an advantageous observation post. He was executive assistant to the Group commander and, as such, was responsible for many details of the spectacular rescue. Like most of the Group, Lieutenant Giroux often touched the edge of disaster. His narrowest escape came once when he was topside, and a Jap fighter dived low over him—so low that the Rising Sun symbols loomed large on the fighter's wings. The Jap fortunately chose to drop bombs, which missed, instead of using his machine guns, which surely would have distributed death among the topsiders.

Giroux is a Columbia University Phi Beta Kappa, one of ten college graduates chosen in 1936 by Columbia Broadcasting System to take an apprentice's course of training in all phases of radio. Before the war he produced two books based on radio broadcasts from Europe. In 1940 he joined the book firm of Harcourt, Brace as an editor.

Now he and his former bosses are putting together a book of souvenir pictures of his Air Group's life in the Pacific, for private circulation among Group members. He hopes to help with the early publication of a two-volume work called Raby on Cribbage, by Group Commander John Raby.

Helen Hedrick

COMMUNICATIONS from our contributors make us wonder if all authors are supermen and women, each juggling several careers at once. Here's Helen Hedrick, author of The Comb, p. 12. "I have four children," she tells us, "and have been writing stories for Collier's and other magazines since 1938." But time apparently is heavy on her hands, for she continues, "For the last year, and for the duration, at least, I am a farmer. And I live close enough to the Rogue River in southern Oregon for the wonderful salmon and steelhead fishing."

ERNEST LEHMAN, author of The Devil with Harry, p. 44, writes us of his life and letters as follows: "I am twenty-eight, was born in New York City, migrated last year to Forest Hills (less than 30 minutes from Manhattan), where I now dust the furniture for, make the bed for, cook dinner for, wash the dishes for and write fiction for my many-thumbed and mop-hating wife, Jacqueline, who slaves all day over a cosmetics counter in a department store. I perform these bitter chores whenever I can salvage a moment from my regular role as a radio operator for American Airlines.

"Since breaking out of college, I have been copy editor on a Wall Street financial magazine that died of a bum ticker; have written a sports column for a paper read exclusively by bartenders; dreamed up horoscopes for a vending-machine outfit whose paymaster must have been born under the Sign of the Dollar; tapped out articles on show folks for the national magazines, and sweated out laughing matter for Eddie Cantor.

Ernest Lehman

"My present communications work stems from my chasing radio signals for thirteen years as a ham radio operator.

"The idea for The Devil with Harry came to me at 4:30 in the morning as I lay stretched out on three swivel chairs jammed between two transmitter racks, waiting for the end of a spell of bad weather that had grounded all planes.

"In closing, I want to give full credit to my wife. If she says a story is good, it is invariably accepted. If she says 'Nope,' editors invariably agree. After reading this one, she went out, and, unbeknown to me, informed her friends that I had just written a story that would be published by Collier's.

"That, I guess, is the real reason why I dust the furniture, make the bed, cook the dinner and wash the dishes." . . . A. P.

Brazil was concerned, than were the lines in other countries.

Old-time German citizens of Brazil, many of them influential politically and economically, owned stock in, drew down retainers from or had relatives working for it. And the vast numbers of Germans, Italians and other Europeans in Brazil flew with Condor. Its officials kept all the other companies on the continent in line and saw to it that each was doing its duty by the Fuehrer and the Fatherland.

While it was easy to convince the Brazilian government of the necessity of getting rid of the organization, it took time and manipulation. Officials were reluctant to take such a step until Germany committed some overt act, especially since at first we were not prepared to operate planes and to supply equipment and assistance for similar services throughout Brazil. Besides, there was a feeling (fathered by Axis propagandists, of course) that we were trying to promote a monopoly for the already extensive Pan American system operating within the country.

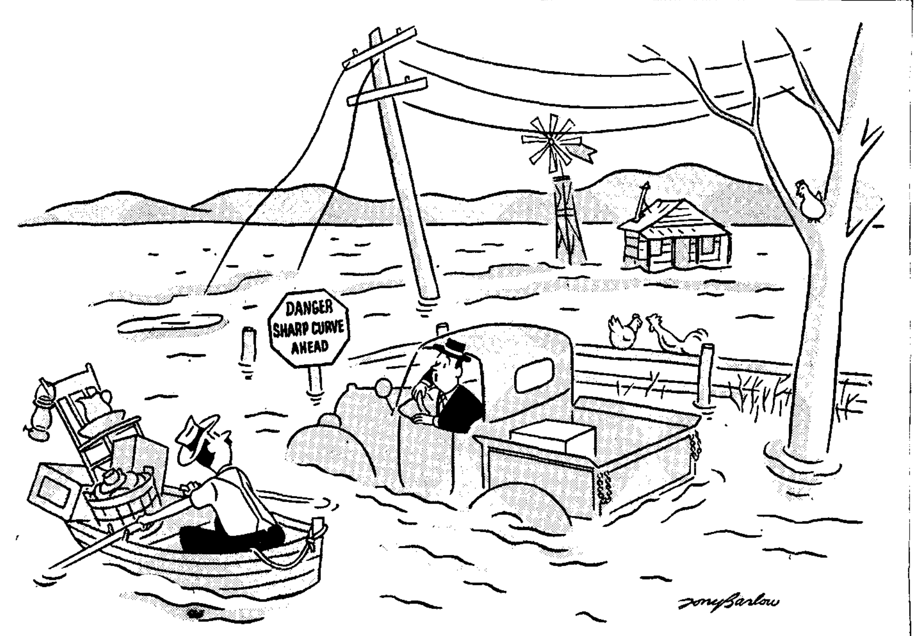
However, the Vargas government, already wise to Nazi plans and activities, began to institute restrictions and regulations about equipment and flying facilities, which made it difficult for Condor to carry on. By 1941, it was already next to impossible to get spare parts or new planes from Germany. As in other countries, gasoline became a problem.

Eventually the Nazi war lords supplied provocation for drastic Brazilian action. Brazilian merchant ships and troopships were sunk. Thousands of Brazilians lost their lives in these disasters. Brazil, along with other countries, broke relations with Berlin, Tokyo and Rome, and finally declared war on Germany and Italy.

Late in October, 1942, Condor's manager and its traffic director were arrested and charged with treason. The Brazilians changed the name of the organization to a typical Brazilian one, which, if we may unfurl it completely, is called Servicos Aereos Cruzeiro do Sul, Ltda.

And so ended the contest. The battle for South America's skies had been won—but not by Hitler.

THE END



COLLIER'S "How sharp is the curve?" TONY BARLOW

Any Week

Continued from page 4

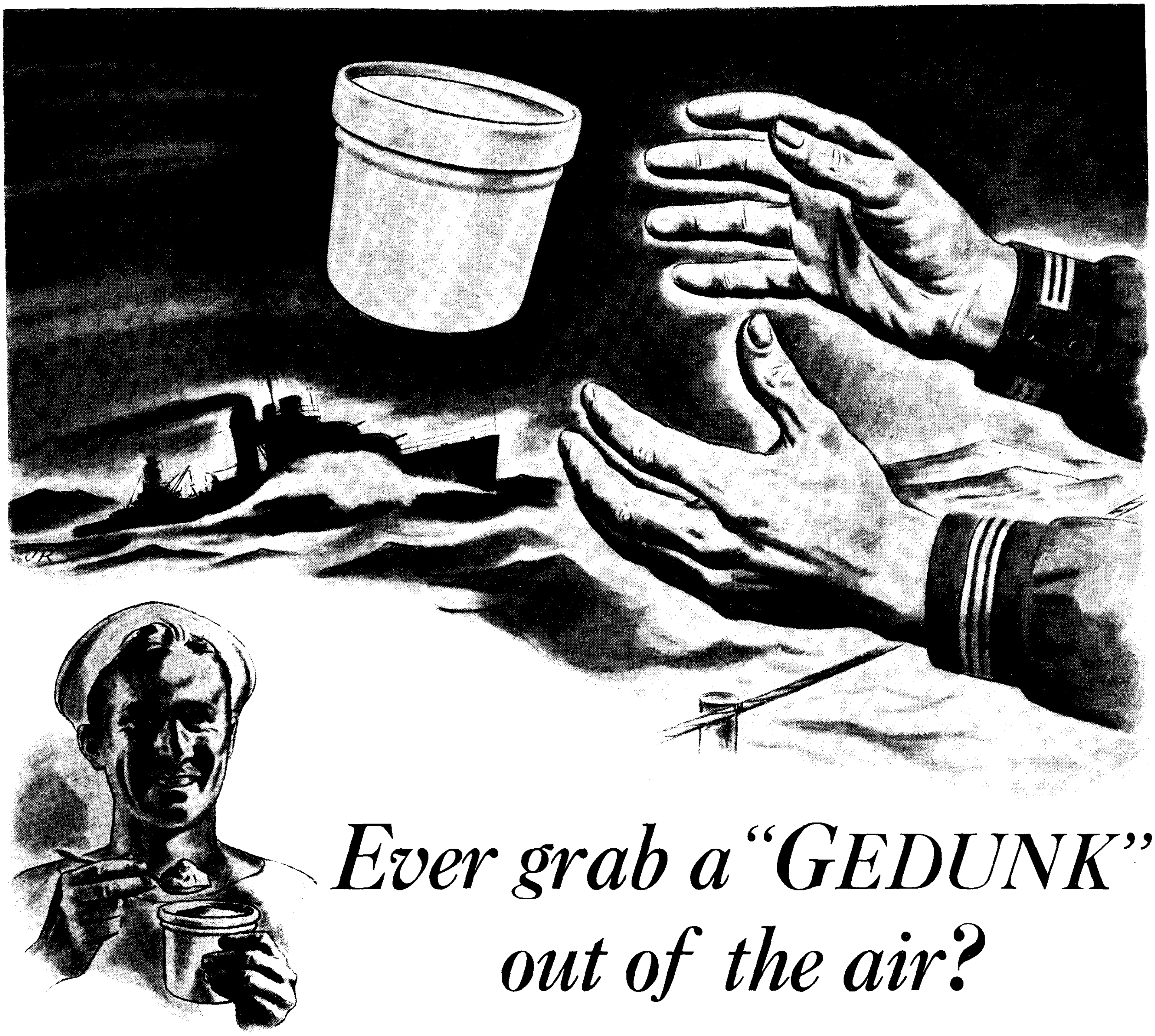
inconveniences of crowded hotels, Mr. MacSween would have all delegates stay home, forgather in their state capitols, each equipped with a microphone wired to a common loud-speaker. This would be broadcast, and the rest of us could stay home and listen. "The only thing lacking would be the smell," says Mr. MacSween.

"I'VE noticed," writes Mrs. W. G. Laufferty of Santa Monica, California, "that several people written up in your magazine lately, Mr. Randolph Paul, for instance, have resigned from the government service immediately afterward. Why not try your hand on Mr. Roosevelt?"

A FRIEND of ours, who happens also to be one of the government's multitude of censors, has become very sensitive. Doesn't like the public's attitude toward his job. It is not, he says, a happy life and he demands sympathy. "Just imagine yourself," cries he, "wading day after day and often far into the night through thousands of dull and stupid letters, 99.9999 per cent of which are incredibly boring and ignorant. And you can't just skim over them, either. Each must be studied carefully lest they impart information which will be of aid to the enemy. The vast majority of us censors are highly educated, sensitive people and we contend that this job is as hard and as burdensome as that of most of our Armed Forces. Why, hardly a day passes that some of us are not stricken with nervous disorders. Let the thoughtless public think of this and also try to write better letters."

WE'VE had a lot of letters in praise of Little No Shirt's paintings (Collier's, March 4). And now we have a letter written by the Indian boy—uncensored: "I think I going worked in the Round House on this summer. My father he is in the Round House. My sister worked in the bus station. I think she still working And my little brother John Toady is alright and my sister's too. That John, is her mother dead, bout six or seven months ago. I drawn a picture. Alright here is I better enclosing now. I'm sorry. Because I study my lessons. Alright. Goodby. Good luck?"

A GENTLEMAN in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, was told by his doctor to quit drinking—or else. "Tell you what you do," said the doctor. "Every time you feel like taking a drink eat an apple instead." And the unhappy tosspot said, "Okay, Doc, but twenty-five or thirty is a hell of a lot of apples a day!" . . . W. D.



Ever grab a "GEDUNK" out of the air?

GRABBING A "GEDUNK" is one of the most exciting ways in the world to get yourself a helping of ice cream.

"Gedunk," you may know, is the service man's name for those paper containers in which ice cream is often served.

When a carrier escort provisions a destroyer at sea, these "gedunks" full of ice cream are tossed by the hundreds over the open water while eager hands wait on the destroyer to catch them.

Even days from land, the Navy sees to it that the men get their ice cream, because ice cream is recognized as a valuable part of a fighting man's diet—a food especially rich in calcium and a source of necessary proteins, minerals and vitamins found in milk.

* *

Next time you are asked to take less of your favorite brand of ice cream than you wish, please remember that many ice cream manufacturers are sending a large part of their production to the armed forces. And if you can't always get ice cream in Sealright sanitary paper containers, it is because Sealright is in the service, too, supplying millions of "gedunks" for Army and Navy use.

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Invasion Weather

Continued from page 13

show what kinds of equipment—land, sea and air—can be used without too great risk, and what conditions can be employed to give our forces the greatest possible advantage, the enemy the greatest possible disadvantage.

To gather this mass of information, the Navy relies on Weather Centrals which it has established at strategic spots on the globe and which receive, digest and issue reports from seagoing aerological units aboard aircraft carriers and several other types of ships. The absolute necessity for extreme accuracy in this planning is illustrated by the Aerological Service's part in the invasion of Guadalcanal.

When we decided to seize Tulagi and Guadalcanal, the Japs had superiority in the air. Therefore Navy aerologists were asked for a combination of weather conditions which would prevent any planes taking the air during the long approach of the task force, but would provide clear skies and calm seas on D Day. They produced it, exactly.

The huge task force moved in on the Solomons under the cover of an impenetrable roof of clouds. So complete was the screen that the ships advanced undetected by a Jap air umbrella which droned over them for twenty-four hours. So perfect was the surprise that in one harbor, eighteen Jap seaplanes were caught like sitting ducks. Yet when the force arrived, the wind shifted, the skies cleared, and the landing troops had calm seas and perfect visibility.

The second, strategical, phase of the aerologist's job requires him to furnish task force commanders with complete reports of not only the conditions they will find on the invasion beaches, but also the weather they will encounter en route to those beaches.

Since often the various sections of the invasion force are assembled at widely separated bases and since the approaches sometimes take days of sailing, it is vitally important that aerological officers maintain close liaison with task force commanders.

Consequently, aerologists are assigned to the staffs of task force commanders, are able to advise when weather will be favorable to refuel smaller ships in the convoy, to expand or contract the antisubmarine patrol and to use diversion tactics and storms to evade the enemy.

Scheduling the Weather

The North African invasion on November 7, 1942, is a perfect example of this phase.

Invasion convoys were assembled at scattered ports in Britain, the United States and Canada. They had to rendezvous at a specific point off North Africa at a specific time. Consequently, commanders had to know exactly what weather they would encounter on the way —for an unforeseen storm could delay a convoy and gum up the whole works. They were told; vital, split-second coordination was maintained and the rendezvous made on schedule.

But that was far from the whole story of the aerologists' part in that show. North Africa has one of the most exposed coasts in the world; nine days out of ten, the surf is so heavy that landing boats could not live in it.

The Navy aerologists were obliged to pick the tenth day—or the whole huge fleet would be at the mercy of Axis aircraft and submarines while it stood around waiting for a calm. Commander Steere, who handled Sicily, won the Legion of Merit Award for the job he did in picking that day.

But the Legion of Merit was not the only thing Commander Steere got out of the invasion.

"I was getting gray hairs by the minute two days out of Casablanca," he said later. "A storm had developed over Iceland, and if it had followed the classic pattern, it would have set up huge swells off French Morocco.

"I was burning up the books looking at charts, and I made twenty different calculations.

"That night, thirty-six hours before the landing, I told the admiral the surf conditions would permit us to get ashore. Then I figured the deed was done and went to bed.

"I slept all right."

He'd earned his sleep. General Patton later reported that the day before the landings the waves were too high to land, on D Day they were perfect, and the next day, they were again too high.

Picking the Perfect Day

The third, and tactical, phase of the aerologist's job is the most critical. It is then that the aerologist must make his recommendation of the day in which the weather conditions will be right for the invasion. For several days before the actual landing, he must keep feeding the commander short-range forecasts which prove that wind condition, surf, visibility, ceiling and clouds on the proposed beachhead are within the operational limits set by the type of invasion craft to be used. And finally, he must be sure that favorable weather conditions will hold during the number of hours or days after the landing which will be required to get all equipment and supplies ashore.

As a matter of fact, the tactical aerologist may be the man who picks the actual invasion date. It can work two ways. The commander may say, "We plan to do so-and-so next Tuesday. What will the weather be?" The aerologist tells him, and the strategy is based on the kind of weather.

Or the commander may say, "We plan to do so-and-so. You pick out the weather for us." In that case, the aerologist names the date.

The invasion of Attu illustrated the work of the tactical aerologist. During the major portion of the year, the Aleutians have about the stormiest weather in the world; during the rest of the time, they're blanketed by fog. So when the invasion was planned, it was decided to make that fog work for us.

On May 11, 1943, our amphibious forces arrived off the island in a dense fog and a calm sea. The thick blanket screened our warships from the Jap positions in the uplands so that it was possible to land all troops and equipment in complete secrecy. The first the Jap knew of the invasion was when the heavy guns of the U. S. Fleet opened up on his positions.

Later, the fog lifted enough to allow planes from a small carrier to spot Jap emplacements and direct the fire from the patrol craft to them.

Though details cannot now be made public, Navy aerologists played an equally important role in the invasions of the Gilbert and Marshall islands.

But Navy aerologists are not taking a free ride on their reputation. The biggest job of all is still ahead, and though they know their record so far has been good, they also know that one bad mistake can wipe out a lot of good marks.

They're kind of glad that they don't have the last word on that invasion of Europe.

THE END

The Comb

Continued from page 12

"From the first," she thought, "I've known it wasn't going to be easy. I've known it was going to be the hardest thing in my life. It's because of so many things, of all that has happened to him, that his life has done to him." His feet made a thick crunching on the gravel road coming up to the car; the knocking in her heart was like a sickness she couldn't help.

THAT first day—only a month ago, and yet it seemed now she had always thought about him and wanted him—when Chris Forrest walked into Freedman's law office, Alda Martin had looked him over and had got the feeling . . .

He stood at the railing before her desk, running his hands along the smooth dark wood that was almost the same color as his sunbrowned skin. Two things she said she always noticed about people, about men, were hands and the sound and timber of the voice.

Chris Forrest had good hands; there was something light and tender about them as though they were made to be kind; the rest of him was big almost to heaviness, harshness, his hair was black and he wore civilian tweeds that had a country look about them.

As soon as he gave his name Alda placed him. She remembered the case: Christopher Forrest vs Amy Ames Forrest: divorce. She remembered that Cora Hinkley had said he was in an Army camp on the East coast. . . . He was certainly good-looking. . . . She wondered how he happened to get let out of the Army how any woman would want to lose him. . . . "No," she said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Freedman is not in. . . ."

She was remembering about that case; the girls were always talking about the divorce cases. Cora Hinkley and she both lived at MacIntyre's, a woman's hotel, and Cora worked in Freedman's private office so she knew a lot the rest of them in the front office didn't. Cora had talked more about the Forrest case because she had known, she said, someone who had known Amy Ames before she married Christopher Forrest.

"You know," Cora had said, "you've heard of her, Martin, Amy Ames, the designer—awfully successful, and sooo beautiful—does for the movies—"

Cora read all the movie column gossip; she read Variety though no one in the office could figure why. "And do you know what his charge is against her? Habitual drunkenness. Funny, isn't it, how a girl so gorgeous and so talented and married to a guy like that—they say he's got money and everything—a big ranch up state, everything—goes and takes to drink. I don't get it."

That had been a year ago, but only last week when she and Cora were at a movie, Cora had read out a costume credit line, "Gowns by Amy Ames. You remember that case, Martin. . . . She must be all right, now. I heard she was in a sanitarium after that divorce . . ."

Alda had watched Chris Forrest, as he stood, preoccupied, as though deciding what to do. He looked some way old, tired, defeated. "I'm going to be in the city a few days. I'll call back Monday . . ."

The tiredness let go of his face as he smiled; his whole face changed then as though it had banished unwonted lines and shadows; his dark eyes lightening as though he had just noticed a very pretty girl, had seen Alda as a person and not as part of Freedman's office.

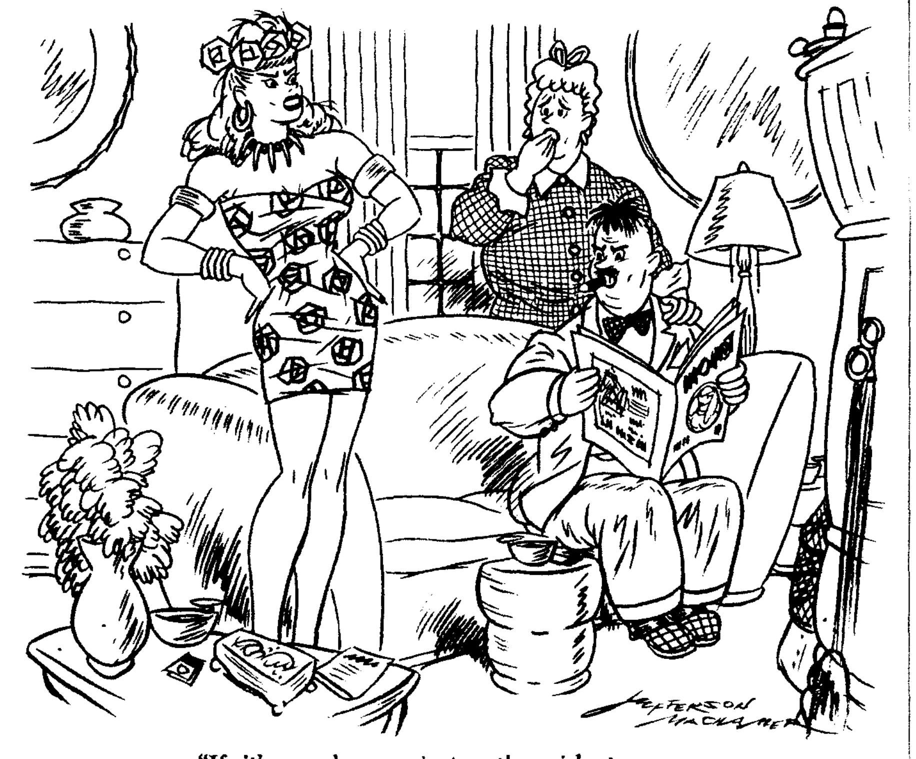
There was something marvelous about Chris Forrest, Alda decided, when he smiled that way. It was a cut above his good looks, his bitter mouth relenting; it was a power he gave out, that she could feel as definitely as an electric current.

He is really a darling, Alda thought. Whatever happened it couldn't have been his fault . . . It's the luck of the Irish that my gold sweater and green suède suit both got back from the cleaners in time to wear to work this morning.

He shifted his sleeve over his wrist watch, looked at it, and then looked straight at Alda. "I wish you'd have lunch with me," he said, as simply as that.

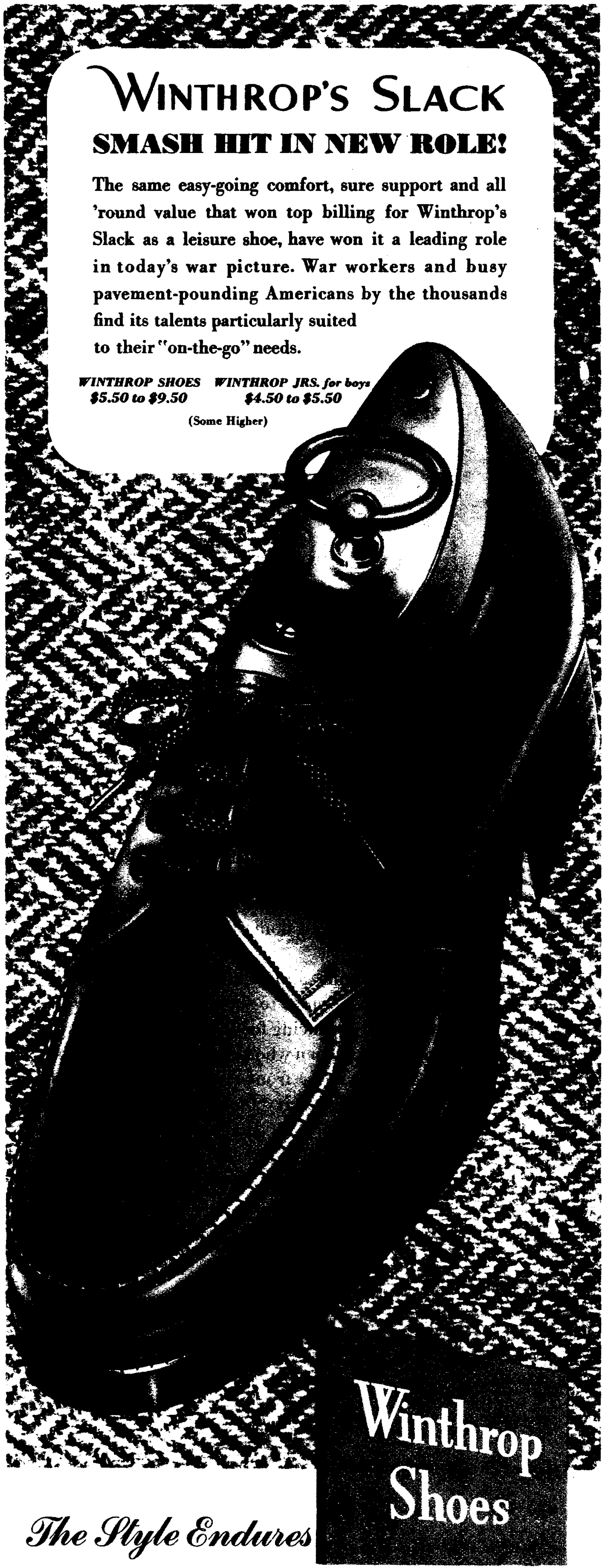
Alda knew she had wanted it a long time before he asked. "I'd like it," she said, feeling terribly irresponsible, and as though she had been careful too long and was tired of it. She took the brown alligator bag she had scrimped all winter and spring to buy, out of her desk drawer. "I'll get my hat—"

It was Saturday, fifteen minutes yet until noon, but Freedman wouldn't be back anyhow, and if he did—as a matter



COLLIER'S

"If it's good enough for the girls to wear where Bill's fighting, it's good enough for me!" JEFFERSON MACHAMER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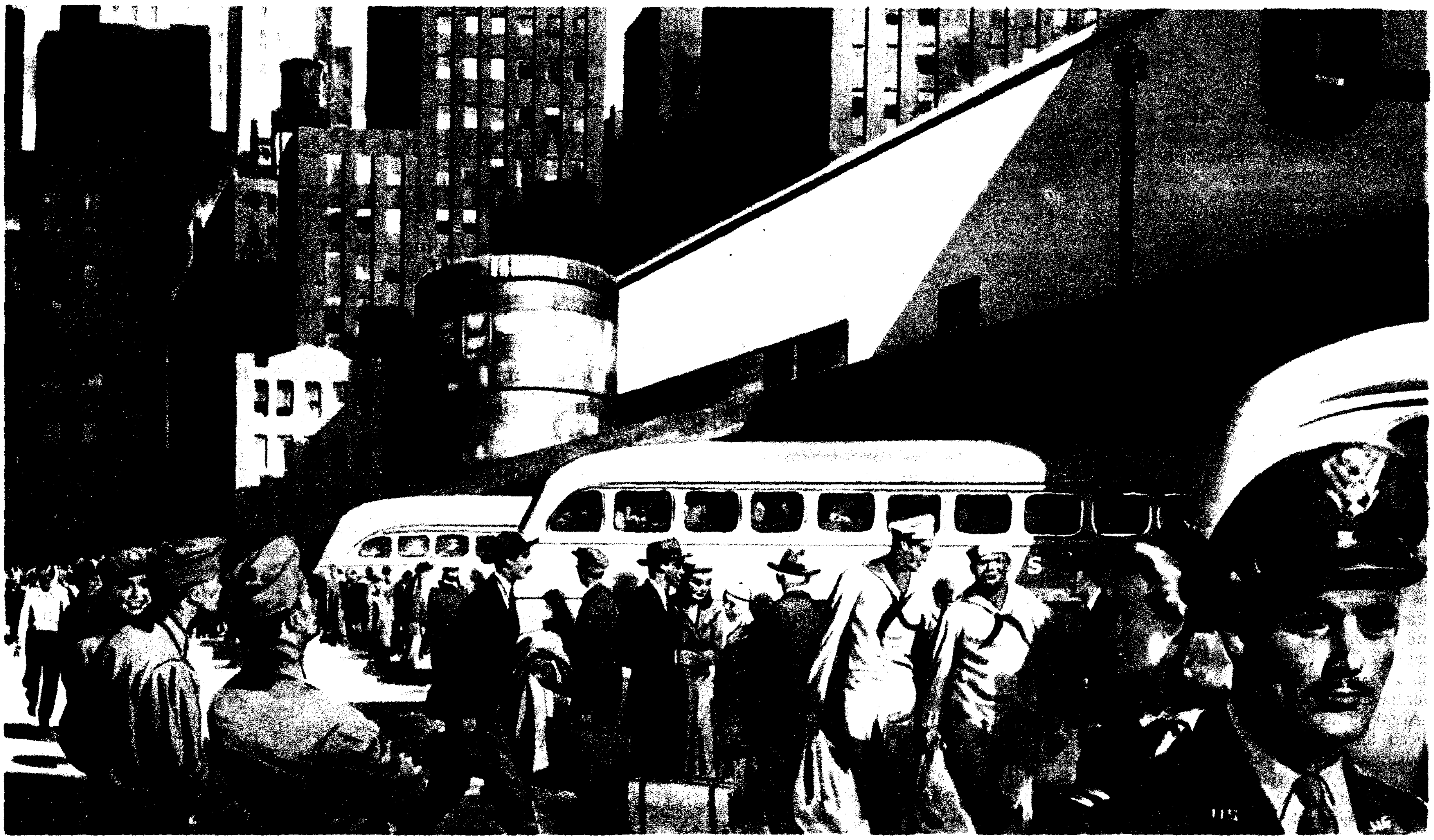


These are the Americans we serve today

Here are your sons who quietly stow their civilian clothes in mothballs to step into the garb of fighting men . . . your daughters who give up the pleasures of home to join their brothers in uniform.

Here, too, are your friends and neighbors who are working with you shoulder to shoulder . . . turning out munitions, producing food, buying War Bonds . . . men and women who keep the home fires burning and the home front strong.

These are the Americans intercity bus lines serve . . . and at the rate of more than 950 million passengers in 1943 . . . *more intercity passengers than were carried by any other form of public transportation.*

True, this achievement has called for some sacrifice of the comfort and convenience that made bus travel so enjoyable in peacetime.

But it's only for a while. And to the millions of passengers who are accepting wartime conditions with a smile, our sincere thanks . . . and a promise. *As sure as victory, travel as you like it, over America's scenic highways, will come again . . . better than ever!*

Intercity Buses Are Doing a War Job Only They Can Do . . . Carrying War-Busy Millions Who Must "Get There" by Highway

WAR WORKERS. In America's busy war plants, workers depend on buses for daily highway transportation.

FIGHTING MEN. Over the nation's great highway system, buses directly serve all principal military camps.

INDUCTEES. From home town to induction centers, buses carry the great majority of men called up for service.

FARMERS. By intercity bus, thousands of workers answer the call of our farmers for help in their fields.

Buses keep highways at work for victory

In 1942, more than half of all passengers who used public carriers for intercity travel depended on buses. ¶ With but 26% more buses in use than in 1941, 145% more passengers were carried in 1943 . . . approximately 1500 passengers per seat, per year! ¶ Intercity buses deliver from 2,000 to 7,000 passenger miles for each pound of rubber consumed and 160 passenger miles for each gallon of fuel, thus making a major contribution to the nation's program of conserving vital war materials.

An irreplaceable wartime service

Specializing in the movement of manpower, intercity bus lines have relieved other transportation facilities of an overwhelming load . . . making it possible for them to perform their special wartime tasks. ¶ Along 330,000 miles of strategic highways, 21,480 intercity buses serve wartime America . . . reaching the smallest villages and the largest cities . . . serving thousands of communities that have no other means of public travel. *This vital transportation must be kept strong and equal to its tasks.*

MOTOR BUS LINES OF AMERICA

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MOTOR BUS OPERATORS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

of fact, Freedman was no more than a ghost, her job nothing. She might be sixteen, a princess with a million, the way she felt.

"Don't wear a hat," he said. "I hate 'em—and don't cover up that hair. It's the first warm thing I've seen."

She never had any very clear picture of herself walking out early that noon. She remembered Chris holding open the swinging outside door of the Freedman Building, the sudden gust of March dusty wind, papers blowing along the curb, but most of all she remembered the feeling of his hands pinning a bunch of violets he bought for her at the sidewalk flower stand.

Walking down the street with him, talking to him, her thoughts kept on their separate life. He is really a darling. Anyone might marry him, might want to, and not for his money either.

SHE had found herself thinking about different men she knew in this way lately, thinking about getting married. More than she used to. It was the war, she guessed, and realizing that she was almost thirty.

She caught a glimpse of herself and Chris in the mirror of a furniture window. She didn't look old . . . maybe twenty-four. She could still get away with wearing her hair parted in the center and smooth on top, clear brow style, with the shining loop caught low on her neck; the chin line was the thing—and it was sharp as ever. And something else: when she and Cora walked down the street the men always looked at Alda; and then the whistles. But all these kids and their men . . .

Every girl at MacIntyre's but her, it seemed, was either waiting for the mail or living for the telephone to ring. Even Cora had settled down to one fellow, a seaman 2/c named Ed who was at Alameda base. Alda had gone with service men. In a nice way, but no other word for it, it had become a city of pickups since the war, lonely fellows, lonely girls. But not one of them had given her the feeling she had when she looked up and saw Chris Forrest . . .

"Here's a place," he was saying, "and I think maybe we can get in this one at least inside the door . . ."

They did actually get a table for two jammed into a corner. They even managed to get sandwiches and coffee ordered after the waitress reminded them twice that there was a war going on.

The look the waitress, who wore a badge of three stars on her breast, gave Chris made Alda conscious all at once that he was the only youngish man in the room not in uniform.

And as though he guessed her thought, he said, "They kicked me out." His grin crooked. "I'm used to that kind of stare. I ought to wear a button."

She could feel the blood rising in her face, the warmth coming up her throat and spreading slowly.

"It's not that bad," he said, reading her confusion. He laughed, looked away from her over the crowded raucous people trying to get something to eat. "I just couldn't hack it. They aren't fooling when they say this is a young man's war. There's nothing like a whirl at it to make you know you're a retread." His mouth had a bitter, twisted smile as he came back to her eyes. "Too young for the last war, and too old for this one. I'm thirty-nine and I've had a hard life and a merry one. What's your name?"

Alda heard herself answer, and could not believe it was herself being so bare and honest with anyone. She had not even had the desire to be that way for such a long time. "Alda—Alda Martin and I'm almost thirty."

Before her eyes he seemed to change; the angles of his face to mold into a different form so that he no longer looked spoiled, or sullen, or bitter, or the woman-attracting, charming sinner he must have been. All in that flash she had the conviction that he was someone whom all her life she had wanted to see and know; someone simple, and eager, and anxious to be understood.

His gesture toward her was as easy and natural as breathing. Across the cluttered little shelf of table in the crowd-packed, stifling, noisy room, his hand closed over hers, and to her was as if they two made an island that had nothing to do with anyone or anything else in the world.

It was not what he said, or what she answered; it was something better than words could make for them.

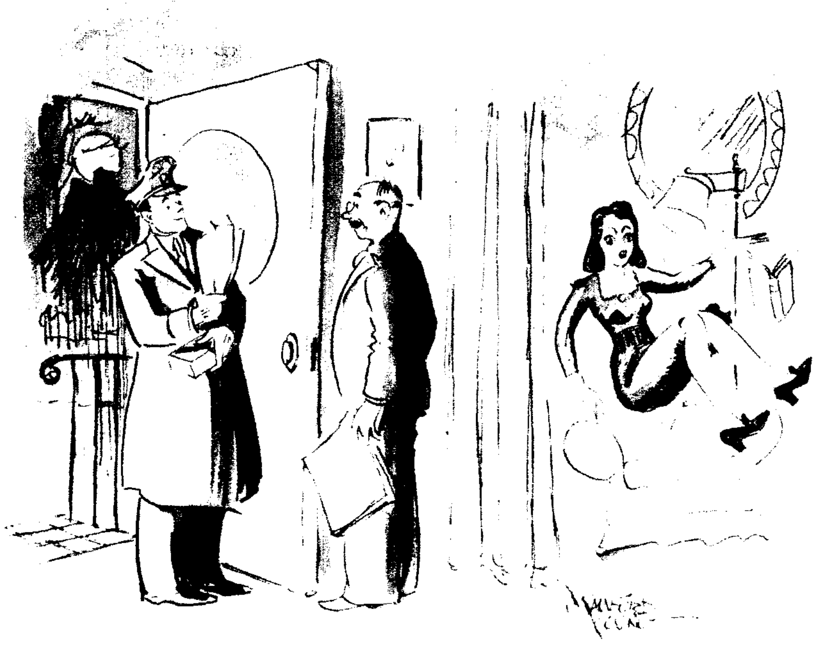
"Hello, Alda," he said, "let's be like this all the time."

Before it could break, shatter, and disappear, she said, "Yes. I'd like that better than anything."

"I feel as though someone had just started to lift a trap that'd been clamped down on the back of my head," he said, grinning.

"Or like taking off a tight pair of shoes?" They were laughing together, and they didn't either of them think of the look the waitress gave them as she slopped their coffee down on the table beside them.

Chris said, "Let's get out of here—quick."



"Oh, sure, she's home. She's always home"

That night, late, telling him goodby, letting herself into MacIntyre's, she never even thought about his not saying anything about tomorrow. It seemed so inevitable that she would see him again within a few hours.

Cora was still awake. She was lying across her bed in her pajamas, doing exercises; she had her black hair done up in pin curls and had slapped a slather of cold cream on her throat and chin. "Look," she said, pulling her head up horizontal to her body, straining to hold it there level, letting it fall back off the side of the bed. "Boy, if that won't stop a double chin from growing on me I don't know what will." She rolled over, pushing herself under the covers, watching Alda.

Alda hung her jacket on a closet hanger; the half-withered violets brushed her hand and she unpinned the limp cool flowers and laid them on her side of the dressing table; she felt detached from the room, from Cora watching her, detached even from her own body, like a walking drunk. But she hadn't had anything to drink, really, one cocktail at dinner— He didn't drink much; said he hadn't done much drinking for a year. For the first time the heavy knocking began in her heart because she was thinking of him and of his first wife, Amy. Jealous? Certainly not . . . I'm too old for such foolishness—this is nineteen hundred and forty-four . . .

"All right, bright green eyes with such a satisfied gleam," Cora said, "tell mamma."

FOR years Alda hadn't gone to bed without giving her hair the hundred strokes, a lot of little rites, but not tonight. She finished undressing, opened their windows and pinned the glass curtains back to keep them away from the salt-drenched fog whipping into the bay from the Gate. She knew Cora was lying in her bed beyond the little night stand waiting, but she spoke to her as though she might be asleep. "Cora?"

"Don't bother about me, dear. Outside of the fact I'm dead of curiosity, I'm fine."

"It's an awfully strange thing," Alda said, lying straight and unrelaxed in her bed, feeling like a statue that would never need to sleep again. "All my life I've done things I've said I'd never do."

"Such as?"

Such as falling in love with a man who doesn't believe he'll ever make a go of anything, Alda thought. A man who is bitter and shutting himself up tighter every day because he doesn't believe in himself any more— "Oh," she said, "such as making a sap of myself."

Cora snapped on the bed light and moved up on her elbow to look at Alda. Cora was a little, dark girl, with a Paulette Goddard body and a sharp gamin face but with a heart that embraced the entire world. "Martin, one thing tell me. Did he ask you for a date?"

"I don't know."

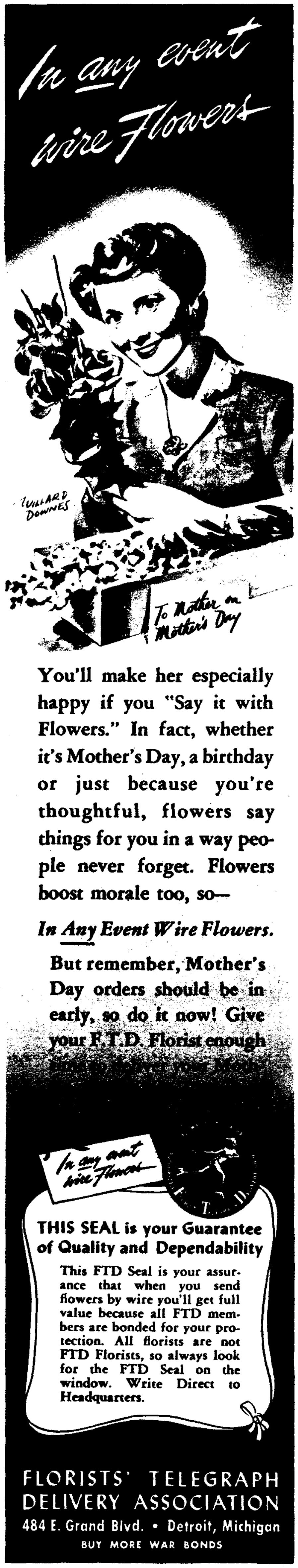
"You don't know? For Pete's sake didn't he say anything?"

"No."

Cora snapped off the light. Presently she said, "The quicker you do this, the better and the easier, kid. Reach up and wipe him right off your mind, just like you used to do to a wrong sum on the blackboard back in the old schoolhouse days. Remember? Just swish, right across him, and drop off to sleep."

A glow came up from the street light on the corner, mixed with fog in a red flush along the blowing curtains. Alda cupped her hands under her head, breathing slow and regular, trying with the even rhythm to untie the tense wires holding her together. She felt she would never sleep again. But she did.

A girl singing in the bathroom next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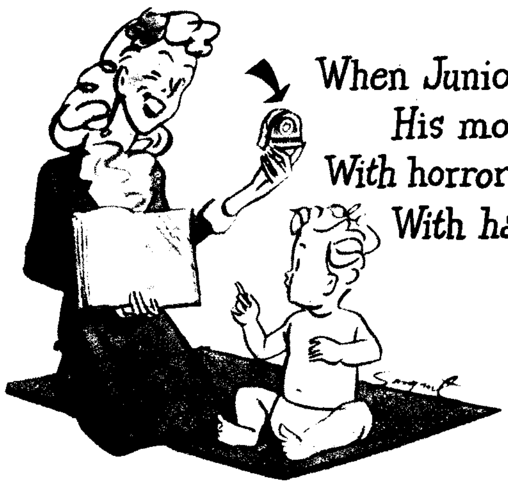

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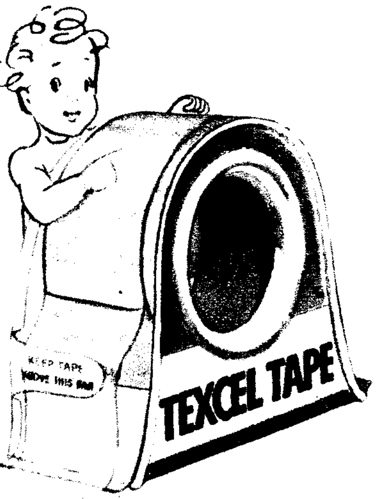

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door awakened her and she knew it was seven o'clock. The girl's voice was sweet, a little sultry, "Never a day goes by that I don't think of you . . . never a day goes by that I . . ."

Alda lay there listening, and smiling. All at once she was conscious of Cora looking at her.

"Oh, Martin," Cora said, "oh, Martin. *Not you.* Ed, my sailor man, is coming over on pass from Alameda and wants to bring a buddy today. How about it?"

Alda held her knees between her thin arms and then reached up and ruffled her hair into Fiji disorder. She laughed. "Honestly, I wish I could. I wish I could walk out of this house today and"—her laughing stopped. "No I don't," she said, "honestly—or any other way—wish it. I want that telephone to ring."

She was sitting in the room doing her nails again when Cora got in that night. After the first glance, Cora didn't say it. Instead, she said, "A big day in the law business tomorrow, hon. Let's get some sleep." And she fixed the windows and the curtains.

Monday was terrible, and Tuesday night. Surely Wednesday. . . . Sitting in the room laying out Chinese solitaire, the cards feeling stiff in her fingers as glass leaves, listening for the telephone to ring. And when it did ring, the pounding in her and then the letdown when somebody else's buzzer sounded. Friday night after the seven o'clock flurry of phone calls she went out into the hall to see if someone might have left the thing off the hook. Cora met her coming back. "Martin," she said, "in my crude say-nothing way I'm awfully fond of you—"

Just then the doorbell rang and when she opened the door Chris was standing there. She had thought of a hundred things she was going to say to him, how she meant to act, but now it all melted out of her. When they went out she breathed in as if the air was the first she had had for days. "I've got enough gas to go out to a little beach place I know," he said. It really didn't matter what he said, or what she said. He was there and that was it.

THE beach place was one of those old houses along the shore line that had been made into a restaurant during the depression. The headwaiter took them to a small private room with a balcony that looked out over the ocean; the moon was like silver beaten over the rolling water. "They couldn't do this during the dim-outs," Chris said.

"I've never been in a private room in a café before," Alda said.

His attention was on her for a long space. "That's all to the good." And then he laughed, "I think."

"That sounded awfully stuffy, didn't it? What I meant—"

The waiter took his order for them and then Chris said, "I guess you must have known why I didn't—call you, or anything."

She thought for a moment she wasn't going to be able to say anything; that she was going to be very foolish in just a moment if she didn't hang on very tightly to herself. "No," she said, "no, I didn't."

She knew the instant that he changed his mind about what he meant to say and the change in him some way gave her strength, brought up her pride so she looked at him frankly as at a merely casual friend.

"I had to go up to my ranch," he said. "It's quite a place. Since I washed out in the Army I decided the ranch was my last chance to find out if I was worth a damn in any way."

"I used to live on a ranch," she said, flatly. "I grew up on one. It was hard work on the ranch we had. Those years took all the romance out of farming for me."

The whole evening went that way; they couldn't banish the specter between them. And the next weeks.

Cora asked her one night, "How do you think I feel looking at you getting thin as a rail, and then the guy appears again—drives down from his ranch and you go all electric again? He's just a rich—"

"But he isn't," Alda said. "All that stuff is gone. Outside of the ranch he hasn't anything left."

The next morning, on a morning that was taking March out like a lion, Chris was waiting outside when Alda and Cora started for work. Cora went on, running to catch the bus, and Alda got into his car. They did not drive anywhere; they sat in the car and the howling wind pushed at it and rocked it and they sat there with the windows rolled up.

"If you'll take a chance on me," Chris said after a bit. "Lord, I feel like—a heel, and—what's the use?"

"Let me be the judge of that," Alda said. "Just sort of believe in me for a minute, will you?"

"I want to," he said. "That's what I've been looking for; that's what I'm counting on."

NOW Alda remembered how much she had thought about that in the three days they had had to wait between the license, the examinations, and getting married this afternoon. The sickness she felt as she listened to him walking back toward the car intensified and spread over her. She wished she could somewhere find the strength she had felt that morning when she had said, "Just believe in me for a minute, will you?" He was standing by the car door waiting for her, his dark face closed, unhappy, and she wondered vaguely how she was ever going to pull herself together enough to get out and walk into his house.

He dropped their bags in the hallway, and Alda stood holding her small gray overnight case in her hand, as though she were only a visitor and meant to be leaving.

"Bert, my foreman, was supposed to come up here today and put in some groceries and some milk and cream in the icebox," Chris said. He was glancing through the wide door into the living room as if he expected someone else to be here.

She had a dim impression of the house, a sense of its being large and sprawling, thick white walls and crumpled-looking, deep-seated, chintz-covered furniture. A brick fireplace filled one end of the living room; it had been freshly filled with split pine logs and brown giant sugar-pine cones; paper rolled and stuffed with shavings stuffed under the logs. A curling shave of pine pitchwood had dropped on the tan and black Indian rug before the hearth. Chris picked it up, absently, laid it carefully on top of the logs. A coldness seemed to creep out at her from all over the house, even the lamps he snapped on seemed unfriendly.

Chris opened a door off the living room and turned on a light. "I thought maybe we—you'd like this room, Alda, for now. I'll see about Bert getting the furnace going tomorrow, and then you can decide on a room. I've been staying up at the foreman's house when I came out. I didn't feel like staying down here . . ."

It was a nice bedroom, not too large. Her first sight of it brought to her mind the bedrooms in the farmhouse back in Idaho, the bare frugality of that Idaho ranch contrasted with this. It made this place seem like a play-acting ranch—not real. A rich boy's dream of being a rancher. . . . She shook the thought away.

The far side of the room was all French windows, covered with fine curtaining and with heavy cream draw curtains patterned with yellow tulips. A fine patina of dust covered the dark wood furniture, silvered over the mirror and the tall headboards of the beds. "The windows open out over the creek," Chris said. "You can hear it at night." He hesitated; they were both ill at ease, strangers here in his house, and neither able to reach the other.

"I'll tell you," he said, as one who thinks of a way to escape. "Suppose you make up a bed—there are sheets, linen, towels, all kinds of blankets in this chest." He opened a deep wall chest, revealing storage drawers. "And I'll go out in the kitchen and see what I can find for us to eat," he said hurriedly.

She heard him stop in the living room and strike a match to the laid fire; the drifting smell of wood smoke came into the bedroom. She put down her overnight case. "Hello," she said to her dusty reflection in the long mirror of the dressing table. "How did you get here, and what are you going to do about it?" whispering to the strange white looking girl in the mirror.

She took a clean sheet out of the chest and whipped it across the bed, lifted the mattress to square-fold the corner. And then she found the comb.

It was lying between the box spring and the mattress, it must have slipped down and been lost there. It was a delicate comb, for a woman's hair, an expensive ornament, frail and beautiful. She sat down suddenly on the bench before the dressing table as though her knees had given way, still holding the comb and yet scarcely feeling it in her hands.

The knocking in her heart told her whose comb it had been, the coldness in her fingers, the numbness taking hold of her without pity. "It was Amy's," she thought, "and this room belonged to her too, and this house was hers, and Chris was hers. And I am jealous of her because I'm afraid as well. I'm afraid I can't hold him any more than she did."

She picked up a pillow slip she had dropped and wiped the mirror in a wide clear swath. She jerked out of her top coat and her matching new aqua blue suit jacket; she was wearing a white blouse, Cora's gift, round-necked with a little ruffle at the throat; her fingers found the pins in her hair and pulled them out. She gathered the soft waves of hair above her ears and slipped the comb into place, using a bobby pin to hold it. She had not heard Chris return until she caught sight of him in the mirror.

In the mirror she saw him standing in the doorway holding a tray, but when she turned he had gone back to the living room and she went to the doorway and looked out. He was setting the tray down on the coffee table by the couch in front of the fire, carefully slow as though it was the most important thing in the world not to spill the two tall glasses of milk onto the plate of thick meat sandwiches. She couldn't help smiling at those man-cut slabs of white bread with the sawed-off looking hunks of meat. At the sight of them, and of his awkward care with the tray, a tenderness welled up in her and crowded out all of the tenseness and strangeness. He saw her smiling.

"You're so beautiful I'm scared to death you're going to vanish," Chris said. "I've been scared to death all day that something was going to happen and you'd change your mind. When you get a record for muffing things the way I have—you get scared," he said. "You look just like a little girl," he said, "with your hair down that way, and a comb stuck in it." He picked her up lightly and sat her on a couch. She held him against her, cradling his face against her face.

SHE thought: The comb doesn't mean anything to him; he thinks it belongs to me. If that other marriage had been a real one—if he had ever really loved Amy, he would have known it was hers. And with that realization she made herself a promise, to be binding for always. "I'll keep it as long as I live, so I'll never forget how easy it would be to break or to lose him forever."

He said, "Darling, when I met you I was ready to quit the whole crazy runaround I've known."

"Oh, no," she said. "No."

"Nobody else ever gave me the feeling you do." He laughed, an embarrassed, confessing sort of laugh. "The others just wanted what they could get out of me," he said, and she knew the words were about Amy and she no longer need fear that ghost. "But I don't know—it's all different with you. The only thing that stopped me was that I knew if I failed you— But anything in the world you ask me to do, I can, honey," he said.

"I'll never ask anything too hard," she said, "and I'll never go away." And it was a promise like that of the comb, a promise deeper than her words to him. A promise for both of them.

THE END

Kentucky Colonels

Continued from page 59

ruthlessly reduced to the ranks, into a state of jitters. W. C. Fields in Hollywood gazed sadly at his framed commission and said, "I stand on my record. But from now on, I'll sign myself 'Col. W. C. Fields, Retired.'"

Shirley Temple received the news along with word that she was being made a Texas Rangerette. "Who cares?" she said flippantly. "I'd rather be a Rangerette, anyway. They ride horses."

"Such an action doesn't seem to fit in with Kentucky's reputation for hospitality," said Colonel Friedman. "I don't believe Governor Chandler had anything to do with it. I heard him say recently, 'Once a Colonel always a Colonel.'"

Great was the rejoicing when a month later, Acting Governor James E. Wise (acting while Governor Chandler went to a baseball game in Cincinnati) restored the titles.

The more than 1,000 Kentucky Colonels in the Armed Forces receive their membership cards free, but the nonfighting Colonels pay dues of $5 a year and respond generously to appeals for contributions as suggested by Secretary and Grand Keeper of the Seal Colonel Anna Friedman.

At Fort Knox, the Colonels have furnished six regimental recreation rooms and 39 day rooms and have landscaped the grounds. On one wall is the inscription, "The Honorable Order of Kentucky Colonels wants 'you all' to have fun and hang out here."

Colonels' funds paid for a present to Old Kentucky Home in Bardstown—a Howard Chandler Christy painting of Stephen Collins Foster, author of My Old Kentucky Home.

Colonel Anna Friedman's current good-works plan is to have every Colonel "adopt" a Kentucky orphan. If there aren't enough orphans to go around, some of the 17,000 Colonels may be designated "uncles" or perhaps "cousins."

As J. Fred Miles, of Louisville, incumbent National Commanding General, observes, it's been a long time between drinks. But there's a great day coming for Kentucky Colonels all over the world when the war is over and bourbon flows unrestrained again.

THE END

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Rescue from Truk

Continued from page 19

in the world. He knew the circling Hellcats would have to depart long before the rescue flight could reach the atoll.

Childers tried to contact the ship on the way back, but couldn't. Fortunately Pat could, and he relayed full particulars as Childers called them out.

Back on the carrier, "Comsac" Van Nice (Lieutenant Errett Van Nice of Chicago, Illinois), Air Combat Intelligence officer of the Fighting Squadron, was diligently co-ordinating all the information needed to effect the rescue—if the admiral decided to try one. There were plenty of reasons why he shouldn't: Here on one hand was a large carrier task force, deep in enemy waters, storming an unknown fortress for the first time. Anything could happen. Japanese planes might well be on the way down from Tokyo. This, after all, was our second day in these waters; Tokyo was only about 1,700 miles away. Our force had to be prepared for any contingency, including the possibility of withdrawing immediately, if ordered. There on the other hand was one American flier.

The commanding officer of our carrier, Captain Ralph A. Ofstie, presented all the facts to Rear Admiral Alfred E. Montgomery, the Task Group Commander. Admiral Montgomery made his decision. He directed a scout plane from a cruiser to proceed with fighter escort to the lagoon and, if possible, effect a rescue. When the news filtered down to the ready room, the pilots didn't say much, but most of them got sort of automatic grins on their faces.

Over on the cruiser, Lieutenant (jg) D. F. Baxter, senior aviator aboard, prepared to be catapulted in his two-seat Kingfisher, a float-type scout plane known to the Navy as an OS2U-3. In the rear seat sat his radioman, Aviation Chief Radioman R. F. Hickman. They had no idea what the conditions were at the lagoon. Their plane had no defensive power and was never intended to fly over an enemy target. Its primary mission at sea was to reconnoiter ahead of the fleet, or spot targets during bombardment of shore installations. The last place in the world a Kingfisher pilot ever expected to be was Truk.

Off to a Wrong Position

Casey Childers landed aboard our carrier just about the time Baxter and Hickman were catapulted from the cruiser. Their two escort fighters were already in the air, piloted by Lieutenant Jack S. Kitchen, of Kansas City, Missouri, and Ensign John M. Franks, of Easton, Pennsylvania. Childers rushed to his ready room to check his charts and found that the position he had radioed in was four miles off! Four miles over water might as well be four hundred.

Childers rushed to the radio. He was unable to contact Baxter in the Kingfisher, but he did get the corrected position to Jack Kitchen. Casey then went back to his ready room to stand by for further orders and to sweat out his own inaction while someone else tried to save one of his men.

Back in the lagoon, after Childers and Cohan had departed, five Hellcats buzzed around the Japanese warship.

"Some reports called it a patrol vessel," Toliver told me later. "But I saw the five-inch guns. I still think it was a DE." He ought to know; he was there. "It stood off about a mile and a half from where Blair had landed and fired at him. We all made passes at it until it was hit and damaged. Then he turned tail and fled."

Low on fuel, three of the Hellcats departed for the carrier, in accordance with Childers' orders. Toliver and McGowan remained behind, circling Blair.

"I never saw that DE and didn't know it was there," said Blair. "I'm very glad I didn't. My visibility was fairly limited. The water was rough, and the troughs of the waves cut off my area of vision. They also cut off all sound. Everything was absolutely quiet. Once in a while I could see planes from other flights come in. I saw a flight of dive bombers departing. I could see no land.

"A torpedo plane flew toward me extremely low, about ten feet off the water. At first I thought he was coming to drop me a life raft, but he was obviously returning from a run. He flew within sight of me, but he never saw me at all. I wondered if a rescue plane would get that close and fail to sight me.

Friends Still Overhead

"Toliver and McGowan came in sight, circling, every now and then. I knew it was Toliver, because I knew the number of his plane and I could easily make it out. I knew that the others had probably departed and that these two would have to leave soon because of fuel. I looked at my watch. It had stopped. I estimated that almost an hour had passed since I landed in the water. I noticed for the first time that it was a beautiful day—sunny, clear and fine.

"Toliver flew down and wiggled his wings. That meant he had to go. I waved to him and he left. I was sure they would send a rescue plane if they possibly could. Now that I was alone, I reviewed my situation. I was going to have to keep afloat a long time. I had already removed my heavy Marine shoes, and now my socks were bothering me. I ducked under water, pulled them off, and stuffed them in my shirt. I might need them if I got ashore.

"I noticed under water that the green dye had penetrated about ten feet beneath the surface. I was glad, for I was afraid the dye might get away from me before the rescue plane arrived. I knew now that if it floated away, I could duck, locate it and surface at the right spot. I was able to keep right in it, though.

"The water was less rough now, and I could see the tops of mountains on Dublon, Moen, Fefan and Tol. I saw another strike come in, bombing, but it was like a silent movie. There was absolutely no sound. A little white bird flew over me. A few minutes later it came back, curious, and looked me over. Then it flew away again. I kept treading water, easily, to keep from drifting. My life jacket helped, but it couldn't support all the weight on me. I had to decide whether the good my pistol might do later was greater than the danger its weight meant now. I finally pulled it out of the holster and let it sink.

"I estimated that I was about two miles from the reef. If I wasn't picked up by nightfall, I would swim slowly toward the reef and go ashore after dark. I was worried because I had no life raft and without it I could never get outside the atoll. As it turned out, it was very fortunate that I lost the raft. If I had got into it, I would have drifted far away from the position reported to the rescue party, and they might never have found me.

"I saw only two things on the surface of the water during all the time I was in it. One was a leaf. The other was a board, floating vertically. At first I thought it was a periscope, then I ducked to see what kept the other end down, but sighted nothing. I still don't know why it floated that way.

"I thought of the book I had been reading—So Little Time, by John Marquand. I had brought the book into the ready room on the morning of the first strike, when we didn't know what lay in store for us and

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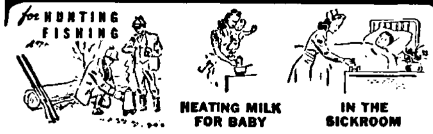

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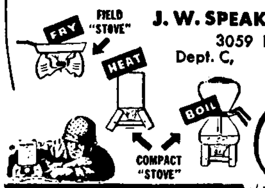

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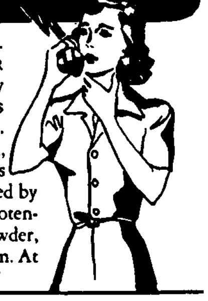

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HEALTH QUIZ

	YES	NO
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Do you get irritable easily?	☐	☐
Do you feel depressed—nervous?	☐	☐

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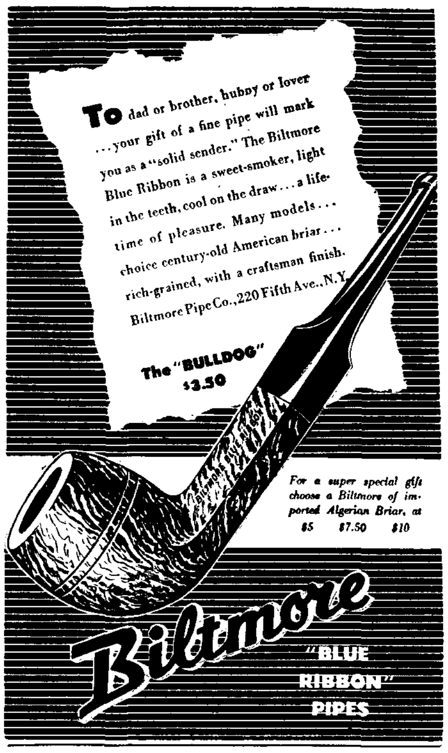

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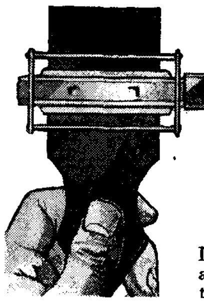

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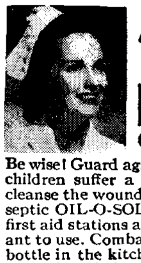

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expected the worst. Everyone was joking to keep up their spirits and some of them got a laugh out of the title. 'That's good, George. So Little Time.' I had read about two thirds of the book; Jeffrey had just gone to California. I wished I had finished it.

"I had been in the water almost two hours. It seemed much longer. There was no sign of activity in the air now, either by our planes or enemy planes. I was beginning to decide they weren't coming after me. The task force was probably headed for home already.

"Home! Well, I had come awfully close to getting there. This was my seventh combat action in the Pacific and I had come through all of them safely. We were all expecting to be sent home after this cruise. After the first day at Truk, I certainly thought I had made it. You never know till it's all over.

"I guessed now that I wasn't going to make it. I thought of my wife, Rita. We had been married a year and a half. I hadn't seen her for the last ten months."

Guides for the Rescue Plane

The Kingfisher departed from the task force with an incorrect position. But when it joined up with the two Hellcats the fighter pilots were ready to lead it straight in. Childers' last message to Kitchen was: "See that the scout plane gets in there safely, Jack."

Kitchen answered: "I'll get him in, Casey, but I can't make him land." By this, Kitchen meant that the scout pilot was captain of his own plane; if he decided that the water was too rough for landing, or that conditions in general were unsatisfactory, there was nothing anyone could do about it. It was up to Baxter.

And Baxter knew it. When the three planes were over the lagoon he flew the OS2U to a different position from the one Childers had given. He was so unhesitating about it, that at first the fighter pilots thought he had been given later information than they. There were two Jap patrol ships well within range, but Baxter circled the position several times at slow speed and very low altitude, completely disregarding them.

After a few minutes, Kitchen was sure Baxter had the wrong position. If Childers hadn't reached Kitchen by radio, it is doubtful if they ever would have found Blair. For Baxter was carrying the minimum load of fuel so the plane could take off with Blair's extra weight. He had to carry his own rear-seat man in case Blair was injured and unable to get out of the water; Baxter would not have been able to leave the controls.

Tubby Franks and Kitchen rocked their wings, signaling to Baxter that they would try to lead him to Blair. They put their flaps down and flew alongside the OS until they got to the estimated position. It was four or five miles south of Uman Island, within range of shore installations on the main islands and of several of the smaller islands on the reef. This didn't bother Baxter. He went down to 250 feet and began his search. The others circled with him, scanning every inch of the area.

"I couldn't see a thing in the water," Kitchen said afterward. "Every now and then, I saw a whitecap bobbing up and down and thought it was a head, but it would disappear. We knew George had broken his dye marker and looked for that. I could see nothing."

Down in the water, Blair had decided to start swimming toward the reef. "I was sure I wouldn't be picked up," he said. "I was getting very tired, and I wanted to make land while I still had strength to swim the two miles. Just then I saw a plane. I knew, without thinking, that it was coming for me. The thought that it might be a Jap plane never occurred to me.

"It was approaching from the west at about 200 feet, and I sighted it, about a half-mile away, before I *heard* it. They still hadn't spotted me. I got into action. I pulled out a second dye marker and broke it. I whipped out a knife and waved it in the sun, hoping its flash would catch their eyes. I even yelled, 'Hey, I'm *here*, over this way!'"

It was the radioman, Chief Petty Officer R. F. Hickman, who first spotted Blair. He immediately threw out a smoke light, to mark the position. Baxter made one more circle and then landed.

"I couldn't see the plane after it landed when I was in the troughs of the waves," said Blair, "but I could see it in the swells. They couldn't see me, either. No one knows better than a man who has been picked up how hard it is to spot a human being in the ocean. Kitchen and Franks, in the fighters, could see me and kept diving at me to give Baxter my position. I swam toward the scout plane, yelling and screaming."

The first thing Baxter saw was Blair's smile. "Those teeth of his just gleamed in the sunlight," he said later.

Hickman got out on the left wing, threw Blair a rope and pulled him to the plane's pontoon. Blair climbed up on the pontoon and onto the wing.

"I found new vitality pouring through my veins," he said. "I didn't need any help at all."

They weren't wasting any time now. There was just one more lap to go, but they were still inside Truk, still under the noses of Jap guns.

"Both Hickman and I had to get in the rear seat together," Blair continued, "so we pulled out his parachute to make room and strapped it on the shelf behind us. I got in first, and Hickman sat on my lap. I'd gladly have stood on my head, if that had been the only way we could have managed it.

"Baxter called us on the interphone from the front cockpit: 'Stand by for a rough take-off.' I had never been in an OS2U before and didn't know what was considered rough. I braced myself for a bouncing around, but the take-off seemed very smooth.

"As we circled, I saw the spot of green dye. Looking down on it, I could hardly believe I had been there. The fighters joined up on us. Kitchen and Franks waved at me cheerfully. They told me later that in all the time they were there, they did not fire a shot or see a single enemy plane. We couldn't figure it out.

Last View of the Enemy

"As we left the lagoon, we saw a Japanese destroyer outside the reef, burning. It was listing badly and was done for. We were the last three American planes to leave Truk."

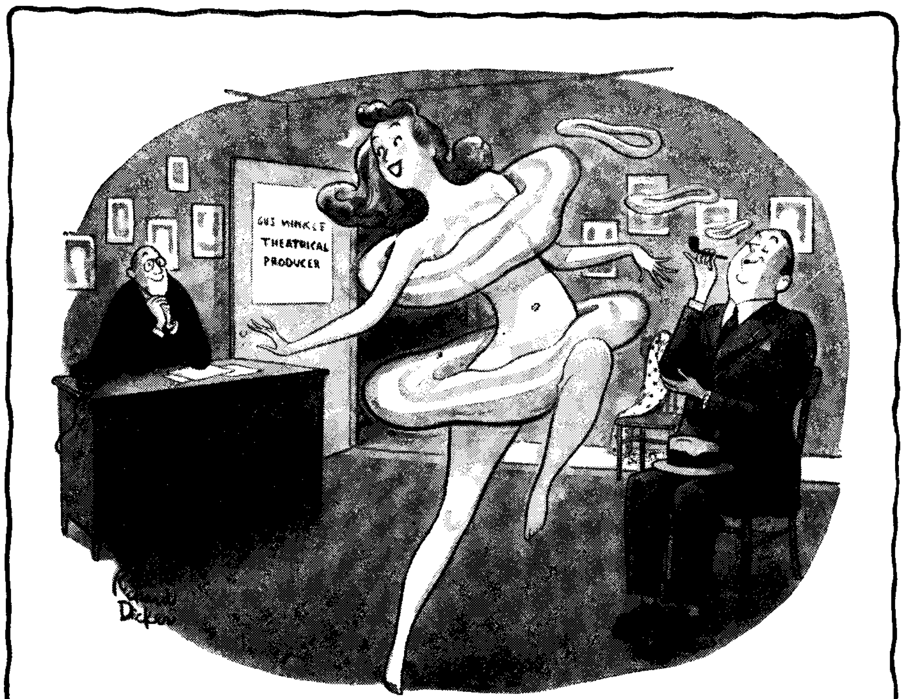
Back on the carrier, the news of Blair's rescue, relayed by Kitchen, was announced to the entire ship.

"Boy!" said one pilot standing near me, "next time I get ashore I'm going to round up every cruiser aviator in the vicinity and buy them all they can drink!" He added, "You don't suppose the admiral would join us, do you?"

All planes in the task force were now home, save three. I went topside to watch Kitchen and Franks land aboard. They were soon visible in the distance, escorting the scout plane. The two Hellcats circled the carrier and landed. The Kingfisher alighted near the cruiser and was hoisted aboard. All ships turned east and steamed ahead. The first raid on Truk was over.

A few days later, Blair was back aboard our carrier, hoisted over on the breeches buoy. "The first thing I want to do," he said, "is to get some reading done. Who's got my copy of So Little Time?"

THE END



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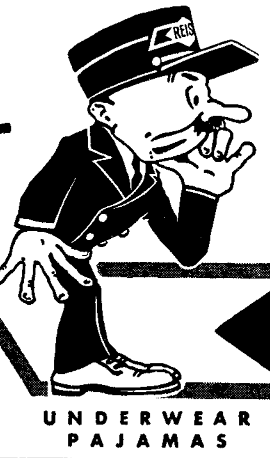

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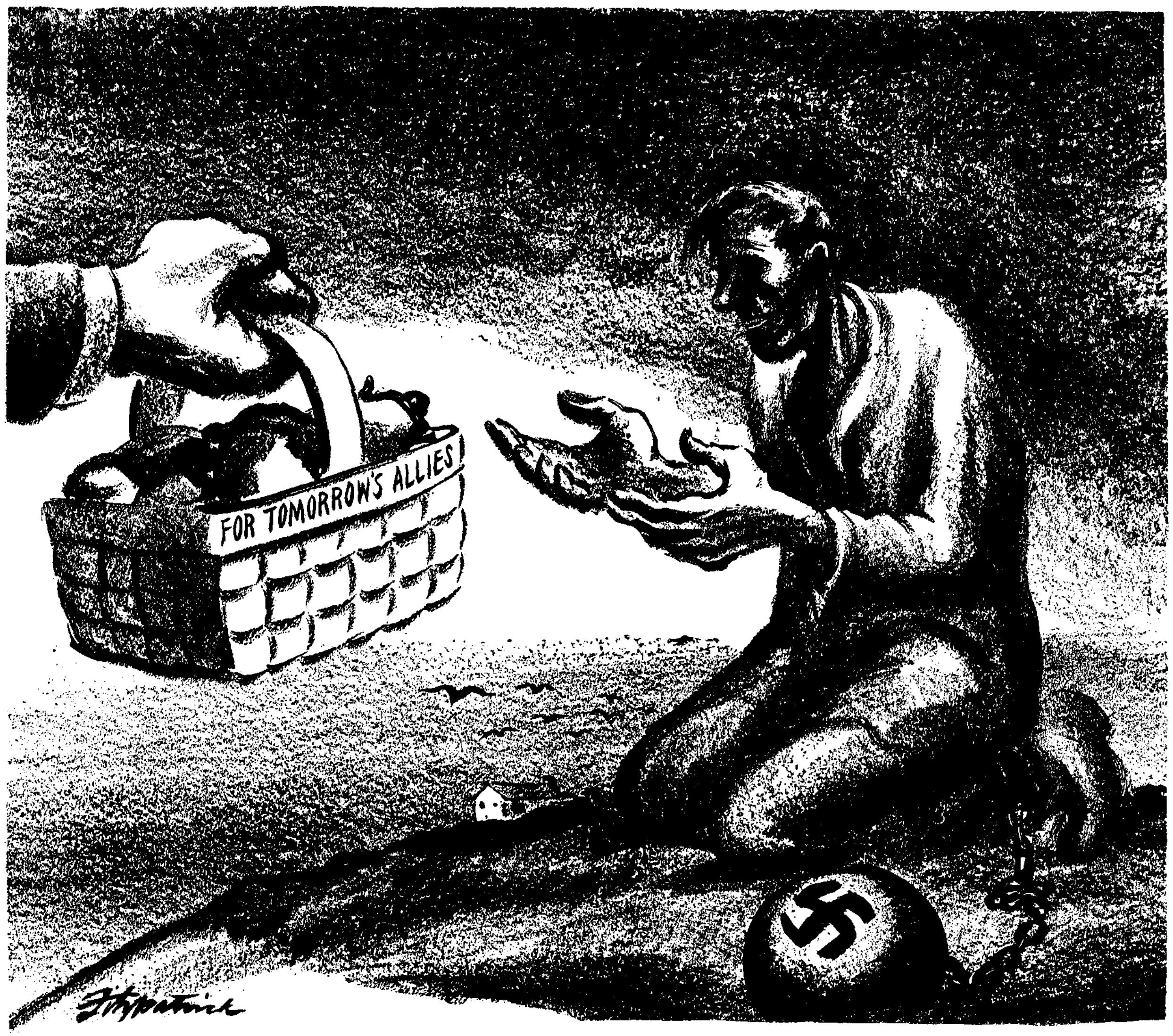


FOOD FOR OCCUPIED EUROPE

FOR some months now, regular though not copious Allied food shipments have been going into Greece for the civilian population. Distribution is supervised by agents from neutral countries, and these persons assure the Allies that the Greeks are getting the food, and the German occupation forces are not.

Our feeling has long been: Why not extend this system to all occupied Europe if we can? Ex-President Herbert Hoover and others interested in the proposal are confident that the necessary agreements could be had from the German government, and that food could be siphoned to the French, Belgians, Dutch, Danes, Norwegians, Poles, Czechs, Slovaks and Yugoslavs as successfully as to the Greeks.

Of course there would be some pilfering and bootlegging, as there were in northern France and Belgium when Mr. Hoover was distributing food there in World War No. 1, and as there are with some of our Lend-Lease supplies in North Africa and Italy in the present war.

But no large-scale, official diversions of relief food were ever proved against the German occupation forces in the other war. The Germans kept to their agreements scrupulously, and for a compelling reason. The Hoover organization never allowed more than a three-day supply of relief food to pile up in Belgium or northern France at any one time. It was understood that the whole relief job would stop the moment any official German food-snatching should be discovered. Thus, it would have been worse than useless for the Germans to cheat.

The same arrangement could be made this time, and the betting seems good that it would work out as well as last time.

It seems plain to us from several points of view that we ought to get food relief to occupied Europe to the best of our ability. There is the humanitarian point of view, of course, which hardly needs to be elaborated here. But there are practical aspects, too.

For one, the Germans in this war can drain most of Europe of food for themselves, and are not neglecting to do so. In consequence, German children are far better fed this time than last, while the children of the occupied countries are underfed to the danger point. Isn't it only common sense to do what we can to keep the non-German children from being stunted, weakened and malformed?

Then, too, the Germans for years have been propagandizing the peoples of the occupied countries to the effect that the Allied blockade is to blame for their short rations. This propaganda must have convinced some of them, meaning it must have cut down the potential strength of the various underground movements anxious to co-operate with Allied invading armies. Wouldn't the best answer to this propaganda be an honest Allied effort to get food to those people?

We have yet to hear a solid argument against this proposal, and we think it ought to be acted on by the United States and Great Britain without any more delay.

Safety Front Communiqué

THE National Safety Council has now reported on its wartime war against home-front accidents during 1942 and '43, and we'd call the communiqué an encouraging one.

Bad news first: In 1943, accidents of all types killed 94,500 persons in the United States. From Pearl Harbor to January 1, 1944, 37,600 war-plant workers were killed in war-plant accidents, as against 32,073 American soldiers killed in the war.

The good news has to do with various safety agencies' persistent selling of safety ideas, and with results obtained thereby. Most dramatic of the statistics is that all-accident death tolls in 1943 were down 1½% from 1942 and 7% from 1941. The rate of fatal accidents among workers on the job did not increase in 1943 over 1942, despite an increase of 9% in man-hours worked. Traffic deaths were down 42%—though much of this decrease was because of wartime shrinkage of automobile driving.

So we do seem to be making progress in safety education. But we still have a long way to go if we're to cut accidental deaths and injuries to the irreducible minimum. Only one out of every five big industrial plants, for example, has what safety experts call an adequate safety plan, while almost no small factories have such plans.

Yet the effects of carelessness and laxity in matters of safety are all bad, and we all know it—and safety programs apparently excite and interest people the moment it is suggested to them that it is no fun to die before your time, for any reason.

The more safety propaganda we can spread around, the better off we'll be, both during the war and after it. If you're interested, write for information on any aspect of safety and accident prevention to National Safety Council, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Illinois. The organization also maintains three regional offices: Eastern—812 Chrysler Building, New York 17, N. Y.; Western—111 Sutter Street, San Francisco 4, California; Southeastern—14 Peachtree Street, Atlanta 2, Georgia.

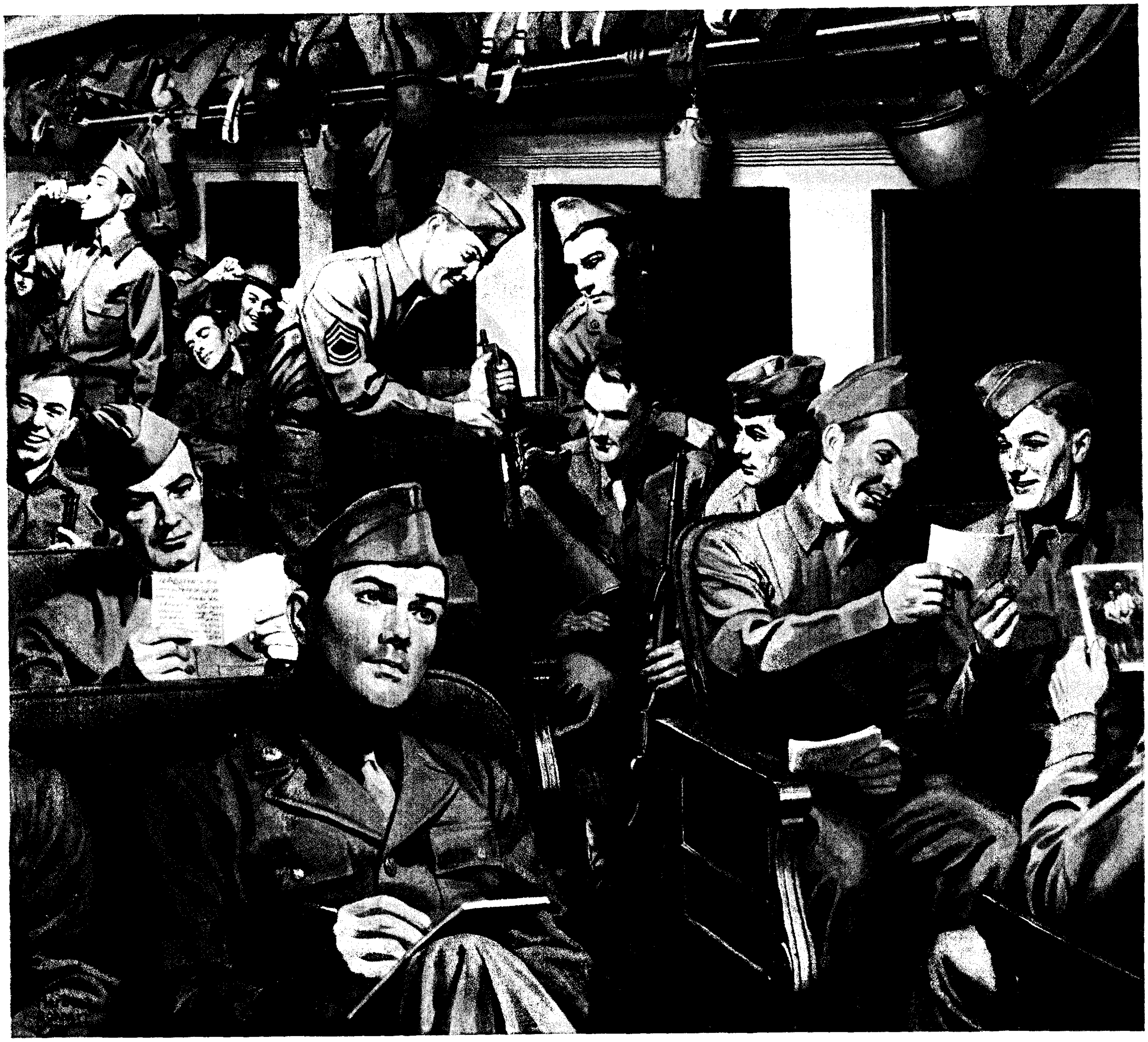
The Infantry, the Infantry

SOME of our leading military men are complaining that the infantry hasn't had as much credit and publicity in this war to date as it deserves. Yet the infantry, it is insisted, is the core of any army, and the other elements all revolve around it.

Check. It's the infantry's lack of romance and picturesqueness that has cut down its publicity in this war; but nothing has happened yet to cut down its importance to the winning of any war. The infantry is the arm that spearheads the perilous land missions, sleeps in the mud, eats catch-as-catch-can, braves the snipers and the land mines, battles for territory, and holds territory after it is taken.

We can hardly give these men too much credit as the war goes on, or too much honor when they come home.

Anyway, here's looking with pride and gratitude at the infantry, the infantry, with the dirt behind its ears, which can lick its weight in wildcats and drink its weight in beers, and so on. Where would we be in this war, or in any war, without it?



ON THEIR WAY

Shades are drawn down. Lights dim low. The landscape is blotted out . . . there's just the hum of the speeding train.

These boys know what it means — the troop train is approaching the troop ships.

Some draw a deep breath. A soldier fumbles for a letter. Another wonders if he can make a last telephone call. Another draws out a crumpled photograph.

No, travelers don't see this—but the trainmen of the Pennsylvania Railroad do, daily. And more so than ever now. As the swelling tide of American youth — fine and fit — streams overseas . . .

Of course, it takes a lot of equipment for these troop movements — but with what remains we are doing our best to serve all essential travelers . . . efficiently, courteously.

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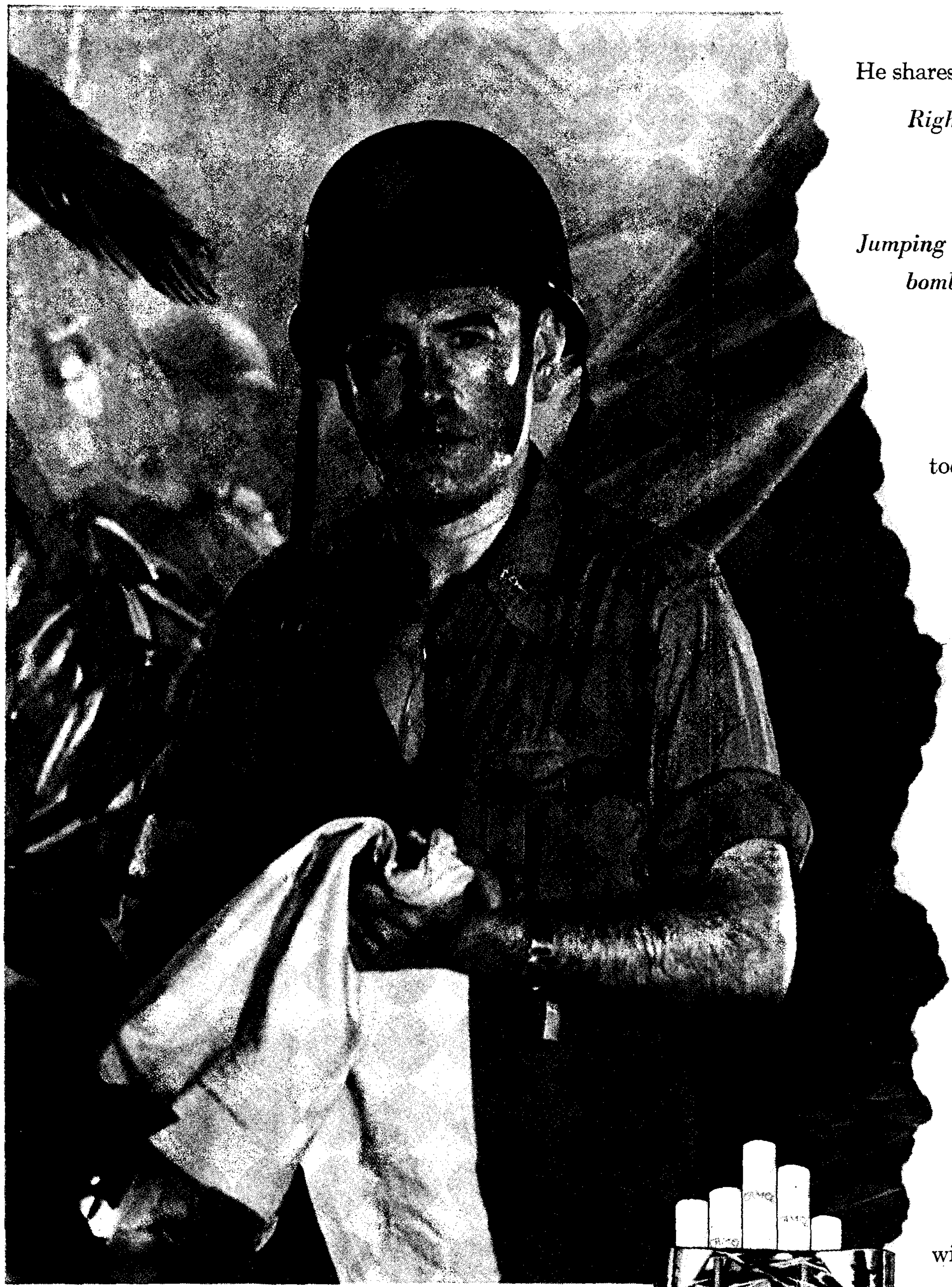


He wears the same uniform . . .

He shares the same risks as the man with the gun.

Right this very minute you might find him in a foxhole under fire at the side of a fallen doughboy...

Jumping with the paratroopers... riding with a bomber crew through enemy fighters and flak...

Or sweating it out in a dressing station in a steaming jungle...

Yes, the medical man in the service today is a fighting man through and through, except he fights without a gun.

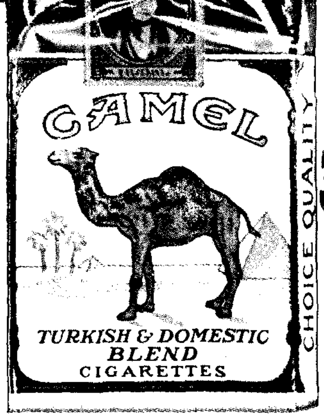
They call him "*Doc.*" But he's more than physician and surgeon: he's a trusted friend to every fighting man.

And doctor that he is... doctor of medicine and morale... he well knows the comfort and cheer there is in a few moments' relaxation with a good cigarette... like Camel. For Camels, with the fresh, full flavor of costlier tobaccos expertly blended and the soothing mildness of slow burning, are the favorite cigarette with men in *all* the services.*

SLEEP? *WHAT'S THAT?* "Two hours sleep in 72"—"Thirty-six hours of continuous surgery and treatment under fire" . . . the records of the more than 50,000 medical men in the Armed Services speak for themselves: They've got what it takes!

First in the Service

***With men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)**



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